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THE WORKS OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

SALMAGUNDI

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS

WITH FRONTISPIECE

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OR THE

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SALMAGUNDI

SALMAGUNDI

OR

*THE WHIM-WHAMS AND OPINIONS OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ., AND OTHERS**

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez,
Et smokem, toastem, roastem folksez,
Fee, faw, fum. —*Psalmanazar.*
With baked, and broiled, and stewed, and toasted;
And fried, and boiled, and smoked, and roasted,
We treat the town.

VOLUME FIRST

No. I.—SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1807

As everybody knows, or ought to know, what a SALMAGUNDI is, we shall spare ourselves the trouble of an explanation—besides, we despise trouble as we do everything that is low and mean; and hold the man who would incur it unnecessarily as an object worthy our highest pity and contempt. Neither will we puzzle our heads to give an account of ourselves, for two reasons; first, because it is nobody's business; secondly, because, if it were, we do not hold ourselves bound to attend to anybody's business but our own; and even *that* we take the liberty of neglecting when it suits our inclination. To these we might add a third, that very few men *can* give a tolerable account of themselves, let them try ever

* By William Irving, James Kirke Paulding, and Washington Irving.

so hard; but this reason, we candidly avow, would not hold good with ourselves.

There are, however, two or three pieces of information which we bestow gratis on the public, chiefly because it suits our own pleasure and convenience that they should be known, and partly because we do not wish that there should be any ill-will between us at the commencement of our acquaintance.

Our intention is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and, therefore, we undertake it with confidence. We intend for this purpose to present a striking picture of the town; and as everybody is anxious to see his own phiz on canvas, however stupid or ugly it may be, we have no doubt but the whole town will flock to our exhibition. Our picture will necessarily include a vast variety of figures: and should any gentleman or lady be displeased with the inveterate truth of their likenesses, they may ease their spleen by laughing at those of their neighbors—this being what *we* understand by POETICAL JUSTICE.

Like all true and able editors, we consider ourselves infallible, and, therefore, with the customary diffidence of our brethren of the quill, we shall take the liberty of interfering in all matters either of a public or private nature. We are critics, amateurs, dilettanti, and cognoscenti; and as we know "by the pricking of our thumbs" that every opinion which we may advance in either of those characters will be correct, we are determined, though it may be questioned, contradicted, or even controverted, yet it shall never be revoked.

We beg the public particularly to understand that we solicit no patronage. We are determined, on the contrary, that the patronage shall be entirely on our side. We have nothing to do with the pecuniary concerns of the paper; its success will yield us neither pride nor profit—nor will its failure occasion to us either loss or mortification. We advise the public, therefore, to purchase our numbers merely for their own sakes—if they do not, let them settle the affair with their consciences and posterity.

To conclude, we invite all editors of newspapers and literary journals to praise us heartily in advance, as we assure them that we intend to deserve their praises. To our next-door neighbor, "Town," we hold out a hand of amity, declaring to him that, after ours, his paper will stand the best chance for immortality. We proffer an exchange of civilities; he shall furnish us with notices of epic poems and tobacco: and we in return will enrich him with original speculations on all manner of subjects; together with "the rummaging of my grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers," "the life and amours of mine Uncle John," "anecdotes of the Cockloft family," and learned quotations from that unheard-of writer of folios, *Linkum Fidelius.*

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE

THIS work will be published and sold by D. Longworth. It will be printed on hot pressed vellum paper, as that is held in highest estimation for buckling up young ladies' hair—a purpose to which similar works are usually appropriated; it will be a small, neat duodecimo size, so that when enough numbers are written it may form a volume sufficiently portable to be carried in old ladies' pockets and young ladies' work-bags.

As the above work will not come out at stated periods, notice will be given when another number will be published. The price will depend on the size of the number, and must be paid on delivery. The publisher professes the same sublime contempt for money as his authors. The liberal patronage bestowed by his discerning fellow-citizens on various works of taste which he has published has left him no *inclination* to ask for further favors at their hands; and he publishes this work in the mere hope of requiting their bounty.*

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* It was not originally the intention of the authors to insert the above address in the work; but, unwilling that a *morceau* so precious should be lost to posterity, they have been induced to alter their minds. This will account for any repetition of idea that may appear in the introductory essay.

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

We were a considerable time in deciding whether we should be at the pains of introducing ourselves to the public. As we care for nobody, and as we are not yet at the bar, we do not feel bound to hold up our hands and answer to our names.

Willing, however, to gain at once that frank, confidential footing which we are certain of ultimately possessing in this, doubtless, "best of all possible cities"; and anxious to spare its worthy inhabitants the trouble of making a thousand *wise* conjectures, not one of which would be worth a "tobacco-stopper," we have thought it in some degree a necessary exertion of charitable condescension to furnish them with a slight clew to the truth.

Before we proceed further, however, we advise everybody, man, woman, and child, that can read, or get any friend to read for them, to purchase this paper—not that we write for money—for, in common with all philosophical wiseacres, from Solomon downward, we hold it in supreme contempt. The public are welcome to buy this work or not; just as they choose. If it be purchased freely, so much the better for the public—and the publisher: we gain not a stiver. If it be not purchased we give fair warning—we shall burn all our essays, critiques, and epigrams, in one promiscuous blaze; and, like the books of the sybils and the Alexandrian library, they will be lost forever to posterity. For the sake, therefore, of our publisher, for the sake of the public, and for the sake of the public's children, to the nineteenth generation, we advise them to purchase our paper. We beg the respectable old matrons of this city not to be alarmed at the appearance we make; we are none of those outlandish geniuses who swarm in New York, who live by their wits, or rather by the little wit of their neighbors; and who spoil the

genuine honest American tastes of their daughters with French slops and fricasseed sentiment.

We have said we do not write for money. Neither do we write for fame. We know too well the variable nature of public opinion to build our hopes upon it—we *care* not what the public think of us; and we suspect, before we reach the tenth number, they will not *know* what to think of us. In two words, we write for no other earthly purpose but to please ourselves—and this we shall be sure of doing; for we are all three of us determined beforehand to be pleased with what we write. If, in the course of this work, we edify and instruct and amuse the public, so much the better for the public; but we frankly acknowledge that so soon as we get tired of reading our own works we shall discontinue them without the least remorse, whatever the public may think of it. While we continue to go on, we will go on merrily. If we moralize, it shall be but seldom; and, on all occasions, we shall be more solicitous to make our readers laugh than cry; for we are laughing philosophers, and clearly of opinion that wisdom, true wisdom, is a plump, jolly dame, who sits in her armchair, laughs right merrily at the farce of life—and takes the world as it goes.

We intend particularly to notice the conduct of the fashionable world; nor in this shall we be governed by that carping spirit with which narrow-minded bookworm cynics squint at the little extravagances of the ton, but with that liberal toleration which actuates every man of fashion. While we keep more than a Cerberus watch over the guardian rules of female delicacy and decorum, we shall not discourage any little sprightliness of demeanor or innocent vivacity of character. Before we advance one line further we must let it be understood, as our firm opinion, void of all prejudice or partiality, that the ladies of New York are the fairest, the finest, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, the most ineffable beings that walk, creep, crawl, swim, fly, float, or vegetate in any or all of the four elements; and that they only want to be cured of certain whims, eccentricities, and

unseemly conceits, by our superintending cares, to render them absolutely perfect. They will, therefore, receive a large portion of those attentions directed to the fashionable world; nor will the gentlemen, who *doze* away their time in the circles of the *haut-ton*, escape our currying. We mean those stupid fellows who sit stockstill upon their chairs, without saying a word, and then complain how damned stupid it was at Miss ——'s party.

This department will be under the peculiar direction and control of ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT., to whom all communications on this subject are to be addressed. This gentleman, from his long experience in the routine of balls, tea-parties, and assemblies, is eminently qualified for the task he has undertaken. He is a kind of patriarch in the fashionable world; and has seen generation after generation pass away into the silent tomb of matrimony while he remains unchangeably the same. He can recount the amours and courtships of the fathers, mothers, uncles and aunts, and even the grandames, of all the belles of the present day; provided their pedigrees extend so far back without being lost in obscurity. As, however, treating of pedigrees is rather an ungrateful task in this city, and as we mean to be perfectly good-natured, he has promised to be cautious in this particular. He recollects perfectly the time when young ladies used to go sleigh-riding at night, without their mammas or grandmammas; in short, without being matronized at all; and can relate a thousand pleasant stories about Kissing Bridge. He likewise remembers the time when ladies paid tea-visits at three in the afternoon, and returned before dark to see that the house was shut up and the servants on duty. He has often played cricket in the orchard in the rear of old Vauxhall, and remembers when the Bull's Head was quite out of town. Though he was slowly and gradually given into modern fash ions, and still flourishes in the *beau-monde*, yet he seems a little prejudiced in favor of the dress and manners of the *old school;* and his chief commendation of a new mode is "that it is the same good old fashion we had before the war." It

has cost us much trouble to make him confess that a cotilion is superior to a minuet, or an unadorned crop to a pig-tail and powder. Custom and fashion have, however, had more effect on him than all our lectures; and he tempers, so happily, the grave and ceremonious gallantry of the old school with the "hail fellow" familiarity of the new, that, we trust, on a little acquaintance, and making allowance for his old-fashioned prejudices, he will become a very considerable favorite with our readers—if not, the worse for themselves; as they will have to endure his company.

In the territory of criticism, WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ., has undertaken to preside; and though we may all dabble in it a little by turns, yet we have willingly ceded to him all discretionary powers in this respect, though Will has not had the advantage of an education at Oxford or Cambridge, or even at Edinburgh or Aberdeen, and though he is but little versed in Hebrew, yet we have no doubt he will be found fully competent to the undertaking. He has improved his taste by a long residence abroad, particularly at Canton, Calcutta, and the gay and polished court of Hayti. He has also had an opportunity of seeing the best singing-girls and tragedians of China, is a great connoisseur in mandarin dresses, and porcelain, and particularly values himself on his intimate knowledge of the buffalo, and war-dances of the northern Indians. He is likewise promised the assistance of a gentleman lately from London, who was born and bred in that center of science and *bongout*, the vicinity of Fleetmarket, where he has been edified, man and boy, these six-and-twenty years, with the harmonious jingle of Bow-bells. His taste, therefore, has attained to such an exquisite pitch of refinement that there are few exhibitions of any kind which do not put him in a fever. He has assured Will that if Mr. Cooper emphasizes "*and*" instead of "*but*"—or Mrs. Oldmixonpins her kerchief a hair-breadth awry—or Mrs. Darley offers to dare to look less than the "daughter of a senator of Venice" —the standard of a senator's daughter being exactly six feet —they shall all hear of it in good time. We have, however,

advised Will Wizard to keep his friend in check, lest by opening the eyes of the public to the wretchedness of the actors by whom they have hitherto been entertained he might cut off one source of amusement from our fellow-citizens. We hereby give notice that we have taken the whole corps, from the manager in his mantle of gorgeous copper-lace to honest *John* in his green coat and black breeches, under our wing —and woe be unto him who injures a hair of their heads. As we have no design against the patience of our fellow-citizens, we shall not dose them with copious draughts of theatrical criticism; we well know that they have already been well physicked with them of late; our theatrics shall take up but a small part of our paper; nor shall they be altogether confined to the stage, but extend from time to time to those incorrigible offenders against the peace of society, the stage-critics, who not infrequently create the fault they find, in order to yield an opening for their witticisms—censure an actor for a gesture he never made or an emphasis he never gave; and, in their attempt to show off *new readings*, make the sweet swan of Avon cackle like a goose. If any one should feel himself offended by our remarks, let him attack us in return—we shall not wince from the combat. If his passes be successful, we will be the first to cry out, a hit! a hit! and we doubt not we shall frequently lay ourselves open to the weapons of our assailants. But let them have a care how they run a tilting with us—they have to deal with stubborn foes, who can bear a world of pummeling; we will be relentless in our vengeance, and will fight "till from our bones the flesh be hackt."

What other subjects we shall include in the range of our observations we have not determined, or rather we shall not trouble ourselves to detail. The public have already more information concerning us than we intended to impart. We owe them no favors, neither do we ask any. We again advise them, for their own sakes, to read our papers when they come out. We recommend to all mothers to purchase them for their daughters, who will be taught the true line of pro-

priety, and the most advisable method of managing their beaux. We advise all daughters to purchase them for the sake of their mothers, who shall be initiated into the arcana of the bon-ton, and cured of all those rusty old notions which they acquired during the last century: parents shall be taught how to govern their children, girls how to get husbands, and old maids how to do without them.

As we do not measure our wits by the yard or the bushel, and as they do not flow periodically nor constantly, we shall not restrict our paper as to size or the time of its appearance. It will be published whenever we have sufficient matter to constitute a number, and the size of the number shall depend on the stock in hand. This will best suit our negligent habits, and leave us that full liberty and independence which is the joy and pride of our souls. As we have before hinted that we do not concern ourselves about the pecuniary matters of our paper, we leave its price to be regulated by our publisher, only recommending him, for his own interest, and the honor of his authors, not to sell their invaluable productions too cheap.

Is there any one who wishes to know more about us?—let him read "Salmagundi," and grow wise apace. Thus much we will say—there are three of us, "Bardolph, Peto, and I," all townsmen good and true—many a time and oft have we three amused the town without its knowing to whom it was indebted; and many a time have we seen the midnight lamp twinkle faintly on our studious phizes, and heard the morning salutation of "past three o'clock," before we sought our pillows. The result of these midnight studies is now offered to the public; and little as we care for the opinion of this exceedingly stupid world, we shall take care, as far as lies in our careless natures, to fulfill the promises made in this introduction; if we do not, we shall have so many examples to justify us that we feel little solicitude on that account.

THEATRICS

CONTAINING THE QUINTESSENCE OF MODERN CRITICISM.
BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

"MACBETH" was performed to a very crowded house, and much to our satisfaction. As, however, our neighbor "Town" has been very voluminous already in his criticisms on this play, we shall make but few remarks. Having never seen Kemble in this character we are absolutely at a loss to say whether Mr. Cooper performed it well or not. We think, however, there was an error in his *costume*, as the learned Linkum Fidelius is of opinion that in the time of Macbeth the Scots did not wear sandals, but wooden shoes. Macbeth also was noted for wearing his jacket open, that he might play the Scotch fiddle more conveniently—that being an hereditary accomplishment in the Glamis family.

We have seen this character performed in China by the celebrated *Chow-Chow*, the Roscius of that great empire, who in the dagger scene always electrified the audience by blowing his nose like a trumpet. Chow-Chow, in compliance with the opinion of the sage Linkum Fidelius, performed "Macbeth" in wooden shoes; this gave him an opportunity of producing great effect, for, on first seeing the "air-drawn dagger," he always cut a prodigious high caper, and kicked his shoes into the pit at the heads of the critics; whereupon the audience were marvelously delighted, flourished their hands and stroked their whiskers three times, and the matter was carefully recorded in the next number of a paper called the "Flim Flam." (*English*—town.)

We were much pleased with Mrs. Villiers in Lady Macbeth: but we think she would have given a greater effect to the night-scene, if, instead of holding the candle in her hand or setting it down on the table, which is sagaciously censured by neighbor "Town," she had stuck it in her nightcap. This

would have been extremely picturesque, and would have marked more strongly the derangement of her mind.

Mrs. Villiers, however, is not by any means large enough for the character; Lady Macbeth having been, in our opinion, a woman of extraordinary size, and of the race of the giants, notwithstanding what she says of her "little hand" —which, being said in her sleep, passes for nothing. We should be happy to see this character in the hands of the lady who played Glumdalca, queen of the giants, in "Tom Thumb"; she is exactly of imperial dimensions; and, provided she is well shaved, of a most interesting physiognomy: as she appears likewise to be a lady of some nerve, I dare engage she will read a letter about witches vanishing in air, and such *common occurrences*, without being unnaturally surprised, to the annoyance of honest "Town."

We are happy to observe that Mr. Cooper profits by the instructions of friend "Town," and does not dip the daggers in blood so deep as formerly by a matter of an inch or two. This was a violent outrage upon our immortal bard. We differ with Mr. Town in his *reading* of the words "this is a *sorry sight.*" We are of opinion the force of the sentence should be thrown on the word *sight*, because Macbeth, having been shortly before most confoundedly humbugged with an aerial dagger, was in doubt whether the daggers actually in his hands were real, or whether they were not mere shadows, or, as the old English *may* have termed it, *syghtes* (this, at any rate, will establish our skill in *new readings*). Though we differ in this respect from our neighbor "Town," yet we heartily agree with him in censuring Mr. Cooper for omitting that passage so remarkable for "beauty of imagery," etc., beginning with "and pity, like a naked, new-born babe," etc. It is one of those passages of Shakespeare which should always be retained, for the purpose of showing how sometimes that great poet could talk like a buzzard; or, to speak more plainly, like the famous mad poet Nat Lee.

As it is the first duty of a friend to advise—and as we profess and do actually feel a friendship for honest "Town"

—we warn him never in his criticisms to meddle with a lady's "petticoats," or to quote Nic Bottom. In the first instance he may "catch a tartar"; and, in the second, the ass's head may rise up in judgment against him; and when it is once afloat there is no knowing where some unlucky hand may place it. We would not, for all the money in our pockets, see "Town" flourishing his critical quill under the auspices of an ass's head, like the great Franklin in his "Monterio Cap."

NEW YORK ASSEMBLY

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT

THE assemblies this year have gained a great accession of beauty. Several brilliant stars have arisen from the east and from the north to brighten the firmament of fashion; among the number I have discovered *another planet*, which rivals even Venus in luster, and I claim equal honor with Herschel for my discovery. I shall take some future opportunity to describe this planet and the numerous satellites which revolve around it.

At the last assembly the company began to make some show about eight, but the most fashionable delayed their appearance until about nine—nine being the number of the muses, and therefore the best possible hour for beginning to exhibit the graces. (This is meant for a pretty play upon words, and I assure my readers that I think it very tolerable.)

Poor Will Honeycomb, whose memory I hold in special consideration, even with his half century of experience, would have been puzzled to point out the humors of a lady by her prevailing colors; for the "rival queens" of fashion, Mrs. Toole and Madame Bouchard, appeared to have exhausted their wonderful inventions in the different disposition, variation, and combination of tints and shades. The philosopher who maintained that black was white, and that of course

there was no such color as white, might have given some color to his theory on this occasion, by the absence of poor forsaken white muslin. I was, however, much pleased to see that red maintains its ground against all other colors, because red is the color of Mr. Jefferson's . . . . . ., Tom Paine's nose, and my slippers.

Let the grumbling smellfungi of this world, who cultivate taste among books, cobwebs, and spiders, rail at the extravagance of the age; for my part, I was delighted with the magic of the scene, and as the ladies tripped through the mazes of the dance, sparkling and glowing and dazzling, I, like the honest Chinese, thanked them heartily for the jewels and finery with which they loaded themselves, merely for the entertainment of bystanders, and blessed my stars that I was a bachelor.

The gentlemen were considerably numerous, and being as usual equipped in their appropriate black uniforms, constituted a sable regiment which contributed not a little to the brilliant gayety of the ball-room. I must confess I am indebted for this remark to our friend, the cockney, Mr. 'Sbidlikensflash, or 'Sbidlikens, as he is called for shortness. He is a fellow of infinite verbosity—stands in high favor—with himself—and, like Caleb Quotem, is "up to everything." I remember when a comfortable, plump-looking citizen led into the room a fair damsel, who looked for all the world like the personification of a rainbow: 'Sbidlikens observed that it reminded him of a fable which he had read somewhere, of the marriage of an honest, painstaking snail, who had once walked six feet in an hour for a wager, to a butterfly whom he used to gallant by the elbow, with the aid of much puffing and exertion. On being called upon to tell where he had come across this story, 'Sbidlikens absolutely refused to answer.

It would but be repeating an old story to say that the ladies of New York dance well; and well may they, since they learn it scientifically, and begin their lessons before they have quit their swaddling clothes. The immortal Duport has usurped despotic sway over all the female heads and

heels in this city—hornbooks, primers, and pianos are neglected to attend to his positions; and poor Chilton, with his pots and kettles and chemical crockery, finds him a more potent enemy than the whole collective force of the "North River Society." 'Sbidlikens insists that this dancing mania will inevitably continue as long as a dancing-master will charge the fashionable price of five-and-twenty dollars a quarters and all the other accomplishment are so vulgar as to be attainable at "half the money"; but I put no faith in 'Sbidlikens' candor in this particular. Among his infinitude of endowments he is but a poor proficient in dancing; and though he often flounders through a cotilion, yet he never cut a pigeon-wing in his life.

In my mind there's no position more positive and unexceptionable than that most Frenchmen, dead or alive, are born dancers. I came pounce upon this discovery at the assembly, and I immediately noted it down in my register of indisputable facts—the public shall know all about it. As I never dance cotilions, holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, I generally take occasion, while they are going on, to make my remarks on the company. In the course of these observations I was struck with the energy and eloquence of sundry limbs, which seemed to be flourishing about without appertaining to anybody. After much investigation and difficulty, I at length traced them to their respective owners, whom I found to be all Frenchmen to a man. Art may have meddled somewhat in these affairs, but nature certainly did more. I have since been considerably employed in calculations on this subject; and by the most accurate computation I have determined that a Frenchman passes at least three-fifths of his time between the heavens and the earth, and partakes eminently of the nature of a gossamer or soap-bubble. One of these jack-o'-lantern heroes, in taking a figure which neither Euclid nor Pythagoras himself could demonstrate, unfortunately wound himself—I mean his feet, his better part—into a lady's cob-

web muslin robe; but perceiving it at the instant, he set himself a spinning the other way, like a top, unraveled his step without omitting one angle or curve, and extricated himself without breaking a thread of the lady's dress! He then sprung up, like a sturgeon, crossed his feet four times, and finished this wonderful evolution by quivering his left leg, as a cat does her paw when she has accidentally dipped it in water. No man "of woman born," who was not a Frenchman or a mountebank, could have done the like.

Among the new faces, I remarked a blooming nymph, who has brought a fresh supply of roses from the country to adorn the wreath of beauty, where lilies too much predominate. As I wish well to every sweet face under heaven, I sincerely hope her roses may survive the frosts and dissipations of winter, and lose nothing by a comparison with the loveliest offerings of the spring. 'Sbidlikens, to whom I made similar remarks, assured me that they were very just, and very prettily expressed; and that the lady in question was a prodigious fine piece of flesh and blood. Now could I find it in my heart to baste these cockneys like their own roast-beef—they can make no distinction between a fine woman and a fine horse.

I would praise the sylph-like grace with which another young lady acquitted herself in the dance, but that she excels in far more valuable accomplishments. Who praises the rose for its beauty, even though it is beautiful.

The company retired at the customary hour to the supper-room, where the tables were laid out with their usual splendor and profusion. My friend, 'Sbidlikens, with the native forethought of a cockney, had carefully stowed his pocket with cheese and crackers, that he might not be tempted again to venture his limbs in the crowd of hungry fair ones who throng the supper-room door; his precaution was unnecessary, for the company entered the room with surprising order and decorum. No gowns were torn—no ladies fainted—no noses bled—nor was there any need of the interference of either managers or peace officers.

No. II.—WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1807

FROM THE ELBOW-CHAIR OF LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

In the conduct of an epic poem it has been the custom, from time immemorial, for the poet occasionally to introduce his reader to an intimate acquaintance with the heroes of his story, by conducting him into their tents, and giving him an opportunity of observing them in their night-gown and slippers. However I despise the servile genius that would descend to follow a precedent, though furnished by Homer himself, and consider him as on a par with the cart that follows at the heels of the horse, without ever taking the lead, yet at the present moment my whim is opposed to my opinion; and whenever this is the case my opinion generally surrenders at discretion. I am determined, therefore, to give the town a peep into our divan; and I shall repeat it as often as I please, to show that I intend to be sociable.

The other night Will Wizard and Evergreen called upon me, to pass away a few hours in social chat and hold a kind of council of war. To give a zest to our evening I uncorked a bottle of London particular, which has grown old with myself, and which never fails to excite a smile in the countenances of my old cronies, to whom alone it is devoted. After some little time the conversation turned on the effect produced by our first number; every one had his budget of information, and I assure my readers that we laughed most unceremoniously at their expense; they will excuse us for our merriment—'tis a way we've got. Evergreen, who is equally a favorite and companion of young and old, was particularly satisfactory in his details; and it was highly amusing to hear how different characters were tickled with different passages.

The old folks were delighted to find there was a bias in our junto toward the "good old times"; and he particularly noticed a worthy old gentleman of his acquaintance, who had been somewhat a beau in his day, whose eyes brightened at the bare mention of Kissing Bridge. It recalled to his recollection several of his youthful exploits, at that celebrated pass, on which he seemed to dwell with great pleasure and self-complacency—he hoped, he said, that the bridge might be preserved for the benefit of posterity and as a monument of the gallantry of their grandfathers; and even hinted at the expediency of erecting a toll-gate there, to collect the forfeits of the ladies. But the most flattering testimony of approbation which our work has received was from an old lady who never laughed but once in her life, and that was at the conclusion of the last war. She was detected by friend Anthony in the very fact of laughing most obstreperously at the description of the little dancing Frenchman. Now it glads my very heart to find our effusions have such a pleasing effect. I venerate the aged, and joy whenever it is in my power to scatter a few flowers in their path.

The young people were particularly interested in the account of the assembly. There was some difference of opinion respecting the new planet, and the blooming nymph from the country; but as to the compliment paid to the fascinating little sylph who danced so gracefully—every lady modestly took that to herself.

Evergreen mentioned also that the young ladies were extremely anxious to learn the true mode of managing their beaux; and Miss Diana Wearwell, who is as chaste as an icicle, has seen a few superfluous winters pass over her head, and boasts of having slain her thousands, wished to know how old maids were to do without husbands. Not that she was very curious about the matter, she "only asked for information." Several ladies expressed their earnest desire that we would not spare those wooden gentlemen who perform the parts of mutes, or stalking horses, in their drawing-rooms; and their mothers were equally anxious that he would

show no quarter to those lads of spirit who now and then cut their bottles to enliven a tea-party with the humors of the dinner-table.

Will Wizard was not a little chagrined at having been mistaken for a gentleman, "who is no more like me," said Will, "than I like Hercules."—"I was well assured," continued Will, "that as our characters were drawn from nature, the originals would be found in every society. And so it has happened—every little circle has its 'Sbidlikens; and the cockney, intended merely as the representative of his species, has dwindled into an insignificant individual, who, having recognized his own likeness, has foolishly appropriated to himself a picture for which he never sat. Such, too, has been the case with Ding-dong, who has kindly undertaken to be my representative. Not that I care much about the matter, for it must be acknowledged that the animal is a good animal enough; and what is more, a fashionable animal—and this is saying more than to call him a conjurer. But I am much mistaken if he can claim any affinity to the *Wizard* family.—Surely everybody knows Ding dong, the gentle Ding-dong, who pervades all space, who is here and there and everywhere; no tea-party can be complete without Ding-dong—and his appearance is sure to occasion a smile. Ding-dong has been the occasion of much wit in his day; I have even seen many whipsters attempt to be dull at his expense who were as much inferior to him as the gad-fly is to the ox that he buzzes about. Does any witling want to distress the company with a miserable pun? nobody's name presents sooner than Ding-dong's; and it has been played upon with equal skill and equal entertainment to the bystanders as Trinity bells. Ding-dong is profoundly devoted to the ladies, and highly entitled to their regard; for I know no man who makes a better bow or talks less to the purpose than Ding-dong. Ding-dong has acquired a prodigious fund of knowledge by reading Dilworth when a boy; and the other day, on being asked who was the author of 'Macbeth,' answered, without the least hesitation—Shake-

speare! Ding-dong has a quotation for every day of the year, and every hour of the day, and every minute of the hour; but he often commits petty larcenies on the poets—plucks the gray hairs of old Chaucer's head and claps them on the chin of Pope; and filches Johnson's wig to cover the bald plate of Homer—but his blunders pass undetected by one half of his hearers. Ding-dong, it is true, though he has long wrangled at our bar, cannot boast much of his legal knowledge, nor does his forensic eloquence entitle him to rank with a Cicero or a Demosthenes; but bating his professional deficiencies, he is a man of most delectable discourse, and can hold forth for an hour upon the color of a ribbon or the construction of a work-bag. Ding-dong is now in his fortieth year, or perhaps a little more; rivals all the little beaux in the town in his attentions to the ladies; is in a state of rapid improvement; and there is no doubt but that by the time he arrives at years of discretion he will be a very accomplished, agreeable young fellow."—I advise all clever, good-for-nothing, "learned and authentic gentlemen" to take care how they wear this cap, however well it fits; and to bear in mind that our characters are not individuals, but species: if, after this warning, any person chooses to represent Mr. Ding-dong, the sin is at his own door—we wash our hands of it.

We all sympathized with Wizard, that he should be mistaken for a person so very different; and I hereby assure my readers that William Wizard is no other person in the whole world but William Wizard; so I beg I may hear no more conjectures on the subject. Will is, in fact, a wiseacre by inheritance. The Wizard family has long been celebrated for knowing more than their neighbors, particularly concerning their neighbors' affairs. They were anciently called Josselin; but Will's greatuncle, by the father's side, having been accidentally burned for a witch in Connecticut, in consequence of blowing up his own house in a philosophical experiment, the family, in order to perpetuate the recollection of this memorable circumstance, as-

sumed the name and arms of Wizard; and have borne them ever since.

In the course of my customary morning's walk I stopped in a book-store which is noted for being the favorite haunt of a number of literati, some of whom rank high in the opinion of the world and others rank equally high in their own. Here I found a knot of queer fellows listening to one of their company, who was reading our paper; I particularly noticed Mr. Ichabod Fungus among the number.

Fungus is one of those fidgeting, meddling quidnuncs with which this unhappy city is pestered; one of your "Q in a corner fellows," who speaks volumes with a wink—conveys most portentous information by laying his finger beside his nose—and is always smelling a rat in the most trifling occurrence. He listened to our work with the most frigid gravity—every now and then gave a mysterious shrug—a humph—or a screw of the mouth; and on being asked his opinion at the conclusion, said he did not know what to think of it—he hoped it did not mean anything against the government—that no lurking treason was couched in all this talk. These were dangerous times—times of plot and conspiracy; he did not at all like those stars after Mr. Jefferson's name, they had an air of concealment. Dick Paddle, who was one of the group, undertook our cause. Dick is known to the world as being a most knowing genius, who can see as far as anybody—into a millstone; maintains, in the teeth of all argument, that a spade is a spade; and will labor a good half hour by St. Paul's clock to establish a self-evident fact. Dick assured old Fungus that those stars merely stood for Mr. Jefferson's red *what-d'ye-call-'ems;* and that so far from a conspiracy against their peace and prosperity, the authors, whom he knew very well, were only expressing their high respect for them. The old man shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, gave a mysterious Lord Burleigh nod, said he hoped it might be so, but he was by no means satisfied with this attack upon the President's breeches, as "thereby hangs a tale."

MR. WILSON'S CONCERT

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

In my register of indisputable facts I have noted it conspicuously that all modern music is but the mere dregs and draining of the ancient, and that all the spirit and vigor of harmony has entirely evaporated in the lapse of ages. Oh! for the chant of the Naiades and Dryades, the shell of the Tritons and the sweet warblings of the mermaids of ancient days! Where now shall we seek the Amphion, who built walls with a turn of his hurdy-gurdy, the Orpheus who made stones to whistle about his ears, and trees hop in a country dance, by the mere quavering of his fiddlestick! Ah! had I the power of the former how soon would I build up the new City Hall, and save the cash and credit of the Corporation; and how much sooner would I build myself a snug house in Broadway—nor would it be the first time a house has been obtained there for a song. In my opinion, the Scotch bagpipe is the only instrument that rivals the ancient lyre; and I am surprised it should be almost the only one entirely excluded from our concerts.

Talking of concerts reminds me of that given a few nights since by Mr. Wilson, at which I had the misfortune of being present. It was attended by a numerous company, and gave great satisfaction, if I may be allowed to judge from the frequent gapings of the audience; though I will not risk my credit as a connoisseur by saying whether they proceeded from wonder or a violent inclination to doze. I was delighted to find in the mazes of the crowd my particular friend Snivers, who had put on his cognoscenti phiz—he being, according to his own account, a profound adept in the science of music. He can tell a crotchet at first sight; and, like a true Englishman, is delighted with the plum-pudding rotundity of a semibref; and, in short, boasts of having in-

continently climbed up Paff's musical tree, which hangs every day upon the poplar, from the fundamental concord to the fundamental major discord; and so on from branch to branch, until he reached the very top, where he sung "Rule Britannia," clapped his wings, and then—came down again. Like all true transatlantic judges, he suffers most horribly at our musical entertainments, and assures me, that what with the confounded scraping, and scratching, and grating of our fiddlers, he thinks the sitting out one of our concerts tantamount to the punishment of that unfortunate saint who was frittered in two with a hand-saw.

The concert was given in the tea-room at the City Hotel; an apartment admirably calculated, by its dingy walls, beautifully marbled with smoke, to show off the dresses and complexions of the ladies; and by the flatness of its ceiling to repress those impertinent reverberations of the music, which, whatever others may foolishly assert, are, as Snivers says, "no better than repetitions of old stories."

Mr. Wilson gave me infinite satisfaction by the gentility of his demeanor, and the roguish looks he now and then cast at the ladies; but we fear his excessive modesty threw him into some little confusion, for he absolutely forgot himself, and in the whole course of his entrances and exits never once made his bow to the audience. On the whole, however, I think he has a fine voice, sings with great taste, and is a very modest, good-looking little man; but I beg leave to repeat the advice so often given by the illustrious tenants of the theatrical sky-parlor to the gentlemen who are charged with the "nice conduct" of chairs and tables—"Make a bow, Johnny—Johnny, make a bow!"

I cannot, on this occasion, but express my surprise that certain amateurs should be so frequently at concerts, considering what agonies they suffer while a piece of music is playing. I defy any man of common humanity, and who has not the heart of a Choctaw, to contemplate the countenance of one of these unhappy victims of a fiddlestick without feeling a sentiment of compassion. His whole visage is dis-

torted; he rolls up his eyes, as M'Sycophant says, "like a duck in thunder," and the music seems to operate upon him like a fit of the cholic: his very bowels seem to sympathize at every twang of the catgut, as if he heard at that moment the wailings of the helpless animal that had been sacrificed to harmony. Nor does the hero of the orchestra seem less affected; as soon as the signal is given he seizes his fiddle-stick, makes a most horrible grimace, scowls fiercely upon his music-book, as though he would grin every crotchet and quaver out of countenance. I have sometimes particularly noticed a hungry-looking Gaul, who torments a huge bass-viol, and who is, doubtless, the original of the famous "Raw-head-and-bloody-bones" so potent in frightening naughty children.

The person who played the French horn was very excellent in his way, but Snivers could not relish his performance, having some time since heard a gentleman amateur in Gotham play a solo on his *proboscis* in a style infinitely superior—Snout, the bellows-mender, never turned his wind instrument more musically; nor did the celebrated "knight of the burning lamp" ever yield more exquisite entertainment with his nose; this gentleman had latterly ceased to exhibit this prodigious accomplishment, having, it was whispered, hired out his snout to a ferryman who had lost his conchshell—the consequence was that he did not show his nose in company so frequently as before.

SITTING late the other evening in my elbow-chair, indulging in that kind of indolent meditation which I consider the perfection of human bliss, I was roused from my reverie by the entrance of an old servant in the Cockloft livery, who handed me a letter, containing the following address from my cousin and old college chum, Pindar Cockloft.

Honest Andrew, as he delivered it, informed me that his master, who resides a little way from town, on reading a small pamphlet in a neat yellow cover, rubbed his hands with symptoms of great satisfaction, called for his favorite

Chinese inkstand, with two sprawling mandarins for its supporters, and wrote the letter which he had the honor to present me.

As I foresee my cousin will one day become a great favorite with the public, and as I know him to be somewhat punctilious as it respects etiquette, I shall take this opportunity to gratify the old gentleman by giving him a proper introduction to the fashionable world. The Cockloft family, to which I have the comfort of being related, has been fruitful in old bachelors and humorists, as will be perceived when I come to treat more of its history. My cousin Pindar is one of its most conspicuous members—he is now in his fifty-eighth year—is a bachelor, partly through choice and partly through chance, and an oddity of the first water. Half his life has been employed in writing odes, sonnets, epigrams, and elegies, which he seldom shows to anybody but myself after they are written; and all the old chests, drawers, and chair-bottoms in the house, teem with his productions.

In his younger days he figured as a dashing blade in the great world; and no young fellow of the town wore a longer pig-tail, or carried more buckram in his skirts. From sixteen to thirty he was continually in love, and during that period, to use his own words, he bescribbled more paper than would serve the theater for snow-storms a whole season. The evening of his thirtieth birthday, as he sat by the fireside, as much in love as ever was man in this world, and writing the name of his mistress in the ashes, with an old tongs that had lost one of its legs, he was seized with a whim-wham that he was an old fool to be in love at his time of life. It was ever one of the Cockloft characteristics to strike to whim; and had Pindar stood out on this occasion he would have brought the reputation of his mother in question. From that time he gave up all particular attentions to the ladies; and though he still loves their company, he has never been known to exceed the bounds of common courtesy in his intercourse with them. He was the life and ornament of our family circle in town, until the epoch of the French revo-

lution, which sent so many unfortunate dancing-masters from their country to polish and enlighten our hemisphere. This was a sad time for Pindar, who had taken a genuine Cockloft prejudice against everything French, ever since he was brought to death's door by a *ragout:* he groaned at Ca Ira, and the Marseilles Hymn had much the same effect upon him that sharpening a knife on a dry whetstone has upon some people—it set his teeth chattering. He might in time have been reconciled to these rubs, had not the introduction of French cockades on the hats of our citizens absolutely thrown him into a fever. The first time he saw an instance of this kind, he came home with great precipitation, packed up his trunk, his old-fashioned writing-desk, and his Chinese inkstand, and made a kind of growling retreat to Cockloft Hall, where he has resided ever since.

My cousin Pindar is of a mercurial disposition—a humorist without ill-nature—he is of the true gunpowder temper—one flash and all is over. It is true when the wind is easterly, or the gout gives him a gentle twinge, or he hears of any new successes of the French, he will become a little splenetic; and heaven help the man, and more particularly the woman, that crosses his humor at that moment—she is sure to receive no quarter. These are the most sublime moments of Pindar. I swear to you, dear ladies and gentlemen, I would not lose one of these splenetic bursts for the best wig in my wardrobe; even though it were proved to be the identical wig worn by the sage Linkum Fidelius, when he demonstrated before the whole university of Leyden that it was possible to make bricks without straw. I have seen the old gentleman blaze forth such a volcanic explosion of wit, ridicule, and satire, that I was almost tempted to believe him inspired. But these sallies only lasted for a moment, and passed like summer clouds over the benevolent sunshine which ever warmed his heart and lighted up his countenance.

Time, though it has dealt roughly with his person, has passed lightly over the graces of his mind, and left him in full possession of all the sensibilities of youth. His eye

kindles at the relation of a noble and generous action, his heart melts at the story of distress, and he is still a warm admirer of the fair. Like all old bachelors, however, he looks back with a fond and lingering eye on the period of his boyhood; and would sooner suffer the pangs of matrimony than acknowledge that the world, or anything in it, is half so clever as it was in those good old times that are "gone by."

I believe I have already mentioned that with all his good qualities he is a humorist, and a humorist of the highest order. He has some of the most intolerable whim-whams I ever met with in my life, and his oddities are sufficient to eke out a hundred tolerable originals. But I will not enlarge on them—enough has been told to excite a desire to know more; and I am much mistaken if, in the course of half a dozen of our numbers, he don't tickle, plague, please, and perplex the whole town, and completely establish his claim to the laureateship he has solicited, and with which we hereby invest him, recommending him and his effusions to public reverence and respect.

LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

DEAR LAUNCE—

As I find you have taken the quill,
To put our gay town and its fair under drill,
I offer my hopes for success to your cause,
And send you unvarnish'd my mite of applause.
Ah, Launce, this poor town has been wofully fash'd;
Has long been be-Frenchman'd, be-cockney'd, betrash'd;
And our ladies be-devil'd, bewilder'd astray,
From the rules of their grandames have wander'd away.
No longer that modest demeanor we meet,
Which whilom the eyes of our fathers did greet;
No longer be-mobbled, be-ruffled, be-quill'd,
Be-powder'd, be-hooded, be-patch'd, and be-frill'd—

No longer our fair ones their grograms display,
And, stiff in brocade, strut "like castles" away.
Oh, how fondly my soul forms departed have traced,
When our ladies in stays, and in bodice well laced,
When bishop'd, and cushion'd, and hoop'd to the chin,
Well callash'd without, and well bolster'd within;
All cased in their buckrams, from crown down to tail,
Like O'Brallagan's mistress, were shaped like a pail.
Well—peace to those fashions—the joy of our eyes-
Tempora mutantur—new follies will rise;
Yet, "like joys that are past," they still crowd on the mind,
In moments of thought, as the soul looks behind.
Sweet days of our boyhood, gone by, my dear Launce,
Like the shadows of night, or the forms in a trance;
Yet oft we retrace those bright visions again,
Nos mutamur, 'tis true—but those visions remain.
I recall with delight how my bosom would creep,
When some delicate foot from its chamber would peep!
And when I a neat-stocking'd ankle could spy,
—By the sages of old, I was rapt to the sky!
All then was retiring—was modest—discreet;
The beauties, all shrouded, were left to conceit;
To the visions which fancy would form in her eye,
Of graces that snug in soft ambush would lie;
And the heart, like the poets, in thought would pursue
The elysium of bliss, which was veil'd from its view.
We are old-fashion'd fellows, our nieces will say:
Old-fashion'd, indeed, coz—and swear it they may—
For I freely confess that it yields me no pride
To see them all blaze what their mothers would hide.
To see them, all shivering, some cold winter's day,
So lavish their beauties and graces display,
And give to each fopling that offers his hand,
Like Moses from Pisgah—a peep at the land.
But a truce with complaining—the object in view
Is to offer my help in the work you pursue;
And as your effusions and labors sublime

May need, now and then, a few touches of rhyme,
I humbly solicit, as cousin and friend,
A quiddity, quirk, or remonstrance to send:
Or should you a laureate want in your plan,
By the muff of my grandmother, I am your man!
You must know I have got a poetical mill,
Which with odd lines, and couplets, and triplets I fill,
And a poem I grind, as from rags white and blue
The paper-mill yields you a sheet fair and new.
I can grind down an ode, or an epic that's long,
Into sonnet, acrostic, conundrum, or song;
As to dull hudibrastic, so boasted of late,
The doggerel discharge of some muddled brain'd pate,
I can grind it by wholesale—and give it its point,
With billingsgate dish'd up in rhymes out of joint.
I have read all the poets—and got them by heart,
Can slit them, and twist them, and take them apart;
Can cook up an ode out of patches and shreds,
To muddle my readers, and bother their heads.
Old Homer, and Virgil, and Ovid I scan,
Anacreon, and Sappho, who changed to a swan;
Iambics and sapphics I grind at my will,
And with ditties of love every noddle can fill.
Oh, 'twould do your heart good, Launce, to see my mill grind
Old stuff into verses, and poems refin'd;—
Dan Spencer, Dan Chaucer, those poets of old,
Though cover'd with dust, are yet true sterling gold;
I can grind off their tarnish, and bring them to view,
New model'd, new mill'd, and improved in their hue.
But I promise no more—only give me the place,
And I'll warrant I'll fill it with credit and grace;
By the living! I'll figure and cut you a dash
—As bold as Will Wizard, or 'Sbidlikensflash!

PINDAR COCKLOFT.

ADVERTISEMENT

PERHAPS the most fruitful source of mortification to a merry writer who, for the amusement of himself and the public, employs his leisure in sketching odd characters from imagination, is, that he cannot flourish his pen, but every Jack-pudding imagines it is pointed directly at himself. He cannot, in his gambols, throw a fool's cap among the crowd, but every queer fellow insists upon putting it on his own head; or chalk an outlandish figure, but every outlandish genius is eager to write his own name under it. However we may be mortified that these men should each individually think himself of sufficient consequence to engage our attention, we should not care a rush about it, if they did not get into a passion and complain of having been ill-used.

It is not in our hearts to hurt the feelings of one single mortal, by holding him up to public ridicule; and if it were, we lay it down as one of our indisputable facts that no man can be made ridiculous but by his own folly. As, however, we are aware that when a man by chance gets a thwack in the crowd he is apt to suppose the blow was intended exclusively for himself, and so fall into unreasonable anger, we have determined to let these crusty gentry know what kind of satisfaction they are to expect from us. We are resolved not to fight, for three special reasons; first, because fighting is at all events extremely troublesome and inconvenient, particularly at this season of the year; second, because if either of us should happen to be killed, it would be a great loss to the public, and rob them of many a good laugh we have in store for their amusement; and third, because if we should chance to kill our adversary, as is most likely, for we can every one of us split balls upon razors and snuff candles, it would be a loss to our publisher, by depriving him of a good customer. If any gentleman casuist will give three as good reasons for fighting, we promise him a complete set of Salmagundi for nothing.

But though we do not fight in our own proper persons, let it not be supposed that we will not give ample satisfaction to all those who may choose to demand it; for this would be a mistake of the first magnitude, and lead very valiant gentlemen perhaps into what is called a quandary. It would be a thousand and one pities that any honest man, after taking to himself the cap and bells which we merely offered to his acceptance, should not have the privilege of being cudgeled into the bargain. We pride ourselves upon giving satisfaction in every department of our paper; and to fill that of fighting have engaged two of those strapping heroes of the theater, who figure in the retinues of our ginger-bread kings and queens; now hurry an old stuff petticoat on their backs, and strut senators of Rome, or aldermen of London; and now be-whisker their muffin faces with burned cork, and swagger right valiant warriors, armed cap-a-pie, in buckram. Should, therefore, any great little man about town take offense at our good-natured villainy, though we intend to offend nobody under heaven, he will please to apply at any hour after twelve o'clock, as our champions will then be off duty at the theater and ready for anything. They have promised to fight "with or without balls"—to give two tweaks of the nose for one—to submit to be kicked, and to cudgel their applicant most heartily in return; this being what we understand by "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

No. III.—FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

As I delight in everything novel and eccentric, and would at any time give an old coat for a new idea, I am particularly attentive to the manners and conversation of strangers, and scarcely ever a traveler enters this city, whose appearance promises anything original, but by some means or another I form an acquaintance with him. I must confess I often

suffer manifold afflictions from the intimacies thus contracted: my curiosity is frequently punished by the stupid details of a blockhead or the shallow verbosity of a coxcomb. Now I would prefer at any time to travel with an ox-team through a Carolina sand-flat rather than plod through a heavy unmeaning conversation with the former; and as to the latter, I would sooner hold sweet converse with the wheel of a knife grinder than endure his monotonous chattering. In fact, the strangers who flock to this most pleasant of all earthly cities are generally mere birds of passage, whose plumage is often gay enough, I own, but their notes, "heaven save the mark," are as unmusical as those of that classic night bird which the ancients humorously selected as the emblem of wisdom. Those from the south, it is true, entertain me with their horses, equipages, and puns; and it is excessively pleasant to hear a couple of these *four-in-hand* gentlemen detail their exploits over a bottle. Those from the east have often induced me to doubt the existence of the wise men of yore, who are said to have flourished in that quarter; and as for those from parts beyond seas—ch! my masters, ye shall hear more from me anon. Heaven help this unhappy town!—hath it not goslings enow of its own hatching and rearing that it must be overwhelmed by such an inundation of ganders from other climes? I would not have any of my courteous and gentle readers suppose that I am running *amuck*, full tilt, cut and slash, upon all foreigners indiscriminately. I have no national antipathies, though related to the Cockloft family. As to honest John Bull, I shake him heartily by the hand, assuring him that I love his jolly countenance, and moreover am lineally descended from him; in proof of which I allege my invincible predilection for roast beef and pudding. I therefore look upon all his children as my kinsmen; and I beg when I tickle a cockney I may not be understood as trimming an Englishman; they being very distinct animals, as I shall clearly demonstrate in a future number. If any one wishes to know my opinion of the Irish and Scotch, he may find it in the characters of those

two nations, drawn by the first advocate of the age. But the French, I must confess, are my favorites; and I have taken more pains to argue my cousin Pindar out of his antipathy to them than I ever did about any other thing. When, therefore, I choose to hunt a Monsieur for my own particular amusement, I beg it may not be asserted that I intend him as a representative of his countrymen at large. Far from this—I love the nation, as being a nation of right merry fellows, possessing the true secret of being happy; which is nothing more than thinking of nothing, talking about anything, and laughing at everything. I mean only to tune up those little thing-o-mys, who represent nobody but themselves; who have no national trait about them but their language, and who hop about our town in swarms like little toads after a shower.

Among the few strangers whose acquaintance has entertained me, I particularly rank the magnanimous Mustapha Rub-a-dub Keli Khan, a most illustrious captain of a ketch, who figured some time since, in our fashionable circles, at the head of a ragged regiment of Tripolitan prisoners. His conversation was to me a perpetual feast—I chuckled with inward pleasure at his whimsical mistakes and unaffected observations on men and manners; and I rolled each odd conceit "like a sweet morsel under my tongue."

Whether Mustapha was captivated by my iron-bound physiognomy or flattered by the attentions which I paid him I won't determine; but I so far gained his confidence that, at his departure, he presented me with a bundle of papers, containing, among other articles, several copies of letters which he had written to his friends at Tripoli.—The following is a translation of one of them.—The original is in Arabic-Greek; but by the assistance of Will Wizard, who understands all languages, not excepting that manufactured by Psalmanazar, I have been enabled to accomplish a tolerable translation. We should have found little difficulty in rendering it into English, had it not been for Mustapha's confounded pot-hooks and trammels.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

CAPTAIN OF A KETCH, TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

THOU wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomet, that I have for some time resided in New York; the most polished, vast, and magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights! I wander a captive through its splendid streets, I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The Christian husbands here lament most bitterly any short absence from home, though they leave but one wife behind to lament their departure; what then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman, while thus lingering at an immeasurable distance from three-and-twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli! Oh, Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives, who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh, most puissant slave-driver, as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms and necks (*et cetera*), whose habiliments are too scanty to protect them either from the inclemency of the season, or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who it would seem belong to nobody, are lovely as the houris that people the elysium of true believers. If, then, such as run wild in the highways, and whom no one cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous, what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios and never permitted to go abroad! surely the region of beauty, the valley of the graces, can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But, notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault, which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it, Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise, or doctor as he is here called, that at least one-fifth part of them—have souls! Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am the more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity, from my own little experience, and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceeding good-looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my very whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of the women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these I suppose are married and kept close, for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutered; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear!—yea! by the beard of the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once in his life—they actually swear!

Get thee to the mosque, good Asem! return thanks to our most holy prophet that he has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Mussulmans, and has given them wives with no more souls than cats and dogs and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt doubtless be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing, we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the directions of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes; who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honor to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch; they were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the

zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe, which gave thy friend rather an ungentle salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us that this was the customary manner in which great men were honored in this country; and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subjected to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabic-Greek, which gave great satisfaction and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats, and so forth, that was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not as yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politics of this country. I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated and seemingly contradictory nature.

This empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of president. He is chosen by persons who are chosen by an assembly elected by the people—hence the mob is called the sovereign people, and the country free; the body politic doubtless resembling a vessel, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman—something, they say, of a humorist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles; he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offense by wearing red breeches and tying his horse to a post. The people of the United States have assured me that they themselves are the most enlightened nation under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert, who assemble at the summer solstice to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary, in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast—which of them have the superior claim I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of surprise, that the men of this country do not seem in haste to accommodate themselves even with the single wife which alone the laws

permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their absolutely having no female mutes among them. Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions—what a price is given for them in the east, and what entertaining wives they make. What delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures; but a wife possessed both of a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

Thou hast doubtless read in the works of Abul Faraj, the Arabian historian, the tradition which mentions that the muses were once upon the point of falling together by the ears about the admission of a tenth among their number, until she assured them by signs that she was dumb; whereupon they received her with great rejoicing. I should, perhaps, inform thee that there are but nine Christian muses, who were formerly pagans, but have since been converted, and that in this country we never hear of a tenth, unless some crazy poet wishes to pay a hyperbolical compliment to his mistress; on which occasion it goes hard but she figures as a tenth muse, or fourth grace, even though she should be more illiterate than a Hottentot, and more ungraceful than a dancing-bear! Since my arrival in this country I have met with not less than a hundred of these supernumerary muses and graces—and may Allah preserve me from ever meeting with any more!

When I have studied this people more profoundly, I will write thee again; in the meantime, watch over my household, and do not beat my beloved wives unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine. Think not, oh friend of my soul, that the splendors of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous mosques, and the beautiful females who run wild in herds about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five-and-twenty

prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length, in good old age, lead thee gently by the hand to enjoy the dignity of bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden.

MUSTAPHA.

FASHIONS

By Anthony Evergreen, Gent.

THE FOLLOWING ARTICLE IS FURNISHED ME BY A YOUNG LADY OF UNQUESTIONABLE TASTE, AND WHO IS THE ORACLE OF FASHION AND FRIPPERY. BEING DEEPLY INITIATED INTO ALL THE MYSTERIES OF THE TOILET, SHE HAS PROMISED ME FROM TIME TO TIME A SIMILAR DETAIL

MRS. TOOLE has for some time reigned unrivaled in the fashionable world, and had the supreme direction of caps, bonnets, feathers, flowers, and tinsel. She has dressed and undressed our ladies just as she pleased; now loading them with velvet and wadding, now turning them adrift upon the world to run shivering through the streets with scarcely a covering to their—backs; and now obliging them to drag a long train at their heels, like the tail of a paper kite. Her despotic sway, however, threatens to be limited. A dangerous rival has sprung up in the person of Madame Bouchard, an intrepid little woman, fresh from the head-quarters of fashion and folly, and who has burst, like a second Bonaparte, upon the fashionable world.—Mrs. Toole, notwithstanding, seems determined to dispute her ground bravely for the honor of old England. The ladies have begun to arrange themselves under the banner of one or other of these heroines of the needle, and everything portends open war. Madame Bouchard marches gallantly to the field, flourishing a flaming red robe for a standard, "flouting the skies"; and Mrs. Toole, no ways dismayed, sallies out under cover

of a forest of artificial flowers, like Malcolm's host. Both parties possess great merit, and both deserve the victory. Mrs. Toole charges the highest—but Madame Bouchard makes the lowest courtesy. Madame Bouchard is a little short lady—nor is there any hope of her growing larger; but then she is perfectly genteel, and so is Mrs. Toole. Mrs. Toole lives in Broadway, and Madame Bouchard in Courtlandt Street; but Madame atones for the inferiority of her *stand* by making two courtesies to Mrs. Toole's one, and talking French like an angel. Mrs. Toole is the best looking —but Madame Bouchard wears a most bewitching little scrubby wig. Mrs. Toole is the tallest—but Madame Bouchard has the longest nose. Mrs. Toole is fond of roast-beef —but Madame is loyal in her adherence to onions; in short, so equally are the merits of the two ladies balanced that there is no judging which will "kick the beam." It, however, seems to be the prevailing opinion that Madame Bouchard will carry the day, because she wears a wig, has a long nose, talks French, loves onions, and does not charge above ten times as much for a thing as it is worth.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THESE HIGH PRIESTESSES OF THE BEAU-MONDE, THE FOLLOWING IS THE FASHIONABLE MORNING DRESS FOR WALKING

If the weather be very cold, a thin muslin gown or frock is most advisable; because it agrees with the season, being perfectly cool. The neck, arms and particularly the elbows bare, in order that they may be agreeably painted and mottled by Mr. John Frost, nose-painter-general, of the color of Castile soap. Shoes of kid, the thinnest that can possibly be procured—as they tend to promote colds, and make a lady look interesting—(*i.e.*, *grizzly*). Picnic silk stockings, with lace clocks, flesh-colored are most fashionable, as they have the appearance of bare legs—*nudity* being all the rage. The

stockings carelessly bespattered with mud, to agree with the gown, which should be bordered about three inches deep with the most fashionable colored mud that can be found: the ladies permitted to hold up their trains, after they have swept two or three streets, in order to show—the clocks of their stockings. The shawl, scarlet, crimson, flame, orange, salmon, or any other combustible or brimstone color, thrown over one shoulder; like an Indian blanket, with one end dragging on the ground.

N.B.—If the ladies have not a red shawl at hand, a red petticoat turned topsy-turvy, over the shoulders, would do just as well. This is called being dressed *a la drabble.*

When the ladies do not go abroad of a morning, the usual chimney-corner dress is a dotted, spotted, striped, or cross-barred gown—a yellowish, whitish, smokish, dirty-colored shawl, and the hair curiously ornamented with little bits of newspapers, or pieces of a letter from a dear friend. This is called the "Cinderella dress."

The recipe for a full dress is as follows: take of spider-net, crape, satin, gimp, catgut, gauze, whalebone, lace, bobbin, ribbons, and artificial flowers, as much as will rig out the congregation of a village church; to these, add as many spangles, beads and gewgaws as would be sufficient to turn the heads of all the fashionable fair ones of Nootka Sound. Let Mrs. Toole or Madame Bouchard patch all these articles together, one upon another, dash them plentifully over with stars, bugles and tinsel, and they will altogether form a dress which, hung upon a lady's back, cannot fail of supplying the place of beauty, youth, and grace, and of reminding the spectator of that celebrated region of finery called *Rag Fair.*

ONE of the greatest sources of amusement incident to our humorous knight-errantry is to ramble about and hear the various conjectures of the town respecting our worships, whom everybody pretends to know as well as Falstaff did

Prince Hal at Gads Hill. We have sometimes seen a sapient, sleepy fellow, on being tickled with a straw, make a furious effort and fancy he had fairly caught a gnat in his grasp; so that many-headed monster the public, who, with all its heads, is, we fear, sadly off for brains, has, after long hovering, come souse down like a kingfisher on the authors of Salmagundi, and caught them as certainly as the aforesaid honest fellow caught the gnat.

Would that we were rich enough to give every one of our numerous readers a cent as a reward for their ingenuity! not that they have really conjectured within a thousand leagues of the truth, but that we consider it a great stretch of ingenuity even to have guessed wrong; and that we hold ourselves much obliged to them for having taken the trouble to guess at all.

One of the most tickling, dear, mischievous pleasures of this life is to laugh in one's sleeve—to sit snug in the corner, unnoticed and unknown, and hear the wise men of Gotham, who are profound judges of horse-flesh, pronounce, from the style of our work, who are the authors. This listening incog., and receiving a hearty praising over another man's back, is a situation so celestially whimsical that we have done little else than laugh in our sleeve ever since our first number was published.

The town has at length allayed the titillations of curiosity by fixing on two young gentlemen of literary talents—that is to say, they are equal to the composition of a newspaper squib, a hodge-podge criticism, or some such trifle, and may occasionally raise a smile by their effusions; but pardon us, sweet sirs, if we modestly doubt your capability of supporting the burden of Salmagundi, or of keeping up a laugh for a whole fortnight, as we have done, and intend to do, until the whole town becomes a community of laughing philosophers like ourselves. We have no intention, however, of undervaluing the abilities of these two young men, whom we verily believe, according to common acceptation, young men *of promise*.

Were we ill-natured, we might publish something that would get our representatives into difficulties; but far be it from us to do anything to the injury of persons to whom we are under such obligations.

While they stand before us, we, like little Teucer behind the sevenfold shield of Ajax, can lanch unseen our sportive arrows, which we trust will never inflict a wound, unless like his they fly "heaven directed," to some conscious-struck bosom.

Another marvelous great source of pleasure to us is the abuse our work has received from several wooden gentlemen, whose censures we covet more than ever we did anything in our lives. The moment we declared open war against folly and stupidity we expected to receive no quarter; and to provoke a confederacy of all the blockheads in town. For it is one of our indisputable facts that so sure as you catch a gander by the tail, the whole flock, geese, goslings, one and all, have a fellow-feeling on the occasion, and begin to cackle and hiss like so many devils bewitched. As we have a profound respect for these ancient and respectable birds, on the score of their once saving the capital, we hereby declare that we mean no offense whatever by comparing them to the aforesaid confederacy. We have heard in our walks such criticisms on Salmagundi as almost induced a belief that folly had here, as in the east, her moments of inspired idiotism. Every silly roisterer has, as if by an instinctive sense of anticipated danger, joined in the cry, and condemned us without mercy. All is thus as it should be. It would have mortified us very sensibly had we been disappointed in this particular, as we should then have been apprehensive that our shafts had fallen to the ground, innocent of the "blood or brains" of a single numskull. Our efforts have been crowned with wonderful success. All the queer fish, the grubs, the flats, the noddies, and the live oak and timber gentlemen, are pointing their empty guns at us; and we are threatened with a most puissant confederacy of the "pigmies and cranes," and other "light militia," backed by the heavy

armed artillery of dullness and stupidity. The veriest dreams of our most sanguine moments are thus realized. We have no fear of the censures of the wise, the good, or the fair; for they will ever be sacred from our attacks. We reverence the wise, love the good, and adore the fair; we declare ourselves champions in their cause—in the cause of morality—and we throw our gauntlet to all the world besides.

While we profess and feel the same indifference to public applause as at first, we most earnestly invite the attacks and censures of all the wooden warriors of this sensible city; and especially of that distinguished and learned body heretofore celebrated under the appellation of "The North River Society." The thrice valiant and renowned Don Quixote never made such work among the wool-clad warriors of Trapoban, or the puppets of the itinerant showman, as we promise to make among these fine fellows; and we pledge ourselves to the public in general, and the Albany skippers in particular, that the North River shall not be set on fire this winter at least, for we shall give the authors of that nefarious scheme ample employment for some time to come.

PROCLAMATION

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

To all the young belles who enliven our scene,
From ripe five-and-forty to blooming fifteen;
Who racket at routs, and who rattle at plays,
Who visit, and fidget, and dance out their days:
Who conquer all hearts with a shot from the eye,
Who freeze with a frown, and who thaw with a sigh.
To all those bright youths who embellish the age,
Whether young boys, or old boys, or numskull or sage:
Whether DULL DOGS, who cringe at their mistress' feet,
Who sigh and who whine, and who try to look sweet;

Whether TOUGH DOGS, who squat down stockstill in a row
And play wooden gentlemen stuck up for a show;
Or SAD DOGS, who glory in running their rigs,
Now dash in their sleighs, and now whirl in their gigs;
Who riot at Dyde's on imperial champagne,
And then scour our city—the peace to maintain:
To whoe'er it concerns or may happen to meet,
By these presents their worships I lovingly greet.
NOW KNOW YE, that I, PINDAR COCKLOFT, esquire,
Am laureate, appointed at special desire.
A censor, self-dubb'd, to admonish the fair,
And tenderly take the town under my care.
I'm a ci-devant beau, cousin Launcelot has said—
A remnant of habits long vanish'd and dead;
But still, though my heart dwells with rapture sublime
On the fashions and customs which reign'd in my prime,
I yet can perceive—and still candidly praise,
Some maxims and manners of these "latter days";
Still own that some wisdom and beauty appears,
Though almost entomb'd in the rubbish of years.
No fierce nor tyrannical cynic am I,
Who frown on each foible I chance to espy;
Who pounce on a novelty, just like a kite,
And tear up a victim through malice or spite.
Who expose to the scoffs of an ill-natured crew
A trembler for starting a whim that is new.
No, no—I shall cautiously hold up my glass
To the sweet little blossoms who heedlessly pass;
My remarks not too pointed to wound or offend,
Nor so vague as to miss their benevolent end:
Each innocent fashion shall have its full sway;
New modes shall arise to astonish Broadway:
Red hats and red shawls still illumine the town,
And each belle, like a bonfire, blaze up and down.
Fair spirits, who brighten the gloom of our days,
Who cheer this dull scene with your heavenly rays,

No mortal can love you more firmly and true,
From the crown of the head to the sole of your shoe.
I'm old-fashion'd, 'tis true—but still runs in my heart
That affectionate stream to which youth gave the start,
More calm in its current—yet potent in force;
Less ruffled by gales—but still steadfast in course.
Though the lover, enraptur'd, no longer appears—
'Tis the guide and the guardian enlighten'd by years.
All ripen'd and mellow'd, and soften'd by time,
The asperities polish'd which chafed in my prime;
I am fully prepared for that delicate end,
The fair one's instructor, companion and friend.
—And should I perceive you in fashion's gay dance,
Allured by the frippery mongers of France,
Expose your weak frames to a chill wintry sky,
To be nipp'd by its frosts, to be torn from the eye;
My soft admonitions shall fall on your ear—
Shall whisper those parents to whom you are dear—
Shall warn you of hazards you heedlessly run,
And sing of those fair ones whom frost has undone;
Bright suns that would scarce on our horizon dawn
Ere shrouded from sight, they were early withdrawn;
Gay sylphs, who have floated in circles below,
As pure in their souls, and as transient as snow;
Sweet roses, that bloom'd and decay'd to my eye,
And of forms that have flitted and pass'd to the sky.
But as to those brainless pert bloods of our town,
Those sprigs of the ton who run decency down;
Who lounge and who lout, and who booby about,
No knowledge within, and no manners without;
Who stare at each beauty with insolent eyes;
Who rail at those morals their fathers would prize;
Who are loud at the play—and who impiously dare
To come in their cups to the routs of the fair;
I shall hold up my mirror, to let them survey
Tho figures they cut as they dash it away:
Should my good-humored verse no amendment produce,

Like scarecrows, at least, they shall still be of use;
I shall stitch them, in effigy, up in my rhyme,
And hold them aloft through the progress of time,
As figures of fun to make the folks laugh,
Like that b——h of an angel erected by Paff,
"What shtops," as he says, "all de people what come
What smiles on dem all, and what peats on de trum."

No. IV.—TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

PERHAPS there is no class of men to which the curious and literary are more indebted than travelers—I mean travel-mongers, who write whole volumes about themselves, their horses and their servants, interspersed with anecdotes of inn-keepers—droll sayings of stage-drivers, and interesting memoirs of—the Lord knows who. They will give you a full account of a city, its manners, customs, and manufactures; though, perhaps, all their knowledge of it was obtained by a peep from their inn-windows and an interesting conversation with the landlord or the waiter. America has had its share of these buzzards; and in the name of my countrymen I return them profound thanks for the compliments they have lavished upon us, and the variety of particulars concerning our own country which we should never have discovered without their assistance.

Influenced by such sentiments, I am delighted to find that the Cockloft family, among its other whimsical and monstrous productions, is about to be enriched with a genuine travel-writer. This is no less a personage than Mr. Jeremy Cockloft, the only son and darling pride of my cousin, Mr. Christopher Cockloft. I should have said Jeremy Cockloft *the younger*, as he so styles himself, by

way of distinguishing him from Il Signore Jeremy Cockloftico, a gouty old gentleman, who flouished about the time that Pliny the elder was smoked to death with the fire and brimstone of Vesuvius; and whose travels, if he ever wrote any, are now lost forever to the world. Jeremy is at present in his one-and-twentieth year, and a young fellow of wonderful quick parts, if you will trust to the word of his father, who, having begotten him, should be the best judge of the matter. He is the oracle of the family, dictates to his sisters on every occasion, though they are some dozen or more years older than himself; and never did son give mother better advice than Jeremy.

As old Cockloft was determined his son should be both a scholar and a gentleman, he took great pains with his education, which was completed at our university, where he became exceedingly expert in quizzing his teachers and playing billiards. No student made better squibs and crackers to blow up the chemical professor; no one chalked more ludicrous caricatures on the walls of the college; and none were more adroit in shaving pigs and climbing lightning-rods. He moreover learned all the letters of the Greek alphabet; could demonstrate that water never "of its own accord" rose above the level of its source, and that air was certainly the principle of life; for he had been entertained with the humane experiment of a cat worried to death in an air-pump. He once shook down the ash-house by an artificial earthquake; and nearly blew his sister Barbara and her cat out of the window with thundering powder. He likewise boasts exceedingly of being thoroughly acquainted with the composition of Lacedemonian black broth; and once made a pot of it, which had wellnigh poisoned the whole family, and actually threw the cook-maid into convulsions. But above all, he values himself upon his logic, has the old college conundrum of the cat with three tails at his fingers' ends, and often hampers his father with his syllogisms, to the great delight of the old gentleman; who considers the major, minor, and conclusions, as almost equal in argument to the

pulley, the wedge, and the lever, in mechanics. In fact, my cousin Cockloft was once nearly annihilated with astonishment, on hearing Jeremy trace the derivation of Mango from Jeremiah King—as Jeremiah King, Jerry King! Jerking Girkin! cucumber, Mango! In short, had Jeremy been a student at Oxford or Cambridge he would, in all probability, have been promoted to the dignity of a *senior wrangler*. By this sketch, I mean no disparagement to the abilities of other students of our college, for I have no doubt that every commencement ushers into society luminaries full as brilliant as *Jeremy Cockloft the younger*.

Having made a very pretty speech on graduating to a numerous assemblage of old folks and young ladies, who all declared that he was a very fine young man and made very handsome gestures, Jeremy was seized with a great desire to see or rather to be seen by the world; and as his father was anxious to give him every possible advantage, it was determined Jeremy should visit foreign parts. In consequence of this resolution, he has spent a matter of three or four months in visiting strange places; and in the course of his travels has tarried some few days at the splendid metropolises of Albany and Philadelphia.

Jeremy has traveled as every modern man of sense should do; that is, he judges of things by the sample next at hand; if he has ever any doubt on a subject, always decides against the city where he happens to sojourn; and invariably takes *home* as the standard by which to direct his judgment.

Going into his room the other day, when he happened to be absent, I found a manuscript volume lying on his table; and was overjoyed to find it contained notes and hints for a book of travels which he intends publishing. He seems to have taken a late fashionable *travel-monger* for his model, and I have no doubt his work will be equally instructive and amusing with that of his prototype. The following are some extracts, which may not prove uninteresting to my readers.

MEMORANDUMS FOR A TOUR, TO BE ENTITLED "THE STRANGER IN NEW JERSEY; OR, COCKNEY TRAVELING"

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT THE YOUNGER

CHAPTER ONE

THE man in the moon*—preparations for departure—hints to travelers about packing their trunks†—straps, buckles, and bed-cords—case of pistols, *a la cockney*—five trunks—three bandboxes—a cocked hat—and a medicine chest, *a la Francaise*—parting advice of my two sisters—query, why old maids are so particular in their cautions against naughty women;—description of Powles-Hook ferry-boats—might be converted into gunboats, and defend our port equally well with Albany sloops—Brom, the black ferryman—Charon—river Styx—ghosts;—Major Hunt—good story—ferriage ninepence;—city of Harsimus—built on the spot where the folk once danced on their stumps, while the devil fiddled;—query, why do the Harsimites talk Dutch?—story of the tower of Babel, and confusion of tongues—get into the stage—driver a wag—famous fellow for running stage races—killed three passengers and crippled nine in the course of his practice—philosophical reasons why stage drivers love grog—causeway—ditch on each side for folk to tumble into—famous place for *skilly-pots;* Philadelphians call 'em tarapins—roast them under the ashes as we do potatoes—query, may not this be the reason that the Philadelphians are all turtle-heads?—Hackensack bridge—good painting of a blue horse jumping over a mountain—wonder who it was painted by?—mem. to ask the *Baron de Gusto* about it on

* Vide Carr's Stranger in Ireland. † Vide Weld.

my return;—Rattlesnake Hill, so called from abounding with butterflies;—salt marsh, *surmounted* here and there by a solitary haystack;—more tarapins—wonder why the Philadelphians don't establish a fishery here, and get a patent for it;—bridge over the Passaic—rate of toll—description of toll-boards—toll man had but one eye—story how it *is possible* he *may* have lost the other—pence-table, etc.*

CHAPTER TWO

NEWARK—noted for its fine breed of fat mosquitoes—sting through the thickest boot†—story about *Gallynippers*—Archer Gifford and his man Caliban—jolly fat fellows;—a knowing traveler always judges of everything by the innkeepers and waiters;‡ set down Newark people all fat as butter—learned dissertation on Archer Gifford's green coat, with philosophical reasons why the Newarkites wear red worsted nightcaps, and turn their noses to the south when the wind blows—Newark Academy full of windows—sunshine excellent to make little boys grow—Elizabethtown—fine girls—vile mosquitoes—plenty of oysters—query, have oysters any feeling?—good story about the fox catching them by his tail—ergo, foxes might be of great use in the pearl-fishery;—landlord member of the legislature—treats everybody who has a vote—mem., all the innkeepers members of legislature in New Jersey; Bridgetown, vulgarly called *Spanktown*, from a story of a quondam parson and his wife—real name, according to Linkum Fidelius, Bridgetown, from *bridge*, a contrivance to get dryshod over a river or brook; and *town*, an appellation given in America to the accidental assemblage of a church, a tavern, and a blacksmith's shop—Linkum as right as my left leg;—Rahway River—good place for gunboats—wonder why Mr. Jefferson

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* Vide Carr. † Vide Weld.

‡ Vide Carr, vide Moore, vide Weld, vide Parkinson, vide Priest, vide Linkum Fidelius, and vide Messrs. Tag, Rag, and Bobtail.

don't send a *river fleet* there to protect the hay-vessels?—Woodbridge—landlady mending her husband's breeches—sublime apostrophe to conjugal affection and the fair sex;*—Woodbridge famous for its crab-fishery—sentimental correspondence between a crab and a lobster—digression to Abelard and Eloisa; mem., when the moon is in *Pisces* she plays the devil with the crabs.

CHAPTER THREE

BRUNSWICK—oldest town in the State—division-line between two counties in the middle of the street;—posed a lawyer with the case of a man standing with one foot in each county—wanted to know in which he was *domicil*—lawyer couldn't tell for the soul of him—mem., all the New Jersey lawyers *nums.*;—Miss Hay's boarding-school—young ladies not allowed to eat mustard—and why?—fat story of a mustard-pot, with a good saying of Ding-Dong's;—Vernon's tavern—fine place to sleep, if the noise would let you—another Caliban!—Vernon *slew*-eyed—people of Brunswick, of course, all squint;—Drake's tavern—fine old blade—wears square buckles in his shoes—tells bloody long stories about last war—people, of course, all do the same; Hook'em Snivy, the famous fortune-teller, born here—contemporary with mother Shoulders—particulars of his history—died one day—lines to his memory, *which found their way into my pocket-book*;†—melancholy reflections on the death of great men—beautiful epitaph on myself.

CHAPTER FOUR

PRINCETON—college—professors wear boots!—students famous for their love of a jest—set the college on fire, and

*Vide The Sentimental Kotzebue. †Vide Carr and *Blind Bet.*

burned out the professors; an excellent joke, but not worth repeating—mem., American students very much addicted to burning down colleges—reminds me of a good story, nothing at all to the purpose—two societies in the college—good notion—encourages emulation, and makes little boys fight;—students famous for their eating and erudition—saw two at the tavern, who had just got their allowance of spending-money—laid it all out in a supper—got fuddled, and d——d the professors for nincoms. N.B.—Southern gentlemen.—Churchyard—apostrophe to grim death—saw a cow feeding on a grave—metempsychosis—who knows but the cow may have been eating up the soul of one of my ancestors—made me melancholy and pensive for fifteen minutes;—man planting cabbages*—wondered how he could plant them so straight—method of mole-catching—and all that—query, whether it would not be a good notion to ring their noses as we do pigs—mem., to propose it to the American Agricultural Society—get a premium, perhaps;—commencement—students give a ball and supper—company from New York, Philadelphia, and Albany—great contest which spoke the best English—Albanians vociferous in their demand for sturgeon—Philadelphians gave the preference to raccoon† and splacnuncs—gave them a long dissertation on the phlegmatic nature of a goose's gizzard—students can't dance—always set off with the wrong foot foremost—Duport's opinion on that subject—Sir Christopher Hatton the first man who ever turned out his toes in dancing—great favorite with Queen Bess on that account—Sir Walter Raleigh—good story about his smoking—his descent into New Spain—El Dorado—Candid—Dr. Pangloss—Miss Cunegunde—earthquake at Lisbon—Baron of Thundertentronck—Jesuits—Monks—Cardinal Wolsey—Pope Joan—Tom Jefferson—Tom Paine, and Tom the ——whew! N.B.—Students got drunk as usual.

* Vide Carr.

† Vide Priest.

CHAPTER FIVE

LEFT Princeton—country finely diversified with sheep and hay-stacks*—saw a man riding alone in a wagon! why the deuce didn't the blockhead ride in a chair? fellow must be a fool—particular account of the construction of wagons—carts, wheelbarrows and quail-traps—saw a large flock of crows—concluded there must be a dead horse in the neighborhood—mem., country remarkable for crows—won't let the horses die in peace—anecdote of a jury of crows—stopped to give the horses water—good-looking man came up and asked me if I had seen his wife? heavens! thought I, how strange it is that this virtuous man should ask *me* about his wife—story of Cain and Abel—stage-driver took a *swig*—mem., set down all the people as drunkards—old house had moss on the top—swallows built in the roof—better place than old men's beards—story about that—derivation of words *kippy, kippy, kippy* and *shoo-pig*†—negro driver could not write his own name—languishing state of literature in this country;‡—philosophical inquiry of 'Sbidlikens, why the Americans are so much inferior to the nobility of Cheapside and Shoreditch, and why they do not eat plum-pudding on Sundays;—superfine reflections about anything.

CHAPTER SIX

TRENTON—built above the head of navigation to encourage commerce—capital of the State§—only wants a castle, a bay, a mountain, a sea, and a volcano to bear a strong resemblance to the Bay of Naples—supreme court sitting—fat chief justice—used to get asleep on the bench after dinner—gave

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*Vide Carr.
†Vide Carr's learned derivation of *gee* and *whoa*.
‡Moore.
§Carr.

judgment, I suppose, like Pilate's wife, from his dreams—reminded me of Justice Bridlegoose deciding by a throw of a die, and of the oracle of the holy bottle—attempted to kiss the chambermaid—boxed my ears till they rung like our theater-bell—girl had lost one tooth—mem., all the American ladies prudes and have bad teeth;—Anacreon Moore's opinion on the matter.—State-house—fine place to see the sturgeons jump up—query, whether sturgeons jump up by an impulse of the tail, or whether they bounce up from the bottom by the elasticity of their noses—Linkum Fidelius of the latter opinion—I too—sturgeons' nose capital for tennis-balls—learned that at school—went to a ball—negro wench principal musician!—N.B. People of America have no fiddlers but females!—origin of the phrase, "fiddle of your heart"—reasons why men fiddle better than women;—expedient of the Amazons who were expert at the bow;—waiter at the city tavern—good story of his—nothing to the purpose—never mind—fill up my book like Carr—make it sell. Saw a democrat get into the stage followed by his dog.* N.B. This town remarkable for dogs and democrats—superfine sentiment†—good story from Joe Miller—ode to a piggin of butter—pensive meditations on a mouse-hole—make a book as clear as a whistle!

No. V.—SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

THE following letter of my friend Mustapha appears to have been written some time subsequent to the one already published. Were I to judge from its contents, I should suppose it was suggested by the splendid review of the twenty-fifth of last November; when a pair of colors was presented

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* Moore † Carr.

at the City Hall to the regiments of artillery, and when a huge dinner was devoured by our corporation in the honorable remembrance of the evacuation of this city. I am happy to find that the laudable spirit of military emulation which prevails in our city has attracted the attention of a stranger of Mustapha's sagacity; by military emulation I mean that spirited rivalry in the size of a hat, the length of a feather, and the gingerbread finery of a sword belt.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ABDALLAH EB'N AL RAHAB, SURNAMED THE SNORER, MILITARY SENTINEL AT THE GATE OF HIS HIGHNESS'S PALACE

THOU hast heard, oh Abdallah, of the great magician, Muley Fuz, who could change a blooming land, blessed with all the elysian charms of hill and dale, of glade and grove, of fruit and flower, into a desert, frightful, solitary, and forlorn; who with the wave of his wand could transform even the disciples of Mahomet into grinning apes and chattering monkeys. Surely, thought I to myself this morning, the dreadful Muley has been exercising his infernal enchantments on these unhappy infidels. Listen, oh Abdallah, and wonder! Last night I committed myself to tranquil slumber, encompassed with all the monotonous tokens of peace, and this morning I awoke enveloped in the noise, the bustle, the clangor and the shouts of war. Everything was changed as if by magic. An immense army had sprung up like mushrooms in a night; and all the cobblers, tailors, and tinkers of the city had mounted the nodding plume; had become, in the twinkling of an eye, helmeted heroes and war-worn veterans.

Alarmed at the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, and the shouting of the multitude, I dressed myself in haste,

sallied forth and followed a prodigious crowd of people to a place called the Battery. This is so denominated, I am told, from having once been defended with formidable *wooden* bulwarks, which, in the course of a hard winter, were *thriftily* pulled to pieces by an *economic* corporation to be distributed for firewood among the poor; this was done at the hint of a cunning old engineer, who assured them it was the only way in which their fortifications would ever be able to keep up a warm fire. ECONOMY, my friend, is the watchword of this nation; I have been studying for a month past to divine its meaning, but truly am as much perplexed as ever. It is a kind of national starvation; an experiment how many comforts and necessaries the body politic can be deprived of before it perishes. It has already arrived to a lamentable degree of debility, and promises to share the fate of the Arabian philosopher who proved that he could live without food, but unfortunately died just as he had brought his experiment to perfection.

On arriving at the Battery, I found an immense army of SIX HUNDRED MEN drawn up in a true Mussulman crescent. At first I supposed this was in compliment to myself, but my interpreter informed me that it was done merely for want of room; the corporation not being able to afford them sufficient to display in a straight line. As I expected a display of some grand evolutions and military maneuvers, I determined to remain a tranquil spectator, in hopes that I might possibly collect some hints which might be of service to his highness.

This great body of men I perceived was under the command of a small *bashaw*, in yellow and gold, with white nodding plumes, and most formidable whiskers; which, contrary to the Tripolitan fashion, were in the neighborhood of his ears instead of his nose. He had two attendants called aides-de-camp (or *tails*), being similar to a bashaw with two tails. The bashaw, though commander-in-chief, seemed to have little more to do than myself; he was a spectator within the lines and I without: he was clear of the rabble and I was

encompassed by them; this was the only difference between us, except that he had the best opportunity of showing his clothes. I waited an hour or two with exemplary patience, expecting to see some grand military evolutions or a sham battle exhibited; but no such thing took place; the men stood stock still, supporting their arms, groaning under the fatigues of war, and now and then sending out a foraging party to levy contributions of beer and a favorite beverage which they denominate grog. As I perceived the crowd very active in examining the line from one extreme to the other, and as I could see no other purpose for which these sunshine warriors should be exposed so long to the merciless attacks of wind and weather, I of course concluded that this must be *the review.*

In about two hours the army was put in motion, and marched through some narrow streets where the economic corporation had carefully provided a soft carpet of mud, to a magnificent castle of painted brick, decorated with grand pillars of pine boards. By the ardor which brightened in each countenance I soon perceived that this castle was to undergo a vigorous attack. As the ordnance of the castle was perfectly silent, and as they had nothing but a straight street to advance through, they made their approaches with great courage and admirable regularity, until within about a hundred feet of the castle a pump opposed a formidable obstacle in their way and put the whole army to a nonplus. The circumstance was sudden and unlooked for; the commanding officer ran over all the military tactics with which his head was crammed, but none offered any expedient for the present awful emergency. The pump maintained its post, and so did the commander; there was no knowing which was most at a stand. The commanding officer ordered his men to wheel and take it in flank; the army accordingly wheeled and came full butt against it in the rear, exactly as they were before.—"Wheel to the left!" cried the officer; they did so, and again as before the inveterate pump intercepted their progress. "Right about face!" cried the officer;

the men obeyed, but bungled. They *faced back to back.* Upon this the bashaw with two tails, with great coolness undauntedly ordered his men to push right forward, pell-mell, pump or no pump; they gallantly obeyed; after unheard-of acts of bravery the pump was carried without the loss of a man, and the army firmly intrenched itself under the very walls of the castle. The bashaw had then a council of war with his officers; the most vigorous measures were resolved on. An advance guard of musicians were ordered to attack the castle without mercy. Then the whole band opened a most tremendous battery of drums, fifes, tambourines and trumpets, and kept up a thundering assault, as if the castle, like the walls of Jericho, spoken of in the Jewish chronicles, would tumble down at the blowing of rams' horns. After some time a parley ensued. The grand bashaw of the city appeared on the battlements of the castle, and, as far as I could understand from circumstances, dared the little bashaw of two tails to single combat. This thou knowest was in the style of ancient chivalry. The little bashaw dismounted with great intrepidity and ascended the battlements of the castle, where the great bashaw waited to receive him, attended by numerous dignitaries and worthies of his court, one of whom bore the splendid banners of the castle. The battle was carried on entirely by words, according to the universal custom of this country, of which I shall speak to thee more fully hereafter. The grand bashaw made a furious attack in a speech of considerable length; the little bashaw, by no means appalled, retorted with great spirit. The grand bashaw attempted to rip him up with an argument, or stun him with a solid fact; but the little bashaw parried them both with admirable adroitness, and ran him clean through and through with a syllogism. The grand bashaw was overthrown, the banners of the castle yielded up to the little bashaw, and the castle surrendered after a vigorous defense of three hours—during which the besiegers suffered great extremity from muddy streets and a drizzling atmosphere.

On returning to dinner I soon discovered that as usual I had been indulging in a great mistake. The matter was all clearly explained to me by a fellow lodger, who on ordinary occasions moves in the humble character of a tailor, but in the present instance figured in a high military station, denominated *corporal*. He informed me that what I had mistaken for a castle was the splendid palace of the municipality, and that the supposed attack was nothing more than the delivery of a flag given by the authorities to the army for its magnanimous defense of the town for upward of twenty years past, that is, ever since the last war! Oh, my friend, surely everything in this country is on a great scale! The conversation insensibly turned upon the military establishment of the nation; and I do assure thee that my friend the tailor, though being, according to a national proverb, but the ninth part of a man, yet acquitted himself on military concerns as ably as the grand bashaw of the empire himself. He observed that their rulers had decided that wars were very useless and expensive, and ill befitting an economic, philosophic nation; they had therefore made up their minds never to have any wars, and consequently there was no need of soldiers or military discipline. As, however, it was thought highly ornamental to a city to have a number of men dressed in fine clothes and *feathers* strutting about the streets on a holiday, and as the women and children were particularly fond of such *raree shows*, it was ordered that the tailors of the different cities throughout the empire should, forthwith, go to work and cut out and manufacture soldiers as fast as their shears and needles would permit.

These soldiers have no pecuniary pay; and their only recompense for the immense services which they render the country in their voluntary parades is the plunder of smiles, and winks, and nods which they extort from the ladies. As they have no opportunity, like the vagrant Arabs, of making inroads on their neighbors, and as it is necessary to keep up their military spirit, the town is therefore now and then, but particularly on two days of the year, given up to their rav-

ages. The arrangements are contrived with admirable address, so that every officer, from the bashaw down to the drum-major, the chief of the eunuchs or musicians, shall have his share of that invaluable booty, the admiration of the fair. As to the soldiers, poor animals, they, like the privates in all great armies, have to bear the brunt of danger and fatigue while their officers receive all the glory and reward. The narrative of a parade day will exemplify this more clearly.

The chief bashaw, in the plenitude of his authority, orders a grand review of the whole army at two o'clock. The bashaw with two tails, that he may have an opportunity of vaporing about as greatest man on the field, orders the army to assemble at twelve. The kiaya, or colonel, as he is called, that is, commander of one hundred and twenty men, orders his regiment or tribe to collect one mile at least from the place of parade at eleven. Each captain, or fag-rag as we term them, commands his squad to meet at ten at least a half mile from the regimental parade; and to close all, the chief of the eunuchs orders his infernal concert of fifes, trumpets, cymbals, and kettle-drums to assemble at ten! From that moment the city receives no quarter. All is noise, hooting, hubbub and combustion. Every window, door, crack and loophole, from the garret to the cellar, is crowded with the fascinating fair of all ages and of all complexions. The mistress smiles through the windows of the drawing-room; the chubby chambermaid lolls out of the attic casement, and a host of sooty wenches roll their white eyes and grin and chatter from the cellar door.—Every nymph seems anxious to yield voluntarily that tribute which the heroes of their country demand. First struts the chief eunuch, or drum-major, at the head of his sable band, magnificently arrayed in tarnished scarlet. Alexander himself could not have spurned the earth more superbly. A host of ragged boys shout in his train and inflate the bosom of the warrior with tenfold self-complacency. After he has rattled his kettle-drums through the town, and swelled and swaggered

like a turkey-cock before all the dingy Floras, and Dianas, and Junos, and Didos of his acquaintance, he repairs to his place of destination loaded with a rich booty of smiles and approbation. Next comes the Fag-rag, or captain, at the head of his mighty band, consisting of one lieutenant, one ensign or mute, four sergeants, four corporals, one drummer, one fifer, and if he has any privates, so much the better for himself. In marching to the regimental parade he is sure to paddle through the street or lane which is honored with the residence of his mistress or intended, whom he resolutely lays under a heavy contribution. Truly it is delectable to behold these heroes, as they march along, cast side glances at the upper windows, to collect the smiles, the nods and the winks which the enraptured fair ones lavish profusely on the magnanimous defenders of their country.

The fag rags having conducted their squads to their respective regiments, then comes the turn of the colonel, a bashaw with no tails, for all eyes are now directed to him; and the fag-rags, and the eunuchs, and the kettle-drummers, having had their hour of notoriety, are confounded and lost in the military crowd. The colonel sets his whole regiment in motion; and, mounted on a mettlesome charger, frisks and fidgets, and capers, and plunges in front, to the great entertainment of the multitude and the great hazard of himself and his neighbors. Having displayed himself, his trappings, his horse, and his horsemanship, he at length arrives at the place of general rendezvous; blessed with the universal admiration of his countrywomen. I should perhaps mention a squadron of hardy veterans, most of whom have seen a deal of service during the nineteen or twenty years of their existence, and who, most gorgeously equipped in tight green jackets and breeches, trot and amble and gallop and scamper like little devils through every street and nook and corner and poke-hole of the city, to the great dread of all old people and sage matrons with young children. This is truly sublime! this is what I call making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Oh, my friend, on what a great scale is everything in

this country. It is in the style of the wandering Arabs of the desert *El-tih*. Is a village to be attacked, or a hamlet to be plundered, the whole desert, for weeks beforehand, is in a buzz. Such marching and countermarching, ere they can concentrate their ragged forces! and the consequence is that before they can bring their troops into action the whole enterprise is blown.

The army being all happily collected on the Battery, though, perhaps, two hours after the time appointed, it is now the turn of the bashaw with two tails to distinguish himself. Ambition, my friend, is implanted alike in every heart; it pervades each bosom, from the bashaw to the drum major. This is a sage truism, and I trust, therefore, it will not be disputed. The bashaw, fired with that thirst for glory inseparable from the noble mind, is anxious to reap a full share of the laurels of the day and bear off his portion of female plunder. The drums beat, the fifes whistle, the standards wave proudly in the air. The signal is given! thunder roars the cannon! away goes the bashaw, and away go the tails! The review finished, evolutions and military maneuvers are generally dispensed with for three excellent reasons; first, because the army knows very little about them; second, because, as the country has determined to remain always at peace, there is no necessity for them to know anything about them; and third, as it is growing late, the bashaw must dispatch, or it will be too dark for him to get his quota of the plunder. He of course orders the whole army to march; and now, my friend, now comes the tug of war, now is the city completely sacked. Open fly the Battery gates, forth sallies the bashaw with his two tails, surrounded by a shouting bodyguard of boys and negroes! then pour forth his legions, potent as the pismires of the desert! the customary salutations of the country commence—those tokens of joy and admiration which so much annoyed me on first landing: the air is darkened with old hats, shoes, and dead cats; they fly in showers like the arrows of the Parthians. The soldiers, no ways disheartened, like the intrepid followers of

Leonidas, march gallantly under their shade. On they push, splash-dash, mud or no mud. Down one lane, up another; the martial music resounds through every street; the fair ones throng to their windows—the soldiers look every way but straight forward. "Carry arms," cries the bashaw—"tan-ta ra-ra," brays the trumpet—"rub-a-dub," roars the drum—"hurrah," shout the ragamuffins. The bashaw smiles with exultation—every fag-rag feels himself a hero—"none but the brave deserve the fair!" Head of the immortal Amrou, on what a great scale is everything in this country.

Ay, but you'll say is not this unfair that the officers should share all the sports while the privates undergo all the fatigue? Truly, my friend, I indulged the same idea, and pitied from my heart the poor fellows who had to drabble through the mud and the mire, toiling under ponderous cocked hats, which seemed as unwieldy and cumbrous as the shell which the snail lumbers along on his back. I soon found out, however, that they have their quantum of notoriety. As soon as the army is dismissed, the city swarms with little scouting parties, who fire off their guns at every corner, to the great delight of all the women and children in their vicinity; and woe unto any dog, or pig, or hog, that falls in the way of these magnanimous warriors; they are shown no quarter. Every gentle swain repairs to pass the evening at the feet of his dulcinea, to play "the soldier tired of war's alarms," and to captivate her with the glare of his regimentals; excepting some ambitious heroes who strut to the theater, flame away in the front boxes, and hector every old apple-woman in the lobbies.

Such, my friend, is the gigantic genius of this nation, and its faculty of swelling up nothings into importance. Our bashaw of Tripoli will review his troops of some thousands by an early hour in the morning. Here a review of six hundred men is made the mighty work of a day! With us a bashaw of two tails is never appointed to a command of less than ten thousand men; but here we behold every grade,

from the bashaw down to the drum-major, in a force of less than one-tenth of the number. By the beard of Mahomet, but everything here is indeed on a great scale!

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

I WAS not a little surprised the other morning at a request from Will Wizard that I would accompany him that evening to Mrs. ——'s ball. The request was simple enough in itself, it was only singular as coming from Will. Of all my acquaintance, Wizard is the least calculated and disposed for the society of ladies—not that he dislikes their company; on the contrary, like every man of pith and marrow, he is a professed admirer of the sex; and had he been born a poet would undoubtedly have bespattered and be-rhymed some hard-named goddess until she became as famous as Petrarch's Laura or Waller's Sacharissa; but Will is such a confounded bungler at a bow, has so many odd bachelor habits, and finds it so troublesome to be gallant, that he generally prefers smoking his cigar and telling his story among cronies of his own gender: and thundering long stories they are, let me tell you. Set Will once agoing about China, or Crim Tartary, or the Hottentots, and heaven help the poor victim who has to endure his prolixity; he might better be tied to the tail of a jack-o'-lantern. In one word—Will talks like a traveler. Being well acquainted with his character, I was the more alarmed at his inclination to visit a party; since he has often assured me that he considered it as equivalent to being stuck up for three hours in a steam-engine. I even wondered how he had received an invitation; this he soon accounted for. It seems Will, on his last arrival from Canton, had made a present of a case of tea to a lady for whom he had once entertained a sneaking kindness when at grammar school; and she in return had invited him to come and drink some of it; a cheap way enough of paying off little obligations. I readily acceded to Will's proposition, expecting

much entertainment from his eccentric remarks; and as he has been absent some few years, I anticipated his surprise at the splendor and elegance of a modern rout.

On calling for Will in the evening, I found him full dressed waiting for me. I contemplated him with absolute dismay. As he still retained a spark of regard for the lady who once reigned in his affections, he had been at unusual pains in decorating his person and broke upon my sight arrayed in the true style that prevailed among our beaux some years ago. His hair was turned up and tufted at the top, frizzled out at the ears, a profusion of powder puffed over the whole, and a long-plaited club swung gracefully from shoulder to shoulder, describing a pleasing semicircle of powder and pomatum. His claret-colored coat was decorated with a profusion of gilt buttons and reached to his calves. His white casimere small-clothes were so tight that he seemed to have grown up in them; and his ponderous legs, which are the thickest part of his body, were beautifully clothed in sky-blue silk stockings, once considered so becoming. But above all, he prided himself upon his waistcoat of China silk, which might almost have served a good housewife for a short gown; and he boasted that the roses and tulips upon it were the work of *Nang Fou*, daughter of the great *Chin-Chin-Fou*, who had fallen in love with the graces of his person and sent it to him as a parting present; he assured me she was a remarkable beauty, with sweet obliquity of eyes, and a foot no larger than the thumb of an alderman. He then dilated most copiously on his silver-sprigged dicky, which he assured me was quite the rage among the dashing young mandarins of Canton.

I hold it an ill-natured office to put any man out of conceit with himself; so, though I would willingly have made a little alteration in my friend Wizard's picturesque costume, yet I politely complimented him on his rakish appearance.

On entering the room I kept a good lookout on Will, expecting to see him exhibit signs of surprise; but he is one of those knowing fellows who are never surprised at any-

thing, or at least will never acknowledge it. He took his stand in the middle of the floor, playing with his great steel watch-chain; and looking round on the company, the furniture, and the pictures, with the air of a man "who had seen d—d finer things in his time"; and to my utter confusion and dismay, I saw him coolly pull out his villainous old japanned tobacco box, ornamented with a bottle, a pipe and a scurvy motto, and help himself to a quid in face of all the company.

I knew it was all in vain to find fault with a fellow of Will's socratic turn, who is never to be put out of humor with himself; so, after he had given his box its prescriptive rap and returned it to his pocket, I drew him into a corner where we might observe the company without being prominent objects ourselves.

"And pray who is that stylish figure," said Will, "who blazes away in red, like a volcano, and who seems wrapped in flames like a fiery dragon?"—That, cried I, is Miss Laurelia Dashaway. She is the highest flash of the ton—has much whim and more eccentricity, and has reduced many an unhappy gentleman to stupidity by her charms; you see she holds out the red flag in token of "no quarter." "Then keep me safe out of the sphere of her attractions," cried Will. "I would not e'en come in contact with her train, lest it should scorch me like the tail of a comet.—But who, I beg of you, is that amiable youth who is handing along a young lady, and at the same time contemplating his sweet person in a mirror as he passes?" His name, said I, is Billy Dimple; he is a universal smiler, and would travel from Dan to Beersheba and smile on everybody as he passed. Dimple is a slave to the ladies, a hero at tea parties, and is famous at the *pirouet* and the pigeon-wing; a fiddlestick is his idol and a dance his elysium. "A very pretty young gentleman, truly," cried Wizard; "he reminds me of a contemporary beau at Hayti. You must know that the magnanimous Dessalines gave a great ball to his court one fine sultry summer's evening; Dessy and me were great cronies—hand and

glove: one of the most condescending great men I ever knew. Such a display of black and yellow beauties! such a show of Madras handkerchiefs, red beads, cock's-tails and peacock's feathers!—it was, as here, who should wear the highest top-knot, drag the longest tails, or exhibit the greatest variety of combs, colors and gewgaws. In the middle of the rout, when all was buzz, slip-slop, clack and perfume, who should enter but Tucky Squash! The yellow beauties blushed blue and the black ones blushed as red as they could with pleasure, and there was a universal agitation of fans; every eye brightened and whitened to see Tucky; for he was the pride of the court, the pink of courtesy, the mirror of fashion, the adoration of all the sable fair ones of Hayti. Such breadth of nose, such exuberance of lip! his shins had the true cucumber curve; his face in dancing shone like a kettle; and, provided you kept to windward of him in summer, I do not know a sweeter youth in all Hayti than Tucky Squash. When he laughed, there appeared from ear to ear a chevaux-de-frize of teeth that rivaled the shark's in whiteness; he could whistle like a northwester; play on a three-stringed fiddle like Apollo; and as to dancing, no Long Island negro could shuffle you 'double-trouble' or 'hoe corn and dig potatoes' more scientifically. In short, he was a second Lothario. And the dusky nymphs of Hayti, one and all, declared him a perpetual Adonis. Tucky walked about, whistling to himself, without regarding anybody; and his *nonchalance* was irresistible."

I found Will had got neck and heels into one of his travelers' stories; and there is no knowing how far he would have run his parallel between Billy Dimple and Tucky Squash, had not the music struck up from an adjoining apartment and summoned the company to the dance. The sound seemed to have an inspiring effect on honest Will, and he procured the hand of an old acquaintance for a country dance. It happened to be the fashionable one of "the Devil among the tailors," which is so vociferously demanded at every ball and assembly and many a torn gown and many

an unfortunate toe did rue the dancing of that night; for Will, thundering down the dance like a coach and six, sometimes right, sometimes wrong; now running over half a score of little Frenchmen, and now making sad inroads into ladies' cobweb muslins and spangled tails. As every part of Will's body partook of the exertion, he shook from his capacious head such volumes of powder that, like pious Eneas on the first interview with Queen Dido, he might be said to have been enveloped in a cloud. Nor was Will's partner an insignificant figure in the scene; she was a young lady of most voluminous proportions, that quivered at every skip; and being braced up in the fashionable style with whalebone, stay-tape and buckram, looked like an apple pudding tied in the middle; or, taking her flaming dress into consideration, like a bed and bolsters rolled up in a suit of red curtains. The dance finished.—I would gladly have taken Will off; but no, he was now in one of his happy moods, and there was no doing anything with him. He insisted on my introducing him to Miss Sophy Sparkle, a young lady unrivaled for playful wit and innocent vivacity, and who, like a brilliant, adds luster to the front of fashion. I accordingly presented him to her, and began a conversation in which, I thought, he might take a share; but no such thing. Will took his stand before her, straddling like a Colossus, with his hands in his pockets and an air of the most profound attention; nor did he pretend to open his lips for some time, until, upon some lively sally of hers, he electrified the whole company with a most intolerable burst of laughter. What was to be done with such an incorrigible fellow? To add to my distress, the first word he spoke was to tell Miss Sparkle that something she said reminded him of a circumstance that happened to him in China. And at it he went, in the true traveler style —described the Chinese mode of eating rice with chop-sticks; entered into a long eulogium on the succulent qualities of boiled bird's nests; and I made my escape at the very moment when he was on the point of squatting down on the floor, to show how the little Chinese *Joshes* sit cross-legged.

TO THE LADIES

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH jogging down the hill of life,
Without the comfort of a wife;
And though I ne'er a helpmate chose,
To stock my house and mend my hose;
With care my person to adorn,
And spruce me up on Sunday morn;—
Still do I love the gentle sex,
And still with cares my brain perplex
To keep the fair ones of the age
Unsullied as the spotless page;
All pure, all simple, all refined,
The sweetest solace of mankind.

I hate the loose, insidious jest
To beauty's modest ear addrest,
And hold that frowns should never fail
To check each smooth, but fulsome tale;
But he whose impious pen should dare
Invade the morals of the fair;
To taint that purity divine
Which should each female heart enshrine;
Though soft his vicious strains should swell,
As those which erst from Gabriel fell,
Should yet be held aloft to shame,
And foul dishonor shade his name.
Judge, then, my friends, of my surprise,
The ire that kindled in my eyes,
When I relate that t'other day
I went a morning-call to pay,
On two young nieces; just come down
To take the polish of the town.
By which I mean no more or less

Than *a la Francaise* to undress;
To whirl the modest waltz's rounds,
Taught by Duport for snug ten pounds.
To thump and thunder through a song,
Play *fortes* soft and *dolces* strong;
Exhibit loud *piano* feats,
Caught from that crotchet-hero, Meetz:
To drive the rose-bloom from the face,
And fix the lily in its place;
To doff the white, and in its stead
To bounce about in brazen red.
While in the parlor I delay'd
Till they their persons had array'd,
A dapper volume caught my eye,
That on the window chanced to lie:
A book's a friend—I always choose
To turn its pages and peruse.
It proved those poems known to fame
For praising every cyprian dame;
The bantlings of a dapper youth,
Renown'd for gratitude and truth:
A little pest, hight TOMMY MOORE,
Who hopp'd and skipp'd our country o'er;
Who sipp'd our tea and lived on sops,
Revel'd on syllabubs and slops,
And when his brain, of cobweb fine,
Was fuddled with five drops of wine,
Would all his puny loves rehearse,
And many a maid debauch—in verse.
Surprised to meet in open view,
A book of such lascivious hue,
I chid my nieces—but they say
'Tis all the passion of the day;
That many a fashionable belle
Will with enraptured accents dwell
On the sweet *morceau* she has found
In this delicious, cursed compound!

Soft do the tinkling numbers roll,
And lure to vice the unthinking soul;
They tempt by softest sounds away,
They lead entranced the heart astray;
And Satan's doctrine sweetly sing,
As with a seraph's heavenly string.
Such sounds, so good old Homer sung,
Once warbled from the Siren's tongue;
Sweet melting tones were heard to pour
Along Ausonia's sun-gilt shore;
Seductive strains in ether float,
And every wild deceitful note
That could the yielding heart assail
Were wafted on the breathing gale;
And every gentle accent bland
To tempt Ulysses to their strand.
And can it be this book so base
Is laid on every window-case?
Oh! fair ones, if you will profane
Those breasts where heaven itself should reign
And throw those pure recesses wide
Where peace and virtue should reside,
To let the holy pile admit
A guest unhallowed and unfit;
Pray, like the frail ones of the night,
Who hide their wanderings from the light,
So let your errors secret be,
And hide, at least, your fault from me:
Seek some by-corner to explore
The smooth, polluted pages o'er:
There drink the insidious poison in,
There slyly nurse your souls for sin:
And while that purity you blight
Which stamps you messengers of light,
And sap those mounds the gods bestow,
To keep you spotless here below;
Still in compassion to our race,

Who joy, not only in the face,
But in that more exalted part,
The sacred temple of the heart;
Oh! hide forever from our view
The fatal mischief you pursue:
Let MEN your praises still exalt,
And none but ANGELS mourn your fault.

No. VI.—FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

THE Cockloft family, of which I have made such frequent mention, is of great antiquity, if there be any truth in the genealogical tree which hangs up in my cousin's library. They trace their descent from a celebrated Roman knight, cousin to the progenitor of his majesty of Britain, who left his native country on occasion of some disgust; and coming into Wales became a great favorite of Prince Madoc, and accompanied that famous argonaut in the voyage which ended in the discovery of this continent. Though a member of the family, I have sometimes ventured to doubt the authenticity of this portion of their annals, to the great vexation of Cousin Christopher: who is looked up to as the head of our house; and who, though as orthodox as a bishop, would sooner give up the whole Decalogue than lop off a single limb of the family tree. From time immemorial, it has been the rule for the Cocklofts to marry one of their own name; and as they always bred like rabbits, the family has increased and multiplied like that of Adam and Eve. In truth, their number is almost incredible; and you can hardly go into any part of the country without starting a warren of genuine Cocklofts. Every person of the least observation or experience must have observed that where this practice of

marrying cousins and second cousins prevails in a family every member in the course of a few generations becomes queer, humorous, and original; as much distinguished from the common race of mongrels as if he was of a different species. This has happened in our family, and particularly in that branch of it which Mr. Christopher Cockloft, or, to do him justice, Mr. Christopher Cockloft, Esq., is the head. Christopher is, in fact, the only married man of the name who resides in town; his family is small, having lost most of his children when young, by the excessive care he took to bring them up like vegetables. This was one of his first whim-whams, and a confounded one it was, as his children might have told had they not fallen victims to this experiment before they could talk. He had got from some quack philosopher or other a notion that there was a complete analogy between children and plants, and that they ought to be both reared alike. Accordingly, he sprinkled them every morning with water, laid them out in the sun, as he did his geraniums; and if the season was remarkably dry, repeated this wise experiment three or four times of a morning. The consequence was the poor little souls died one after the other, except Jeremy and his two sisters, who, to be sure, are a trio of as odd, runty, mummy-looking originals as ever Hogarth fancied in his most happy moments. Mrs. Cockloft, the larger if not the better half of my cousin, often remonstrated against this vegetable theory; and even brought the parson of the parish in which my cousin's country house is situated to her aid, but in vain: Christopher persisted, and attributed the failure of his plan to its not having been exactly conformed to. As I have mentioned Mrs. Cockloft, I may as well say a little more about her while I am in the humor. She is a lady of wonderful notability, a warm admirer of shining mahogany, clean hearths, and her husband; who she considers the wisest man in the world, bating Will Wizard and the parson of our parish; the last of whom is her oracle on all occasions. She goes constantly to church every Sunday and saint's day; and insists upon it that no man is entitled

to ascend a pulpit unless he has been ordained by a bishop; nay, so far does she carry her orthodoxy, that all the argument in the world will never persuade her that a Presbyterian or Baptist, or even a Calvinist, has any possible chance of going to heaven. Above everything else, however, she abhors paganism. Can scarcely refrain from laying violent hands on a pantheon when she meets with it; and was very nigh going into hysterics when my cousin insisted one of his boys should be christened after our laureate; because the parson of the parish had told her that Pindar was the name of a pagan writer, famous for his love of boxing-matches, wrestling, and horse-racing. To sum up all her qualifications in the shortest possible way, Mrs. Cockloft is, in the true sense of the phrase, a good sort of woman; and I often congratulate my cousin on possessing her. The rest of the family consists of Jeremy Cockloft the younger, who has already been mentioned, and the two Misses Cockloft, or rather the young ladies, as they have been called by the servants time out of mind; not that they are really young, the younger being somewhat on the shady side of thirty, but it has ever been the custom to call every member of the family young under fifty. In the southeast corner of the house, I hold quiet possession of an old-fashioned apartment, where myself and my elbow-chair are suffered to amuse ourselves undisturbed, save at meal times. This apartment old Cockloft has facetiously denominated Cousin Launce's paradise; and the good old gentleman has two or three favorite jokes about it, which are served up as regularly as the standing family dish of beefsteaks and onions, which every day maintains its station at the foot of the table, in defiance of mutton, poultry, or even venison itself.

Though the family is apparently small, yet, like most old establishments of the kind, it does not want for honorary members. It is the city rendezvous of the Cocklofts; and we are continually enlivened by the company of half a score of uncles, aunts, and cousins, in the fortieth remove, from all parts of the country, who profess a wonderful regard for

Cousin Christopher, and overwhelm every member of his household, down to the cook in the kitchen, with their attentions. We have for three weeks past been greeted with the company of two worthy old spinsters, who came down from the country to settle a lawsuit. They have done little else but retail stories of their village neighbors, knit stockings, and take snuff all the time they have been here; the whole family are bewildered with churchyard tales of sheeted ghosts, white horses without heads and with large goggle eyes in their buttocks; and not one of the old servants dare budge an inch after dark without a numerous company at his heels. My cousin's visitors, however, always return his hospitality with due gratitude, and now and then remind him of their fraternal regard by a present of a pot of apple-sweetmeats or a barrel of sour cider at Christmas. Jeremy displays himself to great advantage among his country relations, who all think him a prodigy; and often stand astounded, in "gaping wonderment," at his natural philosophy. He lately frightened a simple old uncle almost out of his wits, by giving it as his opinion that the earth would one day be scorched to ashes by the eccentric gambols of the famous comet so much talked of; and positively asserted that this world revolved round the sun, and that the moon was certainly inhabited.

The family mansion bears equal marks of antiquity with its inhabitants. As the Cocklofts are remarkable for their attachment to everything that has remained long in the family, they are bigoted toward their old edifice, and I daresay would sooner have it crumble about their ears than abandon it. The consequence is it has been so patched up and repaired that it has become as full of whims and oddities as its tenants; requires to be nursed and humored like a gouty old codger of an alderman; and reminds one of the famous ship in which a certain admiral circumnavigated the globe, which was so patched and timbered, in order to preserve so great a curiosity, that at length not a particle of the original remained. Whenever the wind blows the old mansion makes

a most perilous groaning; and every storm is sure to make a day's work for the carpenter, who attends upon it as regularly as the family physician. This predilection for everything that has been long in the family shows itself in every particular. The domestics are all grown gray in the service of our house. We have a little, old, crusty, gray-headed negro, who has lived through two or three generations of the Cocklofts; and, of course, has become a personage of no little importance in the household. He calls all the family by their Christian names; tells long stories about how he dandled them on his knee when they were children; and is a complete Cockloft chronicle for the last seventy years. The family carriage was made in the last French war, and the old horses were most indubitably foaled in Noah's Ark; resembling marvelously, in gravity of demeanor, those sober animals which may be seen any day of the year in the streets of Philadelphia, walking their snail's pace, a dozen in a row, and harmoniously jingling their bells. Whim-whams are the inheritance of the Cocklofts, and every member of the household is a humorist *sui generis*, from the master down to the footman. The very cats and dogs are humorists; and we have a little, runty scoundrel of a cur, who, whenever the church-bells ring, will run to the street-door, turn up his nose in the wind, and howl most piteously. Jeremy insists that this is owing to a peculiar delicacy in the organization of his ears, and supports his position by many learned arguments which nobody can understand; but I am of opinion that it is a mere Cockloft whim-wham, which the little cur indulges, being descended from a race of dogs which has flourished in the family ever since the time of my grandfather. A propensity to save everything that bears the stamp of family antiquity has accumulated an abundance of trumpery and rubbish with which the house is encumbered from the cellar to the garret; and every room, and closet, and corner is crammed with three-legged chairs, clocks without hands, swords without scabbards, cocked hats, broken candlesticks, and looking-glasses with frames carved into fan-

tastic shapes of feathered sheep, woolly birds, and other animals that have no name except in books of heraldry. The ponderous mahogany chairs in the parlor are of such unwieldy proportions that it is quite a serious undertaking to gallant one of them across the room; and sometimes make a most equivocal noise when you sit down in a hurry; the mantel-piece is decorated with little lackered earthen shepherdesses, some of which are without toes and others without noses; and the fireplace is garnished out with Dutch tiles, exhibiting a great variety of Scripture pieces, which my good old soul of a cousin takes infinite delight in explaining. Poor Jeremy hates them as he does poison; for while a yonker he was obliged by his mother to learn the history of a tile every Sunday morning before she would permit him to join his playmates; this was a terrible affair for Jeremy, who, by the time he had learned the last had forgotten the first, and was obliged to begin again. He assured me the other day, with a round college oath, that if the old house stood out till he inherited it, he would have these tiles taken out and ground into powder, for the perfect hatred he bore them.

My Cousin Christopher enjoys unlimited authority in the mansion of his forefathers; he is truly what may be termed a hearty old blade, has a florid, sunshiny countenance; and if you will only praise his wine, and laugh at his long stories, himself and his house are heartily at your service. The first condition is indeed easily complied with, for, to tell the truth, his wine is excellent; but his stories, being not of the best, and often repeated, are apt to create a disposition to yawn; being, in addition to their other qualities, most unreasonably long. His prolixity is the more afflicting to me, since I have all his stories by heart; and when he enters upon one, it reminds me of Newark causeway, where the traveler sees the end at the distance of several miles. To the great misfortune of all his acquaintance, Cousin Cockloft is blessed with a most provoking retentive memory; and can give day and date, and name and age and circumstance, with the most

unfeeling precision. These, however, are but trivial foibles, forgotten or remembered only with a kind of tender, respectful pity by those who know with what a rich redundant harvest of kindness and generosity his heart is stored. It would delight you to see with what social gladness he welcomes a visitor into his house; and the poorest man that enters his door never leaves it without a cordial invitation to sit down and drink a glass of wine. By the honest farmers round his country-seat he is looked up to with love and reverence; they never pass him by without his inquiring after the welfare of their families, and receiving a cordial shake of his liberal hand. There are but two classes of people who are thrown out of the reach of his hospitality, and these are Frenchmen and Democrats. The old gentleman considers it treason against the majesty of good breeding to speak to any visitor with his hat on; but the moment a Democrat enters his door he forthwith bids his man Pompey bring his hat, puts it on his head, and salutes him with an appalling "Well, sir, what do you want with me?"

He has a profound contempt for Frenchmen, and firmly believes that they eat nothing but frogs and soup-maigre in their own country. This unlucky prejudice is partly owing to my greataunt, Pamela, having been many years ago run away with by a French count, who turned out to be the son of a generation of barbers; and partly to a little vivid spark of Toryism, which burns in a secret corner of his heart. He was a loyal subject of the crown, has hardly yet recovered the shock of independence; and, though he does not care to own it, always does honor to his majesty's birthday by inviting a few cavaliers like himself to dinner, and gracing his table with more than ordinary festivity. If by chance the revolution is mentioned before him my cousin shakes his head; and you may see, if you take good note, a lurking smile of contempt in the corner of his eye, which marks a decided disapprobation of the sound. He once, in the fullness of his heart, observed to me that green peas were a month later than they were under the old government. But

the most eccentric manifestation of loyalty he ever gave was making a voyage to Halifax for no other reason under heaven but to hear his majesty prayed for in church, as he used to be here formerly. This he never could be brought fairly to acknowledge; but it is a certain fact, I assure you. It is not a little singular that a person, so much given to long story-telling as my cousin, should take a liking to another of the same character; but so it is with the old gentleman. His prime favorite and companion is Will Wizard, who is almost a member of the family; and will sit before the fire, with his feet on the massy andirons, and smoke his cigar, and screw his phiz, and spin away tremendous long stories of his travels, for a whole evening, to the great delight of the old gentleman and lady; and especially of the young ladies, who, like Desdemona, do "seriously incline," and listen to him with innumerable "Oh dears," "Is it possibles," "Goody graciouses," and look upon him as a second Sindbad the sailor.

The Misses Cockloft, whose pardon I crave for not having particularly introduced them before, are a pair of delectable damsels; who, having purloined and locked up the family Bible, pass for just what age they please to be guilty to. Barbara, the eldest, has long since resigned the character of a belle, and adopted that staid, sober, demure, snuff-taking air becoming her years and discretion. She is a good-natured soul, whom I never saw in a passion but once; and that was occasioned by seeing an old favorite beau of hers kiss the hand of a pretty blooming girl; and, in truth, she only got angry because, as she very properly said, it was spoiling the child. Her sister Margery, or Maggie, as she is familiarly termed, seemed disposed to maintain her post as a belle until a few months since; when accidentally hearing a gentleman observe that she broke very fast, she suddenly left off going to the assembly, took a cat into high favor, and began to rail at the forward pertness of young misses. From that moment I set her down for an old maid; and so she is, "by the hand of my body." The young ladies are still

visited by some half dozen of veteran beaux, who grew and flourished in the *haut ton* when the Misses Cockloft were quite children; but have been brushed rather rudely by the hand of time, who, to say the truth, can do almost anything but make people young. They are, notwithstanding, still warm candidates for female favor; look venerably tender, and repeat over and over the same honeyed speeches and sugared sentiments to the little belles that they poured so profusely into the ears of their mothers. I beg leave here to give notice that by this sketch I mean no reflection on old bachelors; on the contrary I hold, that next to a fine lady, the *ne plus ultra*, an old bachelor to be the most charming being upon earth; inasmuch as by living in "single blessedness" he of course does just as he pleases; and if he has any genius must acquire a plentiful stock of whims, and oddities, and whalebone habits; without which I esteem a man to be mere beef without mustard, good for nothing at all but to run on errands for ladies, take boxes at the theater, and act the part of a screen at tea-parties or a walking-stick in the streets. I merely speak of these old boys who infest public walks, pounce upon ladies from every corner of the street, and worry and frisk and amble, and caper before, behind, and round about the fashionable belles, like old ponies in a pasture, striving to supply the absence of youthful whim and hilarity by grimaces and grins and artificial vivacity. I have sometimes seen one of these "reverend youths" endeavoring to elevate his wintry passions into something like love by basking in the sunshine of beauty; and it did remind me of an old moth attempting to fly through a pane of glass toward a light, without ever approaching near enough to warm itself or scorch its wings.

Never, I firmly believe, did there exist a family that went more by tangents than the Cocklofts. Everything is governed by whim; and if one member starts a new freak, away all the rest follow on like wild geese in a string. As the family, the servants, the horses, cats, and dogs, have all grown old together, they have accommodated themselves to

each other's habits completely; and though every body of them is full of odd points, angles, rhomboids, and ins and outs, yet, somehow or other, they harmonize together like so many straight lines; and it is truly a grateful and refreshing sight to see them agree so well. Should one, however, get out of tune, it is like a cracked fiddle: the whole concert is ajar; you perceive a cloud over every brow in the house, and even the old chairs seem to creak affetuosso. If my cousin, as he is rather apt to do, betray any symptoms of vexation or uneasiness, no matter about what, he is worried to death with inquiries, which answer no other end but to demonstrate the good-will of the inquirer and put him in a passion; for everybody knows how provoking it is to be cut short in a fit of the blues by an impertinent question about "what is the matter?" when a man can't tell himself. I remember a few months ago the old gentleman came home in quite a squall; kicked poor Cæsar, the mastiff, out of his way, as he came through the hall; threw his hat on the table with most violent emphasis, and pulling out his box took three huge pinches of snuff, and threw a fourth into the cat's eyes as he sat purring his astonishment by the fireside. This was enough to set the body politic going; Mrs. Cockloft began "my dearing" it as fast as tongue could move; the young ladies took each a stand at an elbow of his chair; Jeremy marshaled in rear; the servants came tumbling in; the mastiff put up an inquiring nose; and even grimalkin, after he had cleaned his whiskers and finished sneezing, discovered indubitable signs of sympathy. After the most affectionate inquiries on all sides, it turned out that my cousin, in crossing the street, had got his silk stockings bespattered with mud by a coach, which it seems belonged to a dashing gentleman who had formerly supplied the family with hot rolls and muffins! Mrs. Cockloft thereupon turned up her eyes and the young ladies their noses; and it would have edified a whole congregation to hear the conversation which took place concerning the insolence of upstarts, and the vulgarity of would-be gentlemen and ladies who strive to emerge from low life by

dashing about in carriages to pay a visit two doors off; giving parties to people who laugh at them, and cutting all their old friends.

THEATRICS

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

I WENT a few evenings since to the theater, accompanied by my friend Snivers, the cockney, who is a man deeply read in the history of Cinderella, Valentine and Orson, Blue Beard, and all those recondite works so necessary to enable a man to understand the modern drama. Snivers is one of those intolerable fellows who will never be pleased with anything until he has turned and twisted it divers ways, to see if it corresponds with his notions of congruity; and as he is none of the quickest in his ratiocinations, he will sometimes come out with his approbation when everybody else has forgotten the cause which excited it. Snivers is, moreover, a great critic, for he finds fault with everything; this being what I understand by modern criticism. He, however, is pleased to acknowledge that our theater is not so despicable, all things considered; and really thinks Cooper one of our best actors. The play was "Othello," and, to speak my mind freely, I think I have seen it performed much worse in my time. The actors, I firmly believe, did their best; and whenever this is the case no man has a right to find fault with them, in my opinion. Little Rutherford, the Roscius of the Philadelphia theater, looked as big as possible; and what he wanted in size he made up in frowning. I like frowning in tragedy; and if a man but keeps his forehead in proper wrinkle, talks big, and takes long strides on the stage, I always set him down as a great tragedian; and so does my friend Snivers.

Before the first act was over, Snivers began to flourish his critical wooden sword like a harlequin. He first found fault with Cooper for not having made himself as black as a negro; "for," said he, "that Othello was an arrant black

appears from several expressions of the play; as, for instance, 'thick lips,' 'sooty bosom,' and a variety of others. I am inclined to think," continued he, "that Othello was an Egyptian by birth, from the circumstance of the handkerchief given to his mother by a native of that country; and, if so, he certainly was as black as my hat: for Herodotus has told us that the Egyptians had flat noses and frizzled hair; a clear proof that they were all negroes." He did not confine his strictures to this single error of the actor, but went on to run him down in toto. In this he was seconded by a red hot Philadelphian, who proved, by a string of most eloquent logical puns, that Fennel was unquestionably in every respect a better actor than Cooper. I knew it was vain to contend with them, since I recollected a most obstinate trial of skill these two great *Roscii* had last spring in Philadelphia. Cooper brandished his blood-stained dagger at the theater—Fennel flourished his snuff-box and shook his wig at the Lyceum, and the unfortunate Philadelphians were a long time at a loss to decide which deserved the palm. The literati were inclined to give it to Cooper, because his name was the most fruitful in puns; but then, on the other side, it was contended that Fennel was the best Greek scholar. Scarcely was the town of Strasburgh in a greater hubbub about the courteous stranger's nose; and it was well that the doctors of the university did not get into the dispute, else it might have become a battle of folios. At length, after much excellent argument had been expended on both sides, recourse was had to Cocker's arithmetic and a carpenter's rule; the rival candidates were both measured by one of their most steady-handed critics, and by the most exact measurement it was proved that Mr. Fennel was the greater actor by three inches and a quarter. Since this demonstration of his inferiority, Cooper has never been able to hold up his head in Philadelphia.

In order to change a conversation in which my favorite suffered so much, I made some inquiries of the Philadelphian concerning the two heroes of his theater, Wood and Cain;

but I had scarcely mentioned their names when, whack! he threw a whole handful of puns in my face; 'twas like a bowl of cold water. I turned on my heel, had recourse to my tobacco-box, and said no more about Wood and Cain; nor will I ever more, if I can help it, mention their names in the presence of a Philadelphian. Would that they could leave off punning! for I love every soul of them, with a cordial affection, warm as their own generous hearts and boundless as their hospitality.

During the performance I kept an eye on the countenance of my friend the cockney; because having come all the way from England, and having seen Kemble once, on a visit which he made from the button manufactory to *Lunnun*, I thought his phiz might serve as a kind of thermometer to direct my manifestations of applause or disapprobation. I might as well have looked at the back-side of his head; for I could not, with all my peering, perceive by his features that he was pleased with anything—except himself. His hat was twitched a little on one side, as much as to say, "demme, I'm your sorts!" He was sucking the end of a little stick; he was "gemman" from head to foot; but as to his face, there was no more expression in it than in the face of a Chinese lady on a teacup. On Cooper's giving one of his gunpowder explosions of passion, I exclaimed, "fine, very fine!" "Pardon me," said my friend Snivers, "this is damnable!—the gesture, my dear sir, only look at the gesture! how horrible! Do you not observe that the actor slaps his forehead, whereas, the passion not having arrived at the proper height, he should only have slapped his—pocket-flap? —this figure of rhetoric is a most important stage trick, and the proper management of it is what peculiarly distinguishes the great actor from the mere plodding mechanical buffoon. Different degrees of passion require different slaps, which we critics have reduced to a perfect manual, improving upon the principal adopted by Frederick of Prussia, by deciding that an actor, like a soldier, is a mere machine; as thus—the actor, for a minor burst of passion, merely slaps his pocket

hole; good!—for a major burst, he slaps his breast; very good!—but for a burst maximus, he whacks away at his forehead like a brave fellow; this is excellent!—nothing can be finer than an exit slapping the forehead from one end of the stage to the other." "Except," replied I, "one of those slaps on the breast which I have sometimes admired in some of our fat heroes and heroines. which make their whole body shake and quiver like a pyramid of jelly."

The Philadelphian had listened to this conversation with profound attention, and appeared delighted with Snivers' mechanical strictures; 'twas natural enough in a man who chose an actor as he would a grenadier. He took the opportunity of a pause to enter into a long conversation with my friend; and was receiving a prodigious fund of information concerning the true mode of emphasizing conjunctions, shifting scenes, snuffing candles, and making thunder and lightning, better than you can get every day from the sky, as practiced at the royal theaters; when, as ill luck would have it, they happened to run their heads full butt against a new reading. Now this was "a stumper," as our old friend Paddle would say; for the Philadelphians are as inveterate new-reading hunters as the cockneys, and, for aught I know, as well skilled in finding them out. The Philadelphian thereupon met the cockney on his own ground; and at it they went like two inveterate curs at a bone. Snivers quoted Theobald, Hanmer, and a host of learned commentators, who have pinned themselves on the sleeve of Shakespeare's immortality, and made the old bard, like General Washington, in General Washington's life, a most diminutive figure in his own book; his opponent chose Johnson for his bottle-holder, and thundered him forward like an elephant to bear down the ranks of the enemy. I was not long in discovering that these two precious judges had got hold of that unlucky passage of Shakespeare which, like a straw, has tickled, and puzzled, and confounded many a somniferous buzzard of past and present time. It was the celebrated wish of Desdemona that heaven had made her such a man as Othello.—

Snivers insisted that "the gentle Desdemonda" merely wished for such a man for a husband, which in all conscience was a modest wish enough, and very natural in a young lady who might possibly have had a predilection for flat noses; like a certain philosophical great man of our day. The Philadelphian contended with all the vehemence of a member of Congress, moving the house to have "whereas," or "also," or "nevertheless," struck out of a bill, that the young lady wished Heaven had made her a man instead of a woman, in order that she might have an opportunity of seeing the "anthropophagi, and the men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders"; which was a very natural wish, considering the curiosity of the sex. On being referred to, I incontinently decided in favor of the honorable member who spoke last; inasmuch as I think it was a very foolish, and therefore very natural, wish for a young lady to make before a man she wished to marry. It was, moreover, an indication of the violent inclination she felt to wear the breeches, which was afterward, in all probability, gratified, if we may judge from the title of "our captain's captain," given her by Cassio, a phrase which, in my opinion, indicates that Othello was, at that time, most ignominiously henpecked. I believe my arguments staggered Snivers himself, for he looked confoundedly queer, and said not another word on the subject.

A little while after at it he went again on another tack, and began to find fault with Cooper's manner of dying. "It was not natural," he said, for it had lately been demonstrated by a learned doctor of physic that when a man is mortally stabbed he ought to take a flying leap of at least five feet and drop down "dead as a salmon in a fishmonger's basket." —Whenever a man, in the predicament above mentioned, departed from this fundamental rule by falling flat down, like a log, and rolling about for two or three minutes, making speeches all the time, the said learned doctor maintained that it was owing to the waywardness of the human mind, which delighted in flying in the face of nature and dying in defiance of all her established rules.—I replied, for my part I held

that every man had a right of dying in whatever position he pleased, and that the mode of doing it depended altogether on the peculiar character of the person going to die. A Persian could not die in peace unless he had his face turned to the east; a Mahometan would always choose to have his toward Mecca; a Frenchman might prefer this mode of throwing a somerset, but Mynheer Van Brumblebottom, the Roscius of Rotterdam, always chose to thunder down on his seat of honor whenever he received a mortal wound. Being a man of ponderous dimensions, this had a most electrifying effect, for the whole theater "shook like Olympus at the nod of Jove." The Philadelphian was immediately inspired with a pun, and swore that Mynheer must be great in a dying scene, since he knew how to make the most of his latter end.

It is the inveterate cry of stage critics that an actor does not perform the character naturally, if, by chance, he happens not to die exactly as they would have him. I think the exhibition of a play at Pekin would suit them exactly; and I wish, with all my heart, they would go there and see one: nature is there imitated with the most scrupulous exactness in every trifling particular. Here an unhappy lady or gentleman, who happens unluckily to be poisoned or stabbed, is left on the stage to writhe and groan, and make faces at the audience until the poet pleases they should die; while the honest folks of the *dramatis personæ*, bless their hearts! all crowd round and yield most potent assistance by crying and lamenting most vociferously! the audience, tender souls, pull out their white pocket-handkerchiefs, wipe their eyes, blow their noses, and swear it is natural as life, while the poor actor is left to die without common Christian comfort. In China, on the contrary, the first thing they do is to run for the doctor and *tchooue*, or notary. The audience are entertained throughout the fifth act with a learned consultation of physicians, and if the patient must die, he does it *secundum artem*, and always is allowed time to make his will. The celebrated Chow-Chow was the completest hand I ever saw at killing himself; he always carried under his robe a bladder

of bull's blood, which, when he gave the mortal stab, spurted out, to the infinite delight of the audience. Not that the ladies of China are more fond of the sight of blood than those of our own country; on the contrary, they are remarkably sensitive in this particular; and we are told by the great Linkum Fidelius that the beautiful Ninny Consequa, one of the ladies of the emperor's seraglio, once fainted away on seeing a favorite slave's nose bleed: since which time refinement has been carried to such a pitch that a buskined hero is not allowed to run himself through the body in the face of the audience. The immortal Chow-Chow, in conformity to this absurd prejudice, whenever he plays the part of Othello, which is reckoned his masterpiece, always keeps a bold front, stabs himself slyly behind, and is dead before anybody suspects that he has given the mortal blow.

P. S.—Just as this was going to press, I was informed by Evergreen that "Othello" had not been performed here the Lord knows when; no matter, I am not the first that has criticised a play without seeing it, and this critique will answer for the last performance, if that was a dozen years ago.

No. VII.—SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1807

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

I PROMISED in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in durance.—Though my inquires for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results; for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is overshadowed by the

mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed. I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject: some have insisted that it savors of an aristocracy; others maintain that it is a pure democracy; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a mobocracy. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words as they are derived from the ancient Greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb is bowed down to as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English I was but little attended to; but the moment I prosed away in Greek every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars above mentioned, yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most pacific in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling, at times, to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation pacific! most preposterous! It reminds me of the title assumed by the sheik of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs that desolate the valleys of Belsaden, who styles himself "star of courtesy—beam of the mercy-seat!"

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according

to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and, I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war, in their own way, with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which Allah has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated "logocracy," or government of words. The whole nation does everything *viva voce*, or by word of mouth; and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has what is here called the gift of the gab, that is, a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright; and is forever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua;* that is to say, by force of tongues. The account which I lately wrote to our friend, the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed, only to amuse their fair countrywomen by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes; and are, by way of distinction, denominated the "defenders of the fair."

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for firearms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by wordy battle and paper war; he who has the longest tongue or readiest quill is sure to gain the victory—will carry horror, abuse, and ink-shed into the very trenches of the enemy; and, without mercy or remorse, put men, women and children to the point of the—pen!

There is still preserved in this country some remains of that Gothic spirit of knight-errantry which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages of the Hegira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must, necessarily, at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they

have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those who in former ages swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet.—These knights, denominated editors or "slang-whangers," are appointed in every town, village, and district to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing "in words." Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy, among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this dissatisfaction arose from his wearing red breeches. It is true the nation have long held that color in great detestation, in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British islands. The color, however, is again rising into favor, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's—body. The true reason, I am told, is that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge and in the story of Balaam's ass; maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy; where, it is true, his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far did he carry his obstinacy that he absolutely invited a professed antediluvian from the Gallic empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his nose. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze. Every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen, and for seven years have they carried on a most in-

human war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed, nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks on each other, and upon their respective adherents; discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numskull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass! and I do swear, by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been wofully pelted! yea, most ignominiously pelted!—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then a slang-whanger who has a longer head, or rather a longer tongue, than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, leveled at the head of the emperor of France, the king of England, or, wouldst thou believe it, oh! Asem, even at his sublime highness the bashaw of Tripoli! These long pieces are loaded with single ball or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tiger! monster! And thou mayest well suppose they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvelously annoying to the crowned heads at which they are directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, "Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe?" * This is sufficient to show you the manner in which

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* NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye the following anecdote; related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller, of facetious memory:

The captain of a slave-vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed, under a palm-tree, a negro chief, sitting most majestically on a stump; while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favorite pottage of boiled rice; which, as his imperial

these bloody, or rather windy fellows fight; it is the only mode allowable in a logocracy or government of words. I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a "wheel within a wheel."

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident than in its grand national divan or congress, where the laws are framed: this is a blustering, windy assembly, where everything is carried by noise, tumult and debate; for thou must know that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find wisdom in the multitude of counselors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear themselves talk. When the congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message; *i.e.*, a huge mass of words —*vox et preterea nihil*, all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a long talk about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and here arises many disputes about the correction and alteration of "if so be's," and "how so ever's." A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain: and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback, or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it

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majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these scape-grace particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question, "Well, sir! what do they say of me in England?"

as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntos of talkers called committees: these juntos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and retalks the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now, after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarreling and talking is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? The people, in fact, seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk by which they are characterized, and have a favorite proverb on the subject; viz., "All talk and no cider"; this is particularly applied when their congress, or assembly of all the sage chatterers of the nation, have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret, I have been told in confidence that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into congress from different parts of the empire; who, having once got on the breeches, as thou mayest well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity; for my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to public councils as old men who possess their dispositions—they certainly are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking; but they take so long to talk over a measure that by the time they have determined upon adopting it the period has elapsed which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation!—thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! Never, I fear, will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath; breath is but air; and air put into motion is nothing but wind.

This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatterers, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and their blasts counteracting each other—the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Everything partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestic grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz: town-meetings are immediately held where the quidnuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock; puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time; and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions, *i.e.*, words, which were previously prepared for the purpose; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the sense of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary better qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He talks of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth, and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument! Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces, the bashaw of America—utters a speech. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbors, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets, his highness of America—utters a speech. Are the

free citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country, and forcibly detained in the warships of another power, his highness—utters a speech. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power on the very shores of his country, his highness—utters a speech. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire, his highness—utters a speech! Nay, more—for here he shows his "energies"—he most intrepidly dispatches a courier on horseback and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of proclamations, *i.e.* a collection of words, packed up in his saddle bags. He is instructed to show no favor nor affection; but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here! It reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farmyard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling; calls around him his hen-hearted companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem! Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is everything in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each a separate characteristic trait by which they may be distinguished from each other: the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to sleep upon every affair of importance; the Italians to fiddle upon everything; the French to dance upon everything; the Germans to smoke upon everything; the British islanders to eat upon everything; and the windy subjects of the American logocracy to talk upon everything.

Forever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

How oft in musing mood my heart recalls,
From gray-beard father Time's oblivious halls,
The modes and maxims of my early day,
Long in those dark recesses stow'd away:
Drags once more to the cheerful realms of light
Those buckram fashions, long since lost in night,
And makes, like Endor's witch, once more to rise
My grogram grandames to my raptured eyes!
Shades of my fathers! in your pasteboard skirts,
Your broidered waistcoats and your plaited shirts,
Your formal bag-wigs—wide-extended cuffs,
Your five-inch chitterlings and nine-inch ruffs!
Gods! how ye strut, at times, in all your state,
Amid the visions of my thoughtful pate!
I see ye move the solemn minuet o'er,
The modest foot scarce rising from the floor;
No thundering rigadoon with boisterous prance,
No pigeon-wing disturb your *contre-danse.*
But silent as the gentle Lethe's tide,
Adown the festive maze ye peaceful glide!
Still in my mental eye each dame appears—
Each modest beauty of departed years;
Close by mamma I see her stately march
Or sit, in all the majesty of starch.
When for the dance a stranger seeks her hand,
I see her doubting, hesitating, stand;
Yield to his claim with most fastidious grace,
And sigh for her intended in his place!
Ah! golden days! when every gentle fair
On sacred Sabbath conn'd with pious care
Her holy Bible, or her prayer-book o'er,
Or studied honest Bunyan's drowsy lore;
Travel'd with him the "Pilgrim's Progress" through,
And storm'd the famous town of Man-soul too:

Beat Eye and Ear-gate up with thundering jar,
And fought triumphant through the "Holy War";
Or if, perchance, to lighter works inclined,
They sought with novels to relax the mind,
'Twas Grandison's politely formal page
Or Clelia or Pamela were the rage.
No plays were then—theatrics were unknown—
A learned pig—a dancing monkey shown—
The feats of Punch—a cunning juggler's slight,
Were sure to fill each bosom with delight.
An honest, simple, humdrum race we were,
Undazzled yet by fashion's 'wildering glare
Our manners unreserved, devoid of guile,
We knew not then the modern monster style:
Style, that with pride each empty bosom swells,
Puffs boys to manhood, little girls to belles.
Scarce from the nursery freed, our gentle fair
Are yielded to the dancing-master's care;
And e'er the head one mite of sense can gain,
Are introduced 'mid folly's frippery train.
A stranger's grasp no longer gives alarms,
Our fair surrender to their very arms.
And in the insidious waltz (1) will swim and twine
And whirl and languish tenderly divine!
Oh, how I hate this loving, hugging, dance;
This imp of Germany—brought up in France:
Nor can I see a niece its windings trace,
But all the honest blood glows in my face.
"Sad, sad refinement this," I often say,
" 'Tis modesty indeed refined away!
Let France its whim, its sparkling wit supply,
The easy grace that captivates the eye;
But curse their waltz—their loose lascivious arts,
That smooth our manners to corrupt our hearts!" (2)
Where now those books, from which in days of yore
Our mothers gain'd their literary store?
Alas! stiff-skirted Grandison gives place

To novels of a new and rakish race;
And honest Bunyan's pious dreaming lore,
To the lascivious rhapsodies of Moore.
And, last of all, behold the mimic stage,
Its morals lend to polish off the age,
With flimsy farce, a comedy miscall'd,
Garnish'd with vulgar cant, and proverbs bald,
With puns most puny, and a plenteous store
Of smutty jokes, to catch a gallery roar.
Or see, more fatal, graced with every art
To charm and captivate the female heart,
The false, "the gallant, gay Lothario," smiles (3)
And loudly boasts his base seductive wiles;
In glowing colors paints Calista's wrongs,
And with voluptuous scenes the tale prolongs.
When Cooper lends his fascinating powers,
Decks vice itself in bright alluring flowers,
Pleased with his manly grace, his youthful fire,
Our fair are lured the villain to admire;
While humbler virtue, like a stalking horse,
Struts clumsily and croaks in honest Morse.
Ah, hapless days! when trials thus combined,
In pleasing garb assail the female mind;
When every smooth insidious snare is spread
To sap the morals and delude the head!
Not Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego,
To prove their faith and virtue here below,
Could more an angel's helping hand require
To guide their steps uninjured through the fire,
Where had but Heaven its guardian aid denied,
The holy trio in the proof had died.
If, then, their manly vigor sought supplies
From the bright stranger in celestial guise,
Alas! can we from feebler natures claim,
To brave seduction's ordeal, free from blame;
To pass through fire unhurt like golden ore,
Though "angel missions" bless the earth no more!

NOTES BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

1. [*Waltz.*] As many of the retired matrons of this city, unskilled in "gestic lore," are doubtless ignorant of the movements and figures of this modest exhibition, I will endeavor to give some account of it, in order that they may learn what odd capers their daughters sometimes cut when from under their guardian wings.

On a signal being given by the music, the gentleman seizes the lady round her waist; the lady, scorning to be outdone in courtesy, very politely takes the gentleman round the neck, with one arm resting against his shoulder to prevent encroachments. Away then they go, about, and about, and about—"About what, sir?"—about the room, madam, to be sure. The whole economy of this dance consists in turning round and round the room in a certain measured step; and it is truly astonishing that this continued revolution does not set all their heads swimming like a top; but I have been positively assured that it only occasions a gentle sensation which is marvelously agreeable. In the course of this circumnavigation the dancers, in order to give the charm of variety, are continually changing their relative situations. Now the gentleman, meaning no harm in the world, I assure you, madam, carelessly flings his arm about the lady's neck, with an air of celestial impudence; and anon the lady, meaning as little harm as the gentleman, takes him round the waist with most ingenuous modest languishment, to the great delight of numerous spectators and amateurs, who generally form a ring, as the mob do about a pair of Amazons pulling caps, or a couple of fighting mastiffs.

After continuing this divine interchange of hands, arms, *et cetera*, for half an hour or so, the lady begins to tire, and with "eyes upraised," in most bewitching languor petitions her partner for a little more support. This is always given without hesitation. The lady leans gently on his shoulder, their arms entwine in a thousand seducing, mischievous curves —don't be alarmed, madam—closer and closer they approach each other, and, in conclusion, the parties being overcome with ecstatic fatigue, the lady seems almost sinking into the gentleman's arms, and then—"Well, sir, and what then?"—lord, madam, how should I know!

2. My friend Pindar, and, in fact, our whole junto, has been accused of an unreasonable hostility to the French na-

tion; and I am informed by a Parisian correspondent that our first number played the very devil in the court of St. Cloud. His imperial majesty got into a most outrageous passion, and being withal a waspish little gentleman, had nearly kicked his bosom friend, Talleyrand, out of the cabinet, in the paroxysms of his wrath. He insisted upon it that the nation was assailed in its most vital part; being, like Achilles, extremely sensitive to any attacks upon the heel. When my correspondent sent off his dispatches, it was still in doubt what measures would be adopted; but it was strongly suspected that vehement representations would be made to our government. Willing, therefore, to save our executive from any embarrassment on the subject, and, above all, from the disagreeable alternative of sending an apology by the "Hornet," we do assure Mr. Jefferson that there is nothing further from our thoughts than the subversion of the Gallic empire, or any attack on the interests, tranquillity, or reputation of the nation at large, which we seriously declare possesses the highest rank in our estimation. Nothing less than the national welfare could have induced us to trouble ourselves with this explanation; and in the name of the junto, I once more declare that when we toast a Frenchman we merely mean one of these *inconnus* who swarmed to this country from the kitchens and barbers' shops of Nantz, Bordeaux, and Marseilles; played game of leap-frog at all our balls and assemblies; set this unhappy town hopping mad; and passed themselves off on our tender-hearted damsels for unfortunate noblemen—ruined in the revolution! Such only can wince at the lash, and accuse us of severity; and we should be mortified in the extreme if they did not feel our well-intended castigation.

3. [*Fair Penitent.*] The story of this play, if told in its native language, would exhibit a scene of guilt and shame which no modest ear could listen to without shrinking with disgust; but, arrayed as it is in all the splendor of harmonious, rich, and polished verse, it steals into the heart like some gay, luxurious, smooth-faced villain, and betrays it insensibly to immorality and vice; our very sympathy is enlisted on the side of guilt; and the piety of Altamont, and the gentleness of Lavinia, are lost in the splendid debaucheries of the "gallant, gay Lothario," and the blustering, hollow repentance of the fair Calisto, whose sorrow reminds us of that of Pope's "Heloise"—"I mourn the lover, not lament the fault." Nothing is more easy than to banish such plays from our

stage. Were our ladies, instead of crowding to see them again and again repeated, to discourage their exhibition by absence, the stage would soon be indeed the school of morality, and the number of "Fair Penitents," in all probability, diminished.

No. VIII.—SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1807

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

"In all thy humors, whether grave or mellow,
Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
There is no living with thee—nor without thee."

"NEVER, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has there been known a more backward spring." This is the universal remark among the almanac quidnuncs and weather-wiseacres of the day; and I have heard it at least fifty-five times from old Mrs. Cockloft, who, poor woman, is one of those walking almanacs that foretell every snow, rain, or frost, by the shooting of corns, a pain in the bones, or an "ugly stitch in the side." I do not recollect, in the whole course of my life, to have seen the month of March indulge in such untoward capers, caprices and coquetries as it has done this year. I might have forgiven these vagaries, had they not completely knocked up my friend Langstaff, whose feelings are ever at the mercy of a weathercock, whose spirits sink and rise with the mercury of a barometer, and to whom an east wind is as obnoxious as a Sicilian *sirocco*. He was tempted some time since, by the fineness of the weather, to dress himself with more than ordinary care and take his morning stroll; but before he had half finished his peregrination, he was utterly discomfited, and driven home by a tremendous squall of wind, hail, rain, and snow; or, as he testily termed it, "a most villainous congregation of vapors."

This was too much for the patience of friend Launcelot;

he declared he would humor the weather no longer in its whim-whams; and, according to his immemorial custom on these occasions, retreated in high dudgeon to his elbow-chair to lie in of the spleen and rail at nature for being so fantastical. "Confound the jade," he frequently exclaims, "what a pity nature had not been of the masculine instead of the feminine gender; the almanac makers might then have calculated with some degree of certainty."

When Langstaff invests himself with the spleen, and gives audience to the blue devils from his elbow-chair, I would not advise any of his friends to come within gunshot of his citadel with the benevolent purpose of administering consolation or amusement: for he is then as crusty and crabbed as that famous coiner of false money, Diogenes himself. Indeed, his room is at such times inaccessible; and old Pompey is the only soul that can gain admission or ask a question with impunity; the truth is, that on these occasions there is not a straw's difference between them, for Pompey is as grum and grim and cynical as his master.

Launcelot has now been above three weeks in this desolate situation, and has therefore had but little to do in our last number. As he could not be prevailed on to give any account of himself in our introduction, I will take the opportunity of his confinement, while his back is turned, to give a slight sketch of his character—fertile in whim-whams and bachelorisms, but rich in many of the sterling qualities of our nature. Annexed to this article, our readers will perceive a striking likeness of my friend, which was taken by that cunning rogue Will Wizard, who peeped through the keyhole and sketched it off as honest Launcelot sat by the fire, wrapped up in his flannel *robe de chambre*, and indulging in a mortal fit of the *hyp*. Now take my word for it, gentle reader, this is the most auspicious moment in which to touch off the phiz of a genuine humorist.

Of the antiquity of the Langstaff family I can say but little, except that I have no doubt it is equal to that of most families who have the privilege of making their own pedi-

gree without the impertinent interposition of a college of heralds. My friend Launcelot is not a man to blazon anything; but I have heard him talk with great complacency of his ancestor, Sir Rowland, who was a dashing buck in the days of Hardiknute, and broke the head of a gigantic Dane, at a game of quarter-staff, in presence of the whole court. In memory of this gallant exploit, Sir Rowland was permitted to take the name of Langstoffe, and to assume, as a crest to his arms, a hand grasping a cudgel. It is, however, a foible so ridiculously common in this country for people to claim consanguinity with all the great personages of their own name in Europe that I should put but little faith in this family boast of friend Langstaff did I not know him to be a man of most unquestionable veracity.

The whole world knows already that my friend is a bachelor; for he is, or pretends to be, exceedingly proud of his personal independence, and takes care to make it known in all companies where strangers are present. He is forever vaunting the precious state of "single blessedness"; and was not long ago considerably startled at a proposition of one of his great favorites, Miss Sophy Sparkle, "that old bachelors should be taxed as luxuries." Launcelot immediately hied him home and wrote a tremendous long representation in their behalf, which I am resolved to publish if it is ever attempted to carry the measure into operation. Whether he is sincere in these professions, or whether his present situation is owing to choice or disappointment, he only can tell; but if he ever does tell, I will suffer myself to be shot by the first lady's eye that can twang an arrow. In his youth he was forever in love; but it was his misfortune to be continually crossed and rivaled by his bosom friend and contemporary beau, Pindar Cockloft, Esq., for as Langstaff never made a confidant on these occasions, his friend never knew which way his affections pointed; and so, between them both, the lady generally slipped through their fingers.

It has ever been the misfortune of Launcelot that he could not for the soul of him restrain a good thing; and this fatal-

ity has drawn upon him the ill will of many whom he would not have offended for the world. With the kindest heart under heaven, and the most benevolent disposition toward every being around him, he has been continually betrayed by the mischievous vivacity of his fancy, and the good-humored waggery of his feelings, into satirical sallies which have been treasured up by the invidious, and retailed out with the bitter sneer of malevolence, instead of the playful hilarity of countenance which originally sweetened and tempered and disarmed them of their sting.—These misrepresentations have gained him many reproaches and lost him many a friend.

This unlucky characteristic played the mischief with him in one of his love affairs. He was, as I have before observed, often opposed in his gallantries by that formidable rival, Pindar Cockloft, Esq., and a most formidable rival he was; for he had Apollo, the nine muses, together with all the joint tenants of Olympus to back him; and everybody knows what important confederates they are to a lover. Poor Launcelot stood no chance—the lady was cooped up in the poet's corner of every weekly paper; and at length Pindar attacked her with a sonnet that took up a whole column, in which he enumerated at least a dozen cardinal virtues, together with innumerable others of inferior consideration. Launcelot saw his case was desperate, and that unless he sat down forthwith, be-cherubimed and be-angeled her to the skies, and put every virtue under the sun in requisition, he might as well go hang himself and so make an end of the business. At it, therefore, he went; and was going on very swimmingly, for, in the space of a dozen lines he had enlisted under her command at least threescore and ten substantial housekeeping virtues, when, unluckily for Launcelot's reputation as a poet and the lady's as a saint, one of those confounded good thoughts struck his laughter-loving brain—it was irresistible; away he went full sweep before the wind, cutting and slashing and tickled to death with his own fun; the consequence was that, by the time he had finished, never was

poor lady so most ludicrously lampooned since lampooning came into fashion. But this was not half. So hugely was Launcelot pleased with this frolic of his wits that nothing would do but he must show it to the lady, who, as well she might, was mortally offended, and forbid him her presence. My friend was in despair; but through the interference of his generous rival was permitted to make his apology, which, however, most unluckily happened to be rather worse than the original offense; for though he had studied an eloquent compliment, yet, as ill-luck would have it, a most preposterous whim-wham knocked at his pericranium, and inspired him to say some consummate good things, which all put together amounted to a downright hoax, and provoked the lady's wrath to such a degree that sentence of eternal banishment was awarded against him.

Launcelot was inconsolable, and determined, in the true style of novel heroics, to make the tour of Europe, and endeavor to lose the recollection of this misfortune among the gayeties of France and the classic charms of Italy; he accordingly took passage in a vessel and pursued his voyage prosperously as far as Sandy Hook, where he was seized with a violent fit of seasickness; at which he was so affronted that he put his portmanteau into the first pilot-boat and returned to town completely cured of his love and his rage for traveling.

I pass over the subsequent amours of my friend Langstaff, being but little acquainted with them; for, as I have already mentioned, he never was known to make a confidant of anybody. He always affirmed a man must be a fool to fall in love, but an idiot to boast of it; ever denominated it the villainous passion; lamented that it could not be cudgeled out of the human heart; and yet could no more live without being in love with somebody or other than he could without whim-whams.

My friend Launcelot is a man of excessive irritability of nerve, and I am acquainted with no one so susceptible of the petty "miseries of human life"; yet its keener evils and mis-

fortunes he bears without shrinking, and, however they may prey in secret on his happiness, he never complains. This was strikingly evinced in an affair where his heart was deeply and irrevocably concerned, and in which his success was ruined by one for whom he had long cherished a warm sriendship. The circumstance cut poor Langstaff to the very foul; he was not seen in company for months afterward, and for a long time he seemed to retire within himself, and battle with the poignancy of his feelings; but not a murmur or a reproach was heard to fall from his lips, though, at the mention of his friend's name, a shade of melancholy might be observed stealing across his face, and his voice assumed a touching tone, that seemed to say, he remembered his treachery "more in sorrow than in anger." This affair has given a slight tinge of sadness to his disposition, which, however, does not prevent his entering into the amusements of the world; the only effect it occasions is, that you may occasionally observe him, at the end of a lively conversation, sink for a few minutes into an apparent forgetfulness of surrounding objects, during which time he seems to be indulging in some melancholy retrospection.

Langstaff inherited from his father a love of literature, a disposition for castle-building, a mortal enmity to noise, a sovereign antipathy to cold weather and brooms, and a plentiful stock of whim-whams. From the delicacy of his nerves he is peculiarly sensible to discordant sounds: the rattling of a wheelbarrow is "horrible"; the noise of children "drives him distracted"; and he once left excellent lodgings merely because the lady of the house wore high-heeled shoes, in which she clattered up and down stairs, till, to use his own emphatic expression, "they made life loathsome" to him. He suffers annual martyrdom from the razor-edged zephyrs of our "balmy spring," and solemnly declares that the boasted month of May has become a perfect "vagabond." As some people have a great antipathy to cats, and can tell when one is locked up in a closet, so Launcelot declares his feelings always announce to him the neighborhood of a broom; a house-

hold implement which he abominates above all others. Nor is there any living animal in the world that he holds in more utter abhorrence than what is usually termed a notable housewife; a pestilent being, who, he protests, is the bane of good fellowship, and has a heavy charge to answer for the many offenses committed against the ease, comfort, and social enjoyments of sovereign man. He told me, not long ago, "that he had rather see one of the weird sisters flourish through his keyhole on a broomstick than one of the servant maids enter the door with a besom."

My friend Launcelot is ardent and sincere in his attachments, which are confined to a chosen few, in whose society he loves to give free scope to his whimsical imagination; he, however, mingles freely with the world, though more as a spectator than an actor; and without an anxiety, or hardly a care to please, is generally received with welcome and listened to with complacency. When he extends his hand it is in a free, open, liberal style; and when you shake it, you feel his honest heart throb in its pulsations. Though rather fond of gay exhibitions, he does not appear so frequently at balls and assemblies since the introduction of the drum, trumpet, and tambourine; all of which he abhors on account of the rude attacks they make on his organs of hearing. In short, such is his antipathy to noise, that though exceedingly patriotic, yet he retreats every fourth of July to Cockloft Hall, in order to get out of the way of the hubbub and confusion which make so considerable a part of the pleasure of that splendid anniversary.

I intend this article as a mere sketch of Langstaff's multifarious character; his innumerable whim-whams will be exhibited by himself, in the course of this work, in all their strange varieties; and the machinery of his mind, more intricate than the most subtle piece of clock-work, be fully explained. And trust me, gentlefolk, his are the whim-whams of a courteous gentleman full of most excellent qualities; honorable in his disposition, independent in his sentiments, and of unbounded good nature, as may be seen through all his works.

ON STYLE

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

STYLE, *a manner of writing; title; pin of a dial; the pistil of plants.*—JOHNSON.

STYLE, *is . . . . . style.*—LINKUM FIDELIUS

Now I would not give a straw for either of the above definitions, though I think the latter is by far the most satisfactory; and I do wish sincerely every modern numskull who takes hold of a subject he knows nothing about would adopt honest Linkum's mode of explanation. Blair's Lectures on this article have not thrown a whit more light on the subject of my inquiries; they puzzled me just as much as did the learned and laborious expositions and illustrations of the worthy professor of our college, in the middle of which I generally had the ill-luck to fall asleep.

This same word style, though but a diminutive word, assumes to itself more contradictions, and significations, and eccentricities, than any monosyllable in the language is legitimately entitled to. It is an arrant little humorist of a word, and full of whim-whams, which occasions me to like it hugely; but it puzzled me most wickedly on my first return from a long residence abroad, having crept into fashionable use during my absence; and had it not been for friend Evergreen, and that thrifty sprig of knowledge, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, I should have remained to this day ignorant of its meaning.

Though it would seem that the people of all countries are equally vehement in the pursuit of this phantom, style, yet in almost all of them there is a strange diversity in opinion as to what constitutes its essence; and every different class, like the pagan nations, adore it under a different form. In England, for instance, an honest cit packs up himself, his family, and his style, in a buggy or tim-whisky, and rattles

away on Sunday with his fair partner blooming beside him, like an eastern bride, and two chubby children squatting like Chinese images at his feet. A baronet requires a chariot and pair; a lord must needs have a barouche and four; but a duke —oh! a duke cannot possibly lumber his style along under a coach and six, and half a score of footmen into the bargain. In China a puissant mandarin loads at least three elephants with style; and an overgrown sheep at the Cape of Good Hope trails along his tail and his style on a wheelbarrow. In Egypt, or at Constantinople, style consists in the quantity of fur and fine clothes a lady can put on without danger of suffocation; here it is otherwise, and consists in the quantity she can put off without the risk of freezing. A Chinese lady is thought prodigal of her charms if she expose the tip of her nose, or the ends of her fingers, to the ardent gaze of bystanders; and I recollect that all Canton was in a buzz in consequence of the great belle, Miss Nangfous, peeping out of the window with her face uncovered. Here the style is to show not only the face, but the neck, shoulders, etc.; and a lady never presumes to hide them except when she is not at home, and not sufficiently undressed to see company.

This style has ruined the peace and harmony of many a worthy household; for no sooner do they set up for style but instantly all the honest old comfortable *sans ceremonie* furniture is discarded; and you stalk cautiously about among the uncomfortable splendor of Grecian chairs, Egyptian tables, Turkey carpets, and Etruscan vases. This vast improvement in furniture demands an increase in the domestic establishment; and a family that once required two or three servants for convenience now employs half a dozen for style.

Bell-brazen, late favorite of my unfortunate friend Dessalines, was one of these patterns of style; and whatever freak she was seized with, however preposterous, was implicitly followed by all who would be considered as admitted in the stylish arcana. She was once seized with a whim-wham that tickled the whole court. She could not lie down to take an afternoon's lol! but she must have one servant to

scratch her head, two to tickle her feet, and a fourth to fan her delectable person while she slumbered. The thing took; it became the rage, and not a sable belle in all Hayti but what insisted upon being fanned, and scratched, and tickled in the true imperial style. Sneer not at this picture, my most excellent townswomen, for who among you but are daily following fashions equally absurd!

Style, according to Evergreen's account, consists in certain fashions, or certain eccentricities, or certain manners of certain people, in certain situations, and possessed of a certain share of fashion or importance. A red cloak, for instance, on the shoulders of an old market-woman is regarded with contempt; it is vulgar, it is odious. Fling, however, its usurping rival, a red shawl, over the fine figure of a fashionable belle, and let her flame away with it in Broadway, or in a ball-room, and it is immediately declared to be the style.

The modes of attaining this certain situation, which entitle its holder to style, are various and opposite; the most ostensible is the attainment of wealth, the possession of which changes, at once, the pert airs of vulgar ignorance into fashionable ease and elegant vivacity. It is highly amusing to observe the gradation of a family aspiring to style, and the devious windings they pursue in order to attain it. While beating up against wind and tide they are the most complaisant beings in the world; they keep "booing and booing," as M'Sycophant says, until you would suppose them incapable of standing upright; they kiss their hands to everybody who has the least claim to style; their familiarity is intolerable, and they absolutely overwhelm you with their friendship and loving-kindness. But having once gained the envied pre-eminence, never were beings in the world more changed. They assume the most intolerable caprices; at one time, address you with importunate sociability; at another, pass you by with silent indifference; sometimes sit up in their chairs in all the majesty of dignified silence; and at another time bounce about with all the obstreperous ill-bred

noise of a little hoyden just broke loose from a boarding-school.

Another feature which distinguishes these new-made fashionables is the inveteracy with which they look down upon the honest people who are struggling to climb up to the same envied height. They never fail to salute them with the most sarcastic reflections; and like so many worthy hodmen clambering a ladder, each one looks down upon his next neighbor below and makes no scruple of shaking the dust off his shoes into his eyes. Thus by dint of perseverance, merely, they come to be considered as established denizens of the great world; as in some barbarous nations an oyster-shell is of sterling value and a copper-washed counter will pass current for genuine gold.

In no instance have I seen this grasping after style more whimsically exhibited than in the family of my old acquaintance, Timothy Giblet.—I recollect old Giblet when I was a boy, and he was the most surly curmudgeon I ever knew. He was a perfect scarecrow to the small-fry of the day, and inherited the hatred of all these unlucky little shavers; for never could we assemble about his door of an evening to play, and make a little hubbub, but out he sallied from his nest like a spider, flourished his formidable horsewhip, and dispersed the whole crew in the twinkling of a lamp. I perfectly remember a bill he sent in to my father for a pane of glass I had accidentally broken, which came wellnigh getting me a sound flogging; and I remember as perfectly that the next night I revenged myself by breaking half a dozen. Giblet was as arrant a grubworm as ever crawled; and the only rules of right and wrong he cared a button for were the rules of multiplication and addition; which he practiced much more successfully than he did any of the rules of religion or morality. He used to declare they were the true golden rules; and he took special care to put Cocker's arithmetic in the hands of his children before they had read ten pages in the Bible or the prayer-book. The practice of these favorite maxims was at length crowned with the harvest of suc-

cess; and after a life of incessant self-denial and starvation, and after enduring all the pounds, shillings and pence miseries of a miser, he had the satisfaction of seeing himself worth a plum and of dying just as he had determined to enjoy the remainder of his days in contemplating his great wealth and accumulating mortgages.

His children inherited his money; but they buried the disposition, and every other memorial of their father, in his grave. Fired with a noble thirst for style, they instantly emerged from the retired lane in which themselves and their accomplishments had hitherto been buried; and they blazed, and they whizzed, and they cracked about town, like a nest of squibs and devils in a firework. I can liken their sudden eclat to nothing but that of the locust, which is hatched in the dust, where it increases and swells up to maturity, and after feeling for a moment the vivifying rays of the sun, bursts forth a mighty insect, and flutters, and rattles, and buzzes from every tree. The little warblers who have long cheered the woodlands with their dulcet notes are stunned by the discordant racket of these upstart intruders, and contemplate, in contemptuous silence, their tinsel and their noise.

Having once started, the Giblets were determined that nothing should stop them in their career until they had run their full course and arrived at the very tip-top of style. Every tailor, every shoemaker, every coach-maker, every milliner, every mantua-maker, every paperhanger, every piano-teacher, and every dancing-master in the city, were enlisted in their service; and the willing wights most courteously answered their call; and fell to work to build up the fame of the Giblets, as they had done that of many an aspiring family before them. In a little time the young ladies could dance the waltz, thunder Lodoiska, murder French, kill time, and commit violence on the face of nature in a landscape in water-colors, equal to the best lady in the land; and the young gentlemen were seen lounging at corners of streets and driving tandem; heard talking loud at the theater, and laughing in church; with as much ease, and grace, and

modesty, as if they had been gentlemen all the days of their lives.

And the Giblets arrayed themselves in scarlet, and in fine linen, and seated themselves in high places; but nobody noticed them except to honor them with a little contempt. The Giblets made a prodigious splash in their own opinion; but nobody extolled them except the tailors and the milliners who had been employed in manufacturing their paraphernalia. The Giblets thereupon being, like Caleb Quotem, determined to have "a place at the review," fell to work more fiercely than ever; they gave dinners, and they gave balls, they hired cooks, they hired fiddlers, they hired confectioners; and they would have kept a newspaper in pay had they not been all bought up at that time for the election. They invited the dancing-men and the dancing-women, and the gormandizers, and the epicures of the city, to come and make merry at their expense; and the dancing-men, and the dancing-women, and the epicures, and the gormandizers, did come; and they did make merry at their expense; and they eat, and they drank, and they capered, and they danced, and they—laughed at their entertainers.

Then commenced the hurry and the bustle, and the mighty nothingness of fashionable life. Such rattling in coaches! such flaunting in the streets! such slamming of box-doors at the theater! such a tempest of bustle and unmeaning noise whereever they appeared! The Giblets were seen here and there and everywhere; they visited everybody they knew, and everybody they did not know; and there was no getting along for the Giblets. Their plan at length succeeded. By dint of dinners, of feeding and frolicking the town, the Giblet family worked themselves into notice, and enjoyed the ineffable pleasure of being forever pestered by visitors who cared nothing about them; of being squeezed, and smothered, and parboiled at nightly balls and evening tea-parties. They were allowed the privilege of forgetting the very few old friends they once possessed; they turned their noses up in the wind at everything that was not genteel; and their

superb manners and sublime affectation at length left it no longer a matter of doubt that the Giblets were perfectly in style.

"——Being, as it were, a small contentmente in a never contenting subjecte; a bitter pleasaunte taste of a sweete seasoned sower; and, all in all, a more than ordinarie rejoycing, in an extraordinarie sorrow of delyghts."—LINK. FIDELIUS

WE have been considerably edified of late by several letters of advice from a number of sage correspondents, who really seem to know more about our work than we do ourselves. One warns us against saying anything more about Snivers, who is a very particular friend of the writer, and who has a singular disinclination to be laughed at. This correspondent in particular inveighs against personalities, and accuses us of ill nature in bringing forward old Fungus and Billy Dimple as figures of fun to amuse the public. Another gentleman, who states that he is a near relation of the Cocklofts, proses away most soporifically on the impropriety of ridiculing a respectable old family; and declares that if we make them and their whim-whams the subject of any more essays he shall be under the necessity of applying to our theatrical champions for satisfaction. A third, who by the crabbedness of the handwriting, and a few careless inaccuracies in the spelling, appears to be a lady, assures us that the Misses Cockloft, and Miss Diana Wearwell, and Miss Dashaway, and Mrs. ——, Will Wizard's quondam flame, are so much obliged to us for our notice that they intend in future to take no notice of us at all, but leave us out of all their tea-parties; for which we make them one of our best bows, and say, "Thank you, ladies."

We wish to heaven these good people would attend to their own affairs, if they have any to attend to, and let us alone. It is one of the most provoking things in the world that we cannot tickle the public a little, merely for our own private amusement, but we must be crossed and jostled by

these meddling incendiaries, and, in fact, have the whole town about our ears. We are much in the same situation with an unlucky blade of a cockney; who, having mounted his bit of blood to enjoy a little innocent recreation, and display his horsemanship along Broadway, is worried by all those little yelping curs that infest our city; and who never fail to sally out and growl, and bark and snarl, to the great annoyance of the Birmingham equestrian.

Wisely was it said by the sage Linkum Fidelius, "howbeit, moreover, nevertheless, this thrice wicked towne is charged up to the muzzle with all manner of ill-natures and uncharitablenesses, and is, moreover, exceedinglie naughte." This passage of the erudite Linkum was applied to the city of Gotham, of which he was once Lord Mayor, as appears by his picture hung up in the hall of that ancient city; but his observation fits this best of all possible cities "to a hair." It is a melancholy truth that this same New York, though the most charming, pleasant, polished, and praiseworthy city under the sun, and, in a word, the *bonne bouche* of the universe, is most shockingly ill-natured and sarcastic, and wickedly given to all manner of backslidings; for which we are very sorry indeed. In truth, for it must come out like murder one time or other, the inhabitants are not only ill-natured, but manifestly unjust: no sooner do they get one of our random sketches in their hands but instantly they apply it most unjustifiably to some "dear friend," and then accuse us vociferously of the personality which originated in their own officious friendship! Truly it is an ill-natured town, and most earnestly do we hope it may not meet with the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah of old.

As, however, it may be thought incumbent upon us to make some apology for these mistakes of the town, and as our good-nature is truly exemplary, we would certainly answer this expectation were it not that we have an invincible antipathy to making apologies. We have a most profound contempt for any man who cannot give three good reasons for an unreasonable thing; and will therefore condescend, as

usual, to give the public three special reasons for never apologizing. First, an apology implies that we are accountable to somebody or another for our conduct; now as we do not care a fiddlestick, as authors, for either public opinion or private ill-will, it would be implying a falsehood to apologize. Second, an apology would indicate that we had been doing what we ought not to have done; now, as we never did nor ever intend to do anything wrong, it would be ridiculous to make an apology. Third, we labor under the same incapacity in the art of apologizing that lost Langstaff his mistress; we never yet undertook to make apology without committing a new offense, and making matters ten times worse than they were before; and we are, therefore, determined to avoid such predicaments in future.

But though we have resolved never to apologize, yet we have no particular objection to explain; and if this is all that's wanted we will go about it directly—*allons*, gentlemen!—before, however, we enter upon this serious affair, we take this opportunity to express our surprise and indignation at the incredulity of some people. Have we not, over and over, assured the town that we are three of the best-natured fellows living? And is it not astonishing that, having already given seven convincing proofs of the truth of this assurance, they should still have any doubts on the subject? But as it is one of the impossible things to make a knave believe in honesty, so perhaps it may be another to make this most sarcastic, satirical, and tea-drinking city believe in the existence of good-nature. But to our explanation: Gentle reader! for we are convinced that none but gentle or genteel readers can relish our excellent productions, if thou art in expectation of being perfectly satisfied with what we are about to say, thou mayest as well "whistle lillebullero" and skip quite over what follows; for never wight was more disappointed than thou wilt be most assuredly. But to the explanation: We care just as much about the public and its wise conjectures as we do about the man in the moon and his whim-whams, or the criticisms of the lady who sits majestically in her elbow-chair

in the lobster; and who, belying her sex, as we are credibly informed, never says anything worth listening to. We have launched our bark, and we will steer to our destined port with undeviating perseverance, fearless of being shipwrecked by the way. Good-nature is our steersman, reason our ballast, whim the breeze that wafts us along, and "morality" our leading star.

No. IX.—SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

It in some measure jumps with my humor to be "melancholy and gentleman-like" this stormy night, and I see no reason why I should not indulge myself for once. Away, then, with joke, with fun, and laughter, for a while; let my soul look back in mournful retrospect, and sadden with the memory of my good aunt "Charity"—who died of a Frenchman!

Stare not, oh most dubious reader, at the mention of a complaint so uncommon; grievously hath it afflicted the ancient family of the Cocklofts, who carry their absurd antipathy to the French so far that they will not suffer a clove of garlic in the house: and my good old friend Christopher was once on the point of abandoning his paternal country mansion of Cockloft Hall, merely because a colony of frogs had settled in a neighboring swamp. I verily believe he would have carried his whim-wham into effect had not a fortunate drought obliged the enemy to strike their tents, and, like a troop of wandering Arabs, to march off toward a moister part of the country.

My aunt Charity departed this life in the fifty-ninth year of her age, though she never grew older after twenty-five. In her teens she was, according to her own account, a celebrated beauty—though I never could meet with anybody

that remembered when she was handsome: on the contrary, Evergreen's father, who used to gallant her in his youth, says she was as knotty a little piece of humanity as he ever saw; and that, if she had been possessed of the least sensibility, she would, like poor old *Acco*, have most certainly run mad at her own figure and face the first time she contemplated herself in a looking-glass. In the good old times that saw my aunt in the heyday of youth, a fine lady was a most formidable animal, and required to be approached with the same awe and devotion that a Tartar feels in the presence of his Grand Lama. If a gentleman offered to take her hand, except to help her into a carriage or lead her into a drawing-room, such frowns! such a rustling of brocade and taffeta! her very paste shoe-buckles sparkled with indignation, and for a moment assumed the brilliancy of diamonds. In those days the person of a belle was sacred; it was unprofaned by the sacrilegious grasp of a stranger. Simple souls! —they had not the waltz among them yet!

My good aunt prided herself on keeping up this buckram delicacy; and if she happened to be playing at the old-fashioned game of forfeits, and was fined a kiss, it was always more trouble to get it than it was worth; for she made a most gallant defense, and never surrendered until she saw her adversary inclined to give over his attack. Evergreen's father says he remembers once to have been on a sleighing party with her, and when they came to Kissing Bridge it fell to his lot to levy contributions on Miss Charity Cockloft; who, after squalling at a hideous rate, at length jumped out of the sleigh plump into a snow bank; where she stuck fast like an icicle, until he came to her rescue. This latonian feat cost her a rheumatism which she never thoroughly recovered.

It is rather singular that my aunt though a great beauty, and an heiress withal, never got married. The reason she alleged was that she never met with a lover who resembled Sir Charles Grandison, the hero of her nightly dreams and waking fancy; but I am privately of opinion that it was owing

to her never having had an offer. This much is certain, that for many years previous to her decease she declined all attentions from the gentlemen, and contented herself with watching over the welfare of her fellow-creatures. She was, indeed, observed to take a considerable lean toward Methodism, was frequent in her attendance at love feasts, read Whitfield and Wesley, and even went so far as once to travel the distance of five-and-twenty miles to be present at a camp-meeting. This gave great offense to my cousin Christopher and his good lady, who, as I have already mentioned, are rigidly orthodox; and had not my aunt Charity been of a most pacific disposition, her religious whim-wham would have occasioned many a family altercation. She was, indeed, as good a soul as the Cockloft family ever boasted; a lady of unbounded loving-kindness, which extended to man, woman, and child; many of whom she almost killed with good-nature. Was any acquaintance sick? in vain did the wind whistle and the storm beat; my aunt would waddle through mud and mire, over the whole town, but what she would visit them. She would sit by them for hours together with the most persevering patience, and tell a thousand melancholy stories of human misery to keep up their spirits. The whole catalogue of *yerb* teas was at her fingers' ends, from formidable wormwood down to gentle balm; and she would descant by the hour on the healing qualities of hoarhound, catnip, and pennyroyal.—Woe be to the patient that came under the benevolent hand of my aunt Charity; he was sure, willy-nilly, to be drenched with a deluge of decoctions; and full many a time has my cousin Christopher borne a twing of pain in silence through fear of being condemned to suffer the martyrdom of her materia medica. My good aunt had, moreover, considerable skill in astronomy, for she could tell when the sun rose and set every day in the year; and no woman in the whole world was able to pronounce, with more certainty, at what precise minute the moon changed. She held the story of the moon's being made of green cheese as an abominable slander on her favorite planet; and she had

made several valuable discoveries in solar eclipses, by means of a bit of burned glass, which entitled her at least to an honorary admission in the American Philosophical Society. Hutching's improved was her favorite book; and I shrewdly suspect that it was from this valuable work she drew most of her sovereign remedies for colds, coughs, corns, and consumptions.

But the truth must be told; with all her good qualities my aunt Charity was afflicted with one fault, extremely rare among her gentle sex—it was curiosity. How she came by it I am at a loss to imagine, but it played the very vengeance with her and destroyed the comfort of her life. Having an invincible desire to know everybody's character, business, and mode of living, she was forever prying into the affairs of her neighbors; and got a great deal of ill-will from people toward whom she had the kindest disposition possible. If any family on the opposite side of the street gave a dinner, my aunt would mount her spectacles and sit at the window until the company were all housed; merely that she might know who they were. If she heard a story about any of her acquaintance, she would, forthwith, set off full sail and never rest until, to use her usual expression, she had got "to the bottom of it"; which meant nothing more than telling it to everybody she knew.

I remember one night my aunt Charity happened to hear a most precious story about one of her good friends, but unfortunately too late to give it immediate circulation. It made her absolutely miserable; and she hardly slept a wink all night, for fear her bosom friend, Mrs. Sipkins, should get the start of her in the morning and blow the whole affair. You must know there was always a contest between these two ladies who should first give currency to the good-natured things said about everybody; and this unfortunate rivalship at length proved fatal to their long and ardent friendship. My aunt got up full two hours that morning before her usual time; put on her pompadour taffeta gown, and sallied forth to lament the misfortune of her dear friend.

Would you believe it!—wherever she went Mrs. Sipkins had anticipated her; and, instead of being listened to with uplifted hands and open-mouthed wonder, my unhappy aunt was obliged to sit down quietly and listen to the whole affair, with numerous additions, alterations, and amendments!—now this was too bad; it would almost have provoked Patient Grizzle or a saint. It was too much for my aunt, who kept her bed for three days afterward, with a cold, as she pretended; but I have no doubt it was owing to this affair of Mrs. Sipkins, to whom she never would be reconciled.

But I pass over the rest of my aunt Charity's life, checkered with the various calamities and misfortunes and mortifications incident to those worthy old gentlewomen who have the domestic cares of the whole community upon their minds; and I hasten to relate the melancholy incident that hurried her out of existence in the full bloom of antiquated virginity.

In their frolicksome malice the fates had ordered that a French boarding-house, or *Pension Francaise*, as it was called, should be established directly opposite my aunt's residence. Cruel event! unhappy Aunt Charity! It threw her into that alarming disorder denominated the fidgets; she did nothing but watch at the window day after day, but without becoming one whit the wiser at the end of a fortnight than she was at the beginning; she thought that neighbor Pension had a monstrous large family, and somehow or other they were all men! she could not imagine what business neighbor Pension followed to support so numerous a household; and wondered why there was always such a scraping of fiddles in the parlor, and such a smell of onions from neighbor Pension's kitchen; in short, neighbor Pension was continually uppermost in her thoughts, and incessantly on the outer edge of her tongue. This was, I believe, the very first time she had ever failed "to get at the bottom of a thing"; and the disappointment cost her many a sleepless night, I warrant you. I have little doubt, however, that my aunt would have ferreted neighbor Pension out, could she have spoken or understood French; but in those times people

in general could make themselves understood in plain English; and it was always a standing rule in the Cockloft family, which exists to this day, that not one of the females should learn French.

My aunt Charity had lived, at her window, for some time in vain; when one day, as she was keeping her usual look-out, and suffering all the pangs of unsatisfied curiosity, she beheld a little, meager, weazel-faced Frenchman, of the most forlorn, diminutive and pitiful proportions arrive at neighbor Pension's door. He was dressed in white, with a little pinched-up cocked hat; he seemed to shake in the wind, and every blast that went over him whistled through his bones and threatened instant annihilation. This embodied spirit of famine was followed by three carts, lumbered with crazy trunks, chests, bandboxes, bidets, medicine-chests, parrots, and monkeys, and at his heels ran a yelping pack of little black-nosed pug dogs. This was the one thing wanting to fill up the measure of my aunt Charity's afflictions; she could not conceive, for the soul of her, who this mysterious little apparition could be that made so great a display; what he could possibly do with so much baggage, and particularly with his parrots and monkeys; or how so small a carcass could have occasion for so many trunks of clothes. Honest soul! she had never had a peep into a Frenchman's wardrobe; that *depot* of old coats, hats, and breeches of the growth of every fashion he has followed in his life.

From the time of this fatal arrival, my poor aunt was in a quandary; all her inquiries were fruitless, no one could expound the history of this mysterious stranger. She never held up her head afterward, drooped daily, took to her bed in a fortnight, and in "one little month" I saw her quietly deposited in the family vault—being the seventh Cockloft that had died of a whim-wham!

Take warning, my fair countrywomen! and you, oh, ye excellent ladies, whether married or single, who pry into other people's affairs and neglect those of your own household; who are so busily employed in observing the faults of

others that you have no time to correct your own. Remember the fate of my dear aunt Charity, and eschew the evil spirit of curiosity.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

I FIND, by perusal of our last number, that Will Wizard and Evergreen, taking advantage of my confinement, have been playing some of their gambols. I suspected these rogues of some malpractices in consequence of their queer looks and knowing winks whenever I came down to dinner; and of their not showing their faces at old Cockloft's for several days after the appearance of their precious effusions. Whenever these two waggish fellows lay their heads together there is always sure to be hatched some notable piece of mischief; which, if it tickles nobody else, is sure to make its authors merry. The public will take notice that, for the purpose of teaching these my associates better manners, and punishing them for their high misdemeanors, I have, by virtue of my authority, suspended them from all interference in "Salmagundi," until they show a proper degree of repentance, or I get tired of supporting the burden of the work myself. I am sorry for Will, who is already sufficiently mortified in not daring to come to the old house and tell his long stories and smoke his cigar; but Evergreen, being an old beau, may solace himself in his disgrace by trimming up all his old finery and making love to the little girls.

At present my right-hand man is Cousin Pindar, whom I have taken into high favor. He came home the other night all in a blaze like a sky-rocket, whisked up to his room in a paroxysm of poetic inspiration, nor did we see anything of him until late the next morning, when he bounced upon us at breakfast,

"Fire in each eye—and paper in each hand."

This is just the way with Pindar, he is like a volcano, will remain for a long time silent without emitting a single

spark, and then, all at once, burst out in a tremendous explosion of rhyme and rhapsody.

As the letters of my friend Mustapha seem to excite considerable curiosity, I have subjoined another. I do not vouch for the justice of his remarks or the correctness of his conclusions; they are full of the blunders and errors into which strangers continually indulge, who pretend to give an account of this country before they well know the geography of the street in which they live. The copies of my friend's papers being confused and without date, I cannot pretend to give them in systematic order. In fact, they seem now and then to treat of matters which have occurred since his departure; whether these are sly interpolations of that meddlesome wight Will Wizard, or whether honest Mustapha was gifted with the spirit of prophecy or second sight, I neither know—nor, in fact, do I care. The following seems to have been written when the Tripolitan prisoners were so much annoyed by the ragged state of their wardrobe. Mustapha feelingly depicts the embarrassments of his situation, traveler-like; makes an easy transition from his breeches to the seat of government, and incontinently abuses the whole administration; like a sapient traveler I once knew who damned the French nation in toto—because they eat sugar with green peas.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

CAPTAIN OF A KETCH, TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

SWEET, oh, Asem! is the memory of distant friends! Like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert; and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination,

clothed in the soft, illusive charms of distance. I sigh, yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turbaned stranger! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation. Think not that my captivity is attended with the labors, the chains, the scourges, the insults, that render slavery with us more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman; but who can enter into the afflictions of the mind? who can describe the agonies of the heart? They are mutable as the clouds of the air—they are as countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have of late, my dear Asem, labored under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the invincible captain of a ketch, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh, most grave Mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied. But little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honored by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honor of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that daily overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh, Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils; which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his

little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment, thou wilt say, is easily supplied; and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned to be remedied at once by any tailor of the land. Little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious great scale on which everything is transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must, therefore, be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by Congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches until all the sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great—this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense logocracy assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am!—I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my "name must, of course, be embodied in history," and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

"But, pray," said I, "how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation; and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?"—"Oh," replied the officer who acts as our slave-driver, "it all proceeds from economy. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether

it was proper to supply you with breeches as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed. The national finances squandered! not a hostile slang-whanger throughout the logocracy but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion; and ten chances to one but the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good Mussulman," continued he, "the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars than expend fifty silently out of the treasury; such is the wonderful spirit of economy that pervades every branch of this government."—"But," said I, "how is it possible they can spend money in talking; surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?"—"Truly," cried he smiling, "your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of Congress, or grand-talkers-of-the-nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid by the day."—"By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision, but the murder is out. It is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for talking, like day laborers."—"You are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but economy!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word economy always discomfits me; and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire, sufficient of the philosophic policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast, at the same time, of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum and thought he had acted

wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his economy could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America and the sages of his divan.

This economic disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly.—Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggery gave great offense, and was highly reprobated by the more weighty part of the assembly; who hold all wit and humor in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject upon which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say yes and no. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated orator mums, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence; a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

Fortunately for the public tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logic and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgeling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one night slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability save his country as much money as would build a gunboat or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of words. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in

paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine not to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior. Yes, Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs; like I have sometimes seen a herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in balancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopic eyes of a pismire; mole-hills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or a diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide; for my part, I consider it as another proof of the great scale on which everything is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This prolific body may not improperly be termed the "mother of inventions"; and a most fruitful mother it is, let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately labored with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to headquarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery.—All was anxiety, fidgeting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first-rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gunboats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them: being flat, shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind; must always keep in with the land;

are continually foundering or running ashore; and, in short, are only fit for smooth water. Though intended for the defense of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to defend them; and they require as much nursing as so many rickety little bantlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of economy.—By the beard of Mahomet, but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economic body, therefore, was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal Amrou," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree. What! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenseless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the extremities of a solitary captive?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan and set several of the longest heads together by the ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in querpo*, until all the national gray-beards should have made a speech on the occasion and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants—a benefit at the theater. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem. In thy pious prayers to our great prophet never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all-bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers; no great bashaw, who bestrides a gunboat for a hobby-horse; where the word economy is unknown; and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine, MUSTAPHA.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

THOUGH enter'd on that sober age,
When men withdraw from fashion's stage,
And leave the follies of the day
To shape their course a graver way;
Still those gay scenes I loiter round,
In which my youth sweet transport found:
And though I feel their joys decay,
And languish every hour away—
Yet like an exile doom'd to part,
From the dear country of his heart,
From the fair spot in which he sprung,
Where his first notes of love were sung,
Will often turn to wave the hand,
And sigh his blessings on the land;
Just so my lingering watch I keep—
Thus oft I take my farewell peep.

And, like that pilgrim who retreats,
Thus lagging from his parent seats,
When the sad thought pervades his mind,
That the fair land he leaves behind
Is ravaged by a foreign foe,
Its cities waste, its temples low,

And ruined all those haunts of joy
That gave him rapture when a boy;
Turns from it with averted eye,
And while he heaves the anguish'd sigh,
Scarce feels regret that the loved shore
Shall beam upon his sight no more;—
Just so it grieves my soul to view,
While breathing forth a fond adieu,
The innovations pride has made,
The fustian, frippery, and parade,
That now usurp with mawkish grace
Pure tranquil pleasure's wonted place!
'Twas joy we look'd for in my prime,
That idol of the olden time;
When all our pastimes had the art
To please, and not mislead, the heart.
Style curs'd us not—that modern flash,
That love of racket and of trash;
Which scares at once all feeling joys,
And drowns delight in empty noise;
Which barters friendship, mirth, and truth,
The artless air, the bloom of youth,
And all those gentle sweets that swarm
Round nature in her simplest form,
For cold display, for hollow state,
The trappings of the would be great.
Oh! once again those days recall,
When heart met heart in fashion's hall;
When every honest guest would flock
To add his pleasure to the stock,
More fond his transports to express,
Than show the tinsel of his dress!
These were the times that clasp'd the soul
In gentle friendship's soft control;
Our fair ones, unprofan'd by art,
Content to gain one honest heart,
No train of sighing swains desired,

Sought to be loved and not admired.
But now 'tis form, not love unites;
'Tis show, not pleasure, that invites.
Each seeks the ball to play the queen,
To flirt, to conquer, to be seen;
Each grasps at universal sway,
And reigns the idol of the day;
Exults amid a thousand sighs,
And triumphs when a lover dies.
Each belle a rival belle surveys,
Like deadly foe with hostile gaze;
Nor can her "dearest friend" caress,
Till she has slyly scann'd her dress;
Ten conquests in one year will make,
And six eternal friendships break!

How oft I breathe the inward sigh,
And feel the dewdrop in my eye,
When I behold some beauteous frame,
Divine in everything but name,
Just venturing, in the tender age,
On fashion's late new-fangled stage!
Where soon the guiltless heart shall cease
To beat in artlessness and peace;
Where all the flowers of gay delight
With which youth decks its prospects bright
Shall wither 'mid the cares, the strife,
The cold realities of life!

Thus lately, in my careless mood,
As I the world of fashion view'd
While celebrating great and small
That grand solemnity, a ball,
My roving vision chanced to light
On two sweet forms, divinely bright;
Two sister nymphs, alike in face,
In mien, in loveliness, and grace;
Twin rosebuds, bursting into bloom,
In all their brilliance and perfume:

Like those fair forms that often beam
Upon the Eastern poet's dream!
For Eden had each lovely maid
In native innocence arrayed—
And heaven itself had almost shed
Its sacred halo round each head!
They seem'd, just entering hand in hand,
To cautious tread this fairyland;
To take a timid, hasty view,
Enchanted with a scene so new.
The modest blush, untaught by art,
Bespoke their purity of heart;
And every timorous act unfurl'd
Two souls unspotted by the world.
Oh, how these strangers joy'd my sight,
And thrill'd my bosom with delight!
They brought the visions of my youth
Back to my soul in all their truth;
Recall'd fair spirits into day,
That time's rough hand had swept away!
Thus the bright natives from above,
Who come on messages of love,
Will bless, at rare and distant whiles,
Our sinful dwelling by their smiles!
Oh! my romance of youth is past,
Dear airy dreams too bright to last!
Yet when such forms as these appear,
I feel your soft remembrance here;
For, ah! the simple poet's heart,
On which fond love once play'd its part,
Still feels the soft pulsations beat,
As loth to quit their former seat.
Just like the harp's melodious wire,
Swept by a bard with heavenly fire,
Though ceased the loudly swelling strain
Yet sweet vibrations long remain.
Full soon I found the lovely pair

Had sprung beneath a mother's care,
Hard by a neighboring streamlet's side,
At once its ornament and pride.
The beauteous parent's tender heart
Had well fulfill'd its pious part;
And, like the holy man of old,
As we're by sacred writings told,
Who, when he from his pupil sped,
Pour'd twofold blessings on his head.—
So this fond mother had imprest
Her early virtues in each breast,
And as she found her stock enlarge,
Had stamped new graces on her charge.
The fair resign'd the calm retreat,
Where first their souls in concert beat,
And flew on expectation's wing,
To sip the joys of life's gay spring;
To sport in fashion's splendid maze,
Where friendship fades and love decays.
So two sweet wild flowers, near the side
Of some fair river's silver tide,
Pure as the gentle stream that laves
The green banks with its lucid waves,
Bloom beauteous in their native ground,
Diffusing heavenly fragrance round;
But should a venturous hand transfer
These blossoms to the gay parterre,
Where, spite of artificial aid,
The fairest plants of nature fade,
Though they may shine supreme a while
'Mid pale ones of the stranger soil,
The tender beauties soon decay,
And their sweet fragrance dies away.
Blest spirits! who, enthroned in air,
Watch o'er the virtues of the fair,
And with angelic ken survey
Their windings through life's checker'd way!

Who hover round them as they glide
Down fashion's smooth, deceitful tide,
And guide them o'er that stormy deep
Where dissipation's tempests sweep:
Oh, make this inexperienced pair
The objects of your tenderest care.
Preserve them from the languid eye,
The faded cheek, the long drawn sigh;
And let it be your constant aim
To keep the fair ones still the same:
Two sister hearts, unsullied, bright
As the first beam of lucid light
That sparkled from the youthful sun,
When first his jocund race begun.
So when these hearts shall burst their shrine,
To wing their flight to realms divine,
They may to radiant mansions rise
Pure as when first they left the skies.

No. X.—SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

THE long interval which has elapsed since the publication of our last number, like many other remarkable events, has given rise to much conjecture and excited considerable solicitude. It is but a day or two since I heard a knowing young gentleman observe that he suspected "Salmagundi" would be a nine day's wonder, and had even prophesied that the ninth would be our last effort. But the age of prophecy, as well as that of chivalry, is past; and no reasonable man should now venture to foretell aught but what he is determined to bring about himself. He may then, if he please, monopolize prediction, and be honored as a prophet even in his own country.

Though I hold whether we write, or not write, to be none of the public's business, yet as I have just heard of the loss of three thousand votes at least to the Clintonians, I feel in a remarkable dulcet humor thereupon, and will give some account of the reasons which induced us to resume our useful labors—or rather our amusement; for, if writing cost either of us a moment's labor, there is not a man but what would hang up his pen, to the great detriment of the world at large, and of our publisher in particular; who has actually bought himself a pair of trunk breeches with the profits of our writings!!

He informs me that several persons having called last Saturday for No. X., took the disappointment so much to heart that he really apprehended some terrible catastrophe; and one good-looking man, in particular, declared his intention of quitting the country if the work was not continued. Add to this, the town has grown quite melancholy in the last fortnight; and several young ladies have declared, in my hearing, that if another number did not make its appearance soon they would be obliged to amuse themselves with teasing their beaux and making them miserable. Now I assure my readers there was no flattery in this, for they no more suspected me of being Launcelot Langstaff than they suspected me of being the Emperor of China, or the man in the moon.

I have also received several letters complaining of our indolent procrastination; and one of my correspondents assures me that a number of young gentlemen, who had not read a book through since they left school, but who have taken a wonderful liking to our paper, will certainly relapse into their old habits unless we go on.

For the sake, therefore, of all these good people, and most especially for the satisfaction of the ladies, every one of whom we would love if we possibly could, I have again wielded my pen with a most hearty determination to set the whole world to rights; to make cherubims and seraphs of all the fair ones of this enchanting town, and raise the spirits

of the poor Federalists, who, in truth, seem to be in a sad taking, ever since the American ticket met with the accident of being so unhappily thrown out.

TO LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

SIR—I felt myself hurt and offended by Mr. Evergreen's terrible philippic against modern music, in No. II. of your work, and was under serious apprehension that his strictures might bring the art, which I have the honor to profess, into contempt. The opinion of yourself and fraternity appear indeed to have a wonderful effect upon the town.—I am told the ladies are all employed in reading Bunyan and Pamela, and the waltz has been entirely forsaken ever since the winter balls have closed. Under these apprehensions I should have addressed you before had I not been sedulously employed, while the theater continued open, in supporting the astonishing variety of the orchestra, and in composing a new chime or Bob-Major for Trinity Church, to be rung during the summer, beginning with ding-dong di-do, instead of di-do ding-dong. The citizens, especially those who live in the neighborhood of that harmonious quarter, will, no doubt, be infinitely delighted with this novelty.

But to the object of this communication. So far, sir, from agreeing with Mr. Evergreen in thinking that all modern music is but the mere dregs and drainings of the ancient, I trust, before this letter is concluded, I shall convince you and him that some of the late professors of this enchanting art have completely distanced the paltry efforts of the ancients; and that I, in particular, have at length brought it almost to absolute perfection.

The Greeks, simple souls! were astonished at the powers of Orpheus, who made the woods and rocks dance to his lyre; of Amphion, who converted crotchets into bricks, and quavers into mortar; and of Arion, who won upon the compassion

of the fishes. In the fervency of admiration, their poets fabled that Apollo had lent them his lyre, and inspired them with his own spirit of harmony. What then would they have said had they witnessed the wonderful effects of my skill? Had they heard me, in the compass of a single piece, describe in glowing notes one of the most sublime operations of nature; and not only make inanimate objects dance, but even speak; and not only speak, but speak in strains of exquisite harmony?

Let me not, however, be understood to say that I am the sole author of this extraordinary improvement in the art, for I confess I took the hint of many of my discoveries from some of those meritorious productions that have lately come abroad and made so much noise under the title of overtures. From some of these, as, for instance, Lodoiska, and the battle of Marengo, a gentleman, or a captain in the city militia, or an Amazonian young lady, may indeed acquire a tolerable idea of military tactics, and become very well experienced in the firing of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the rattling of drums, the whistling of fifes, braying of trumpets, groans of the dying, and trampling of cavalry, without ever going to the wars; but it is more especially in the art of imitating inimitable things, and giving the language of every passion and sentiment of the human mind, so as entirely to do away the necessity of speech, that I particularly excel the most celebrated musicians of ancient and modern times.

I think, sir, I may venture to say there is not a sound in the whole compass of nature which I cannot imitate, and even improve upon; nay, what I consider the perfection of my art, I have discovered a method of expressing, in the most striking manner, that undefinable, indescribable silence which accompanies the falling of snow.

In order to prove to you that I do not arrogate to myself what I am unable to perform, I will detail to you the different movements of a grand piece which I pride myself upon exceedingly, called the "Breaking up of the Ice in the North River."

The piece opens with a gentle *andante affetuosso*, which ushers you into the assembly-room in the state-house at Albany, where the speaker addresses his farewell speech, informing the members that the ice is about breaking up, and thanking them for their great services and good behavior in a manner so pathetic as to bring tears into their eyes.—Flourish of Jack-a-donkeys.—Ice cracks—Albany in a hubbub; air, "Three children sliding on the ice, all on a summer's day."—Citizens quarreling in Dutch;—chorus of a tin trumpet, a cracked fiddle, and a hand-saw!—*allegro moderato.*—Hard frost—this, if given with proper spirit, has a charming effect, and sets everybody's teeth chattering.—Symptoms of snow—consultation of old women who complain of pains in the bones and *rheumatics;* air, "There was an old woman tossed up in a blanket," etc.—*allegro staccato;* wagon breaks into the ice—people all run to see what is the matter; air, *siciliano*, "Can you row the boat ashore, Billy boy, Billy boy?"—*andante;*—frost fish froze up in the ice; air, "Ho, why dost thou shiver and shake, Gaffer Gray, and why does thy nose look so blue?"—Flourish of twopenny trumpets and rattles—consultation of the North River Society—determine to set the North River on fire as soon as it will burn; air, "Oh, what a fine kettle of fish."

Part II.—*Great Thaw.*—This consists of the most melting strains, flowing so smoothly as to occasion a great overflowing of scientific rapture; air, "One misty moisty morning." The House of Assembly breaks up; air, "The owls came out and flew about."—Assemblymen embark on their way to New York; air, "The ducks and the geese they all swim over, fal, de ral," etc.—Vessel sets sail—chorus of mariners—"Steer her up, and let her gang." After this a rapid movement conducts you to New York—the North River Society hold a meeting at the corner of Wall Street, and determine to delay burning till all the assemblymen are safe home, for fear of consuming some of their own members who belong to that respectable body. Return again to the capital.—Ice floats down the river—lamentation of

skaters; air, *affetuosso*, "I sigh and lament me in vain," etc.—Albanians cutting up sturgeon; air, "Oh, the roast-beef of Albany."—Ice runs against Polopoy's island, with a terrible crash.—This is represented by a fierce fellow traveling with his fiddlestick over a huge bassviol, at the rate of one hundred and fifty bars a minute, and tearing the music to rags—this being what is called execution.—The great body of ice passes West Point, and is saluted by three or four dismounted cannon from Fort Putnam.—"Jefferson's March" by a full band; air, "Yankee Doodle," with seventy-six variations, never before attempted, except by the celebrated eagle which flutters his wings over the copper-bottomed angel at Messrs. Paff's in Broadway. Ice passes New York — conch-shell sounds at a distance — ferrymen call o-v-e-r—people run down Cortlandt Street—ferryboat sets sail; air, accompanied by the conch-shell, "We'll all go over the ferry."—Rondeau—giving a particular account of Brom the Powles Hook admiral, who is supposed to be closely connected with the North River Society.—The society make a grand attempt to fire the stream, but are utterly defeated by a remarkable high tide, which brings the plot to light; drowns upward of a thousand rats, and occasions twenty robins to break their necks.*—Society not being discouraged, apply to "Common Sense," for his lantern; air, "Nose, nose, jolly red nose." Flock of wild geese fly over the city—old wives chatter in the fog—cocks crow at Communipaw—drums beat on Governor's Island.—The whole to conclude with the blowing up of Sand's powder-house.

Thus, sir, you perceive what wonderful powers of expression have been hitherto locked up in this enchanting art. A whole history is here told without the aid of speech or writing; and provided the hearer is in the least acquainted with music, he cannot mistake a single note. As to the blowing up of the powder-house, I look upon it as a *chef d'ouvre*, which I am confident will delight all modern amateurs, who

* Vide Solomon Lang.

very properly estimate music in proportion to the noise it makes, and delight in thundering cannon and earthquakes.

I must confess, however, it is a difficult part to manage, and I have already broken six pianos in giving it the proper force and effect. But I do not despair, and am quite certain that by the time I have broken eight or ten more I shall have brought it to such perfection as to be able to teach any young lady of tolerable ear to thunder it away to the infinite delight of papa and mamma, and the great annoyance of those Vandals who are so barbarous as to prefer the simple melody of a Scots air to the sublime effusions of modern musical doctors.

In my warm anticipations of future improvement I have sometimes almost convinced myself that music will in time be brought to such a climax of perfection as to supersede the necessity of speech and writing; and every kind of social intercourse be conducted by the flute and fiddle.—The immense benefits that will result from this improvement must be plain to every man of the least consideration. In the present unhappy situation of mortals, a man has but one way of making himself perfectly understood; if he loses his speech, he must inevitably be dumb all the rest of his life; but having once learned this new musical language, the loss of speech will be a mere trifle not worth a moment's uneasiness. Not only this, Mr. L., but it will add much to the harmony of domestic intercourse; for it is certainly much more agreeable to hear a lady give lectures on the piano than, *viva voce*, in the usual discordant measure. This manner of discoursing may also, I think, be introduced with great effect into our national assemblies, where every man, instead of wagging his tongue, should be obliged to flourish a fiddlestick, by which means, if he said nothing to the purpose, he would, at all events, "discourse most eloquent music," which is more than can be said of most of them at present. They might also sound their own trumpets without being obliged to a hireling scribbler for an immortality of nine days, or subjected to the censure of egotism.

But the most important result of this discovery is that it may be applied to the establishment of that great desideratum, in the learned world, a universal language. Wherever this science of music is cultivated, nothing more will be necessary than a knowledge of its alphabet; which being almost the same everywhere will amount to a universal medium of communication. A man may thus, with his violin under his arm, a piece of rosin, and a few bundles of catgut, fiddle his way through the world, and never be at a loss to make himself understood.

I am, etc.,

DEMY SEMIQUAVER.

[END OF VOLUME FIRST]

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER

Without the knowledge or permission of the authors, and which, if he dared, he would have placed near where their remarks are made on the great difference of manners which exists between the sexes now from what it did in the days of our grandames. The danger of that cheek-by-jowl familiarity of the present day must be obvious to many; and I think the following a strong example of one of its evils.

EXTRACTED FROM "THE MIRROR OF THE GRACES"

"I REMEMBER the Count M——, one of the most accomplished and handsomest young men in Vienna; when I was there he was passionately in love with a girl of almost peerless beauty. She was the daughter of a man of great rank, and great influence at court; and on these considerations, as well as in regard to her charms, she was followed by a multitude of suitors. She was lively and amiable, and treated them all with an affability which still kept them in her train, although it was generally known she had avowed a partiality for Count M——; and that preparations were making for

their nuptials. The Count was of a refined mind and a delicate sensibility; he loved her for herself alone: for the virtues which he believed dwelt in her beautiful form; and, like a lover of such perfections, he never approached her without timidity; and when he touched her a fire shot through his veins that warned him not to invade the vermilion sanctuary of her lips. Such were his feelings when, one evening, at his intended father-in-law's, a party of young people were met to celebrate a certain festival; several of the young lady's rejected suitors were present. Forfeits were one of the pastimes, and all went on with the greatest merriment till the Count was commanded, by some witty *mam'selle*, to redeem his glove by saluting the cheek of his intended bride. The Count blushed, trembled, advanced, retreated; again advanced to his mistress; and—at last—with a tremor that shook his whole soul and every fiber of his frame, with a modest and diffident grace, he took the soft ringlet which played upon her cheek, pressed it to his lips, and retired to demand his redeemed pledge in the most evident confusion. His mistress gayly smiled, and the game went on.

"One of her rejected suitors who was of a merry, unthinking disposition, was adjudged by the same indiscreet crier of the forfeits as "his last treat before he hanged himself" to snatch a kiss from the object of his recent vows. A lively contest ensued between the gentleman and lady, which lasted for more than a minute; but the lady yielded, though in the midst of a convulsive laugh.

"The Count had the mortification—the agony—to see the lips, which his passionate and delicate love would not permit him to touch, kissed with roughness and repetition by another man: even by one whom he really despised. Mournfully and silently, without a word, he rose from his chair—left the room and the house. By that *good-natured kiss* the fair boast of Vienna lost her lover—lost her husband. THE COUNT NEVER SAW HER MORE."

VOLUME SECOND

No. XI.—TUESDAY, JUNE 2, 1807

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

CAPTAIN OF A KETCH TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

THE deep shadows of midnight gather around me; the footsteps of the passengers have ceased in the streets, and nothing disturbs the holy silence of the hour save the sound of distant drums, mingled with the shouts, the bawlings, and the discordant revelry of his majesty the sovereign mob. Let the hour be sacred to friendship, and consecrated to thee, oh, thou brother of my inmost soul!

Oh, Asem! I almost shrink at the recollection of the scenes of confusion, of licentious disorganization, which I have witnessed during the lastthree days. I have beheld this whole city, nay, this whole State, given up to the tongue and the pen; to the puffers, the bawlers, the babblers, and the slang-whangers. I have beheld the community convulsed with a civil war, or civil talk; individuals verbally massacred, families annihilated by whole sheetfuls, and slang-whangers coolly bathing their pens in ink and rioting in the slaughter of their thousands. I have seen, in short, that awful despot, the people, in the moment of unlimited power, wielding newspapers in one hand, and with the other scattering mud and filth about, like some desperate lunatic relieved from the restraints of his strait-waistcoat. I have seen beggars on horseback, ragamuffins riding in coaches, and swine seated

in places of honor; I have seen liberty; I have seen equality; I have seen fraternity!—I have seen that great political puppet-show—*an election.*

A few days ago the friend whom I have mentioned in some of my former letters called upon me to accompany him to witness this grand ceremony; and we forthwith sallied out to the polls, as he called them. Though for several weeks before this splendid exhibition nothing else had been talked of, yet I do assure thee I was entirely ignorant of its nature; and when, on coming up to a church, my companion informed me we were at the poll, I supposed that an election was some great religious ceremony like the fast of Ramazan or the great festival of Haraphat, so celebrated in the east.

My friend, however, undeceived me at once, and entered into a long dissertation on the nature and object of an election, the substance of which was nearly to this effect: "You know," said he, "that this country is engaged in a violent internal warfare, and suffers a variety of evils from civil dissensions. An election is a grand trial of strength, the decisive battle, when the belligerents draw out their forces in martial array; when every leader, burning with warlike ardor, and encouraged by the shouts and acclamations of tatterdemalions, buffoons, dependents, parasites, toad-eaters, scrubs, vagrants, mumpers, ragamuffins, bravos and beggars, in his rear, and puffed up by his bellows-blowing slang-whangers, waves gallantly the banners of faction and presses forward *to office and immortality!*

"For a month or two previous to the critical period which is to decide this important affair, the whole community is in a ferment. Every man, of whatever rank or degree, such is the wonderful patriotism of the people, disinterestedly neglects his business to devote himself to his country; and not an insignificant fellow but feels himself inspired, on this occasion, with as much warmth in favor of the cause he has espoused as if all the comfort of his life, or even his life itself, was dependent on the issue. Grand councils of war are, in the first place, called by the different powers, which

are dubbed general meetings, where all the head workmen of the party collect and arrange the order of battle; appoint the different commanders and their subordinate instruments, and furnish the funds indispensable for supplying the expenses of the war. Inferior councils are next called in the different classes or wards; consisting of young cadets, who are candidates for offices; idlers who come there for mere curiosity; and orators who appear for the purpose of detailing all the crimes, the faults, or the weaknesses of their opponents, and *speaking the sense of the meeting*, as it is called; for as the meeting generally consists of men whose quota of sense, taken individually, would make but a poor figure, these orators are appointed to collect it all in a lump; when I assure you it makes a very formidable appearance, and furnishes sufficient matter to spin an oration of two or three hours.

"The orators who declaim at these meetings are, with a few exceptions, men of most profound and perplexed eloquence; who are the oracles of barber's shops, market-places and porter-houses; and who you may see every day at the corners of the streets, taking honest men prisoners by the button and talking their ribs quite bare without mercy and without end. These orators, in addressing an audience, generally mount a chair, a table, or an empty beer barrel, which last is supposed to afford considerable inspiration, and thunder away their combustible sentiments at the heads of the audience, who are generally so busily employed in smoking, drinking, and hearing themselves talk, that they seldom hear a word of the matter. This, however, is of little moment; for as they come there to agree at all events to a certain set of resolutions or articles of war, it is not at all necessary to hear the speech; more especially as few would understand it if they did. Do not suppose, however, that the minor persons of the meeting are entirely idle.—Besides smoking and drinking, which are generally practiced, there are few who do not come with as great a desire to talk as the orator himself; each has his little circle of listeners, in the midst of whom he

sets his hat on one side of his head, and deals out matter-of-fact information, and draws self-evident conclusions, with the pertinacity of a pedant, and to the great edification of his gaping auditors. Nay, the very urchins from the nursery, who are scarcely emancipated from the dominion of birch, on these occasions strut pigmy great men; bellow for the instruction of gray-bearded ignorance, and, like the frog in the fable, endeavor to puff themselves up to the size of the great object of their emulation—the principal orator."

"But is it not preposterous to a degree," cried I, "for those puny whipsters to attempt to lecture age and experience? They should be sent to school to learn better."—"Not at all," replied my friend; "for as an election is nothing more than a war of words, the man that can wag his tongue with the greatest elasticity, whether he speaks to the purpose or not, is entitled to lecture at ward meetings and polls, and instruct all who are inclined to listen to him: you may have remarked a ward meeting of politic dogs, where, although the great dog is, ostensibly, the leader, and makes the most noise, yet every little scoundrel of a cur has something to say; and in proportion to his insignificance, fidgets, and worries, and puffs about mightily, in order to obtain the notice and approbation of his betters. Thus it is with these little, beardless, bread-and-butter politicians, who on this occasion escape from the jurisdiction of their mammas to attend to the affairs of the nation. You will see them engaged in dreadful wordy contests with old cartmen, cobblers, and tailors, and plume themselves not a little if they should chance to gain a victory.—Aspiring spirits! how interesting are the first dawnings of political greatness! An election, my friend, is a nursery or hotbed of genius in a logocracy; and I look with enthusiasm on a troop of these Lilliputian partisans as so many chatterers, and orators, and puffers and slang-whangers in embryo, who will one day take an important part in the quarrels and wordy wars of their country.

"As the time for fighting the decisive battle approaches, appearances become more and more alarming; committees

are appointed, who hold little encampments from whence they send out small detachments of tattlers, to reconnoiter, harass, and skirmish with the enemy, and if possible ascertain their numbers; everybody seems big with the mighty event that is impending; the orators they gradually swell up beyond their usual size; the little orators they grow greater and greater; the secretaries of the ward committees strut about looking like wooden oracles; the puffers put on the airs of mighty consequence; the slang-whangers deal out direful innuendoes and threats of doughty import; and all is buzz, murmur, suspense, and sublimity!

"At length the day arrives. The storm that has been so long gathering, and threatening in distant thunders, bursts forth in terrible explosion: all business is at an end; the whole city is in a tumult; the people are running helter-skelter, they know not whither, and they know not why; the hackney coaches rattle through the streets with thundering vehemence, loaded with recruiting sergeants who have been prowling in cellars and caves, to unearth some miserable minion of poverty and ignorance, who will barter his vote for a glass of beer or a ride in a coach with such *fine gentlemen!*—the buzzards of the party scamper from poll to poll, on foot or on horseback; and they worry from committee to committee, and buzz, and fume, and talk big, and —*do nothing:* like the vagabond drone, who wastes his time in the laborious idleness of *see-saw-song* and busy nothingness."

I know not how long my friend would have continued his detail had he not been interrupted by a squabble which took place between two *old continentals*, as they were called. It seems they had entered into an argument on the respective merits of their cause, and not being able to make each other clearly understood, resorted to what is called knock-down arguments, which form the superlative degree of *argumentum ad hominem;* but are, in my opinion, extremely inconsistent with the true spirit of a genuine logocracy. After they had beaten each other soundly, and set the whole mob

together by the ears, they came to a full explanation; when it was discovered that they were both of the same way of thinking; whereupon they shook each other heartily by the hand and laughed with great glee at their humorous misunderstanding.

I could not help being struck with the exceeding great number of ragged, dirty-looking persons that swaggered about the place and seemed to think themselves the bashaws of the land. I inquired of my friend if these people were employed to drive away the hogs, dogs, and other intruders that might thrust themselves in and interrupt the ceremony? "By no means," replied he; "these are the representatives of the sovereign people, who come here to make governors, senators, and members of assembly, and are the source of all power and authority in this nation."—"Preposterous!" said I, "how is it possible that such men can be capable of distinguishing between an honest man and a knave; or even if they were, will it not always happen that they are led by the nose by some intriguing demagogue and made the mere tools of ambitious political jugglers? Surely it would be better to trust to Providence, or even to chance, for governors, than resort to the discriminating powers of an ignorant mob.—I plainly perceive the consequence. A man who possesses superior talents, and that honest pride which ever accompanies this possession, will always be sacrificed to some creeping insect who will prostitute himself to familiarity with the lowest of mankind; and, like the idolatrous Egyptian, worship the wallowing tenants of filth and mire."

"All this is true enough," replied my friend, "but after all, you cannot say but that this is a free country, and that the people can get drunk cheaper here, particularly at elections, than in the despotic countries of the east." I could not, with any degree of propriety or truth, deny this last assertion; for just at that moment a patriotic brewer arrived with a load of beer, which, for a moment, occasioned a cessation of argument.—The great crowd of buzzards, puffers, and "old continentals" of all parties, who throng to the polls, to

persuade, to cheat, or to force the freeholders into the right way, and to maintain the freedom of suffrage, seemed for a moment to forget their antipathies and joined, heartily, in a copious libation of this patriotic and argumentative beverage.

These beer-barrels indeed seem to be most able logicians, well stored with that kind of sound argument best suited to the comprehension, and most relished by the mob, or sovereign people; who are never so tractable as when operated upon by this convincing liquor, which, in fact, seems to be imbued with the very spirit of a logocracy. No sooner does it begin its operation than the tongue waxes exceeding valorous, and becomes impatient for some mighty conflict. The puffer puts himself at the head of his bodyguard of buzzards and his legion of ragamuffins, and woe then to every unhappy adversary who is uninspired by the deity of the beer-barrel —he is sure to be talked and argued into complete insignificance.

While I was making these observations, I was surprised to observe a bashaw, high in office, shaking a fellow by the hand that looked rather more ragged than a scarecrow, and inquiring with apparent solicitude concerning the health of his family; after which he slipped a little folded paper into his hand and turned away. I could not help applauding his humility in shaking the fellow's hand, and his benevolence in relieving his distresses, for I imagined the paper contained something for the poor man's necessities; and truly he seemed verging toward the last stage of starvation. My friend, however, soon undeceived me by saying that this was an elector, and that the bashaw had merely given him the list of candidates for whom he was to vote. "Ho! ho!" said I, "then he is a particular friend of the bashaw?"—"By no means," replied my friend, "the bashaw will pass him without notice the day after the election, except, perhaps, just to drive over him with his coach."

My friend then proceeded to inform me that for some time before and during the continuance of an election, there was

a most delectable courtship, or intrigue, carried on between the great bashaws and mother mob. That mother mob generally preferred the attentions of the rabble, or of fellows of her own stamp; but would sometimes condescend to be treated to a feasting, or anything of that kind, at the bashaw's expense; nay, sometimes when she was in good humor, she would condescend to toy with them in her rough way; but woe be to the bashaw who attempted to be familiar with her, for she was the most pestilent, cross, crabbed, scolding, thieving, scratching, toping, wrong-headed, rebellious, and abominable termagant that ever was let loose in the world, to the confusion of honest gentlemen bashaws.

Just then a fellow came round and distributed among the crowd a number of handbills, written by the ghost of Washington, the fame of whose illustrious actions, and still more illustrious virtues, has reached even the remotest regions of the east, and who is venerated by this people as the Father of his country. On reading this paltry paper, I could not restrain my indignation. "Insulted hero," cried I, "is it thus thy name is profaned, thy memory disgraced, thy spirit drawn down from heaven to administer to the brutal violence of party rage? It is thus the necromancers of the east, by their infernal incantations, sometimes call up the shades of the just, to give their sanction to frauds, to lies, and to every species of enormity." My friend smiled at my warmth and observed that raising ghosts, and not only raising them, but making them speak, was one of the miracles of elections. "And believe me," continued he, "there is good reason for the ashes of departed heroes being disturbed on these occasions; for such is the sandy foundation of our government that there never happens an election of an alderman, or a collector, or even a constable, but we are in imminent danger of losing our liberties, and becoming a province of France or tributary to the British islands."—"By the hump of Mahomet's camel," said I, "but this is only another striking example of the prodigious great scale on which everything is transacted in this country!"

By this time I had become tired of the scene; my head ached with the uproar of voices, mingling in all the discordant tones of triumphant exclamation, nonsensical argument, intemperate reproach, and drunken absurdity.—The confusion was such as no language can adequately describe, and it seemed as if all the restraints of decency, and all the bands of law, had been broken and given place to the wide ravages of licentious brutality. These, thought I, are the orgies of liberty! these are the manifestations of the spirit of independence! these are the symbols of man's sovereignty! Head of Mahomet! with what a fatal and inexorable despotism do empty names and ideal phantoms exercise their dominion over the human mind! The experience of ages has demonstrated that in all nations, barbarous or enlightened, the mass of the people, the mob, must be slaves, or they will be tyrants; but their tyranny will not be long. Some ambitious leader, having at first condescended to be their slave, will at length become their master; and in proportion to the vileness of his former servitude will be the severity of his subsequent tyranny. Yet, with innumerable examples staring them in the face, the people still bawl out liberty; by which they mean nothing but freedom from every species of legal restraint, and a warrant for all kinds of licentiousness: and the bashaws and leaders, in courting the mob, convince them of their power; and by administering to their passions, for the purposes of ambition, at length learn, by fatal experience, that he who worships the beast that carries him on his back will sooner or later be thrown into the dust and trampled under foot by the animal who has learned the secret of its power by this very adoration.

Ever thine, MUSTAPHA.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

MINE UNCLE JOHN

To those whose habits of abstraction may have let them into some of the secrets of their own minds, and whose freedom from daily toil has left them at leisure to analyze their feelings, it will be nothing new to say that the present is peculiarly the season of remembrance. The flowers, the zephyrs, and the warblers of spring, returning after their tedious absence, bring naturally to our recollection past times and buried feelings; and the whispers of the full-foliaged grove fall on the ear of contemplation like the sweet tones of far distant friends whom the rude jostles of the world have severed from us and cast far beyond our reach. It is at such times that, casting backward many a lingering look, we recall, with a kind of sweet-souled melancholy, the days of our youth, and the jocund companions who started with us the race of life, but parted midway in the journey to pursue some winding path that allured them with a prospect more seducing—and never returned to us again. It is then, too, if we have been afflicted with any heavy sorrow, if we have even lost—and who has not?—an old friend or chosen companion, that his shade will hover around us; the memory of his virtues press on the heart; and a thousand endearing recollections, forgotten amid the cold pleasures and midnight dissipations of winter, arise to our remembrance.

These speculations bring to my mind "my uncle John," the history of whose loves and disappointments I have promised to the world. Though I must own myself much addicted to forgetting my promises, yet, as I have been so happily reminded of this, I believe I must pay it at once, "and there is an end." Lest my readers—good-natured souls that they are!—should, in the ardor of peeping into millstones, take my uncle for an old acquaintance, I here inform them

that the old gentleman died a great many years ago, and it is impossible they should ever have known him. I pity them, for they would have known a good-natured, benevolent man, whose example might have been of service.

The last time I saw my uncle John was fifteen years ago, when I paid him a visit at his old mansion. I found him reading a newspaper—for it was election time, and he was always a warm Federalist, and had made several converts to the true political faith in his time; particularly one old tenant, who always, just before the election, became a violent anti, in order that he might be convinced of his errors by my uncle, who never failed to reward his conviction by some substantial benefit.

After we had settled the affairs of the nation, and I had paid my respects to the old family chronicles in the kitchen —an indispensable ceremony—the old gentleman exclaimed, with heart-felt glee, "Well, I suppose you are for a trout-fishing? I have got everything prepared; but first you must take a walk with me to see my improvements." I was obliged to consent; though I knew my uncle would lead me a most villainous dance, and in all probability treat me to a quagmire, or a tumble into a ditch. If my readers choose to accompany me in this expedition they are welcome; if not, let them stay at home like lazy fellows—and sleep—or be hanged.

Though I had been absent several years, yet there was very little alteration in the scenery, and every object retained the same features it bore when I was a schoolboy: for it was in this spot that I grew up in the fear of ghosts, and in the breaking of many of the ten commandments. The brook, or river, as they would call it in Europe, still murmured with its wonted sweetness through the meadow; and its banks were still tufted with dwarf willows that bent down to the surface. The same echo inhabited the valley, and the same tender air of repose pervaded the whole scene. Even my good uncle was but little altered, except that his hair was grown a little grayer and his forehead had lost some of its

former smoothness. He had, however, lost nothing of his former activity, and laughed heartily at the difficulty I found in keeping up with him as he stumped through bushes, and briers, and hedges; talking all the time about his improvements, and telling what he would do with such a spot of ground and such a tree. At length, after showing me his stone fences, his famous two-year-old bull, his new invented cart, which was to go before the horse, and his Eclipse colt, he was pleased to return home to dinner.

After dinner and returning thanks—which with him was not a ceremony merely, but an offering from the heart—my uncle opened his trunk, took out his fishing-tackle, and, without saying a word, sallied forth with some of those truly alarming steps which Daddy Neptune once took when he was in a great hurry to attend to the affair of the siege of Troy. Trout-fishing was my uncle's favorite sport; and, though I always caught two fish to his one, he never would acknowledge my superiority; but puzzled himself often and often to account for such a singular phenomenon.

Following the current of the brook for a mile or two, we retraced many of our old haunts, and told a hundred adventures which had befallen us at different times. It was like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years. At length the shadows began to lengthen, the south-wind gradually settled into a perfect calm, the sun threw his rays through the trees on the hilltops in golden luster, and a kind of Sabbath stillness pervaded the whole valley, indicating that the hour was fast approaching which was to relieve for a while the farmer from his rural labor, the ox from his toil, the school-urchin from his primer, and bring the loving plowman home to the feet of his blooming dairymaid.

As we were watching in silence the last rays of the sun beaming their farewell radiance on the high hills at a distance, my uncle exclaimed, in a kind of half-desponding tone, while he rested his arm over an old tree that had fallen —"I know not how it is, my dear Launce, but such an even-

ing, and such a still quiet scene as this, always make me a little sad; and it is, at such a time, I am most apt to look forward with regret to the period when this farm, on which 'I have been young, but now am old,' and every object around me that is endeared by long acquaintance—when all these and I must shake hands and part. I have no fear of death, for my life has afforded but little temptation to wickedness; and when I die, I hope to leave behind me more substantial proofs of virtue than will be found in my epitaph, and more lasting memorials than churches built or hospitals endowed, with wealth wrung from the hard hand of poverty by an unfeeling landlord or unprincipled knave; but still, when I pass such a day as this and contemplate such a scene, I cannot help feeling a latent wish to linger yet a little longer in this peaceful asylum; to enjoy a little more sunshine in this world, and to have a few more fishing-matches with my boy." As he ended he raised his hand a little from the fallen tree, and dropping it languidly by his side turned himself toward home. The sentiment, the look, the action, all seemed to be prophetic. And so they were, for when I shook him by the hand and bade him farewell the next morning—it was for the last time!

He died a bachelor, at the age of sixty-three, though he had been all his life trying to get married; and always thought himself on the point of accomplishing his wishes. His disappointments were not owing either to the deformity of his mind or person; for in his youth he was reckoned handsome, and I myself can witness for him that he had as kind a heart as ever was fashioned by Heaven; neither were they owing to his poverty, which sometimes stands in an honest man's way; for he was born to the inheritance of a small estate which was sufficient to establish his claim to the title of "one well-to-do in the world." The truth is, my uncle had a prodigious antipathy to doing things in a hurry. —"A man should consider," said he to me once, "that he can always get a wife, but cannot always get rid of her. For my part," continued he, "I am a young fellow, with the

world before me"—he was but about forty!—"and am resolved to look sharp, weigh matters well, and know what's what, before I marry. In short, Launce, *I don't intend to do the thing in a hurry, depend upon it.*" On this whim-wham he proceeded: he began with young girls, and ended with widows. The girls he courted until they grew old maids, or married out of pure apprehension of incurring certain penalties hereafter; and the widows, not having quite as much patience, generally, at the end of a year, while the good man thought himself in the high road to success, married some *harum-scarum* young fellow, who had not such an antipathy *to doing things in a hurry.*

My uncle would have inevitably sunk under these repeated disappointments—for he did not want sensibility—had he not hit upon a discovery which set all to rights at once. He consoled his vanity—for he was a little vain, and soothed his pride, which was his master-passion—by telling his friends very significantly, while his eye would flash triumph, "*that he might have had her.*"—Those who know how much of the bitterness of disappointed affection arises from wounded vanity and exasperated pride, will give my uncle credit for this discovery.

My uncle had been told by a prodigious number of married men, and had read in an innumerable quantity of books, that a man could not possibly be happy except in the married state; so he determined at an early age to marry, that he might not lose his only chance for happiness. He accordingly forthwith paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighboring gentleman farmer, who was reckoned the beauty of the whole world; a phrase by which the honest country people mean nothing more than the circle of their acquaintance, or that territory of land which is within sight of the smoke of their own hamlet.

This young lady, in addition to her beauty, was highly accomplished, for she had spent five or six months at a boarding-school in town; where she learned to work pictures in satin, and paint sheep that might be mistaken for wolves; to hold

up her head, sit straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention. When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten everything she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milking a cow she asked her father, with an air of most enchanting ignorance, "What that odd-looking thing was doing to that queer animal?" The old man shook his head at this; but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility, and so enamored of her daughter's accomplishments that she actually got framed a picture worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the tomb scene in "Romeo and Juliet." Romeo was dressed in an orange-colored cloak, fastened round his neck with a large golden clasp; a white satin, tamboured waistcoat, leather breeches, blue silk stockings, and white-topped boots. The amiable Juliet shone in a flame-colored gown, most gorgeously bespangled with silver stars, a high-crowned muslin cap that reached to the top of the tomb; on her feet she wore a pair of short-quartered high-heeled shoes, and her waist was the exact fac-simile of an inverted sugarloaf. The head of the "noble county Paris" looked like a chimney sweeper's brush that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good Friar hung about him as gracefully as the armor of a rhinoceros. The good lady considered this picture as a splendid proof of her daughter's accomplishments, and hung it up in the best parlor, as an honest tradesman does his certificate of admission into that enlightened body yclept the Mechanic Society.

With this accomplished young lady then did my uncle John become deeply enamored, and as it was his first love he determined to bestir himself in an extraordinary manner. Once at least in a fortnight, and generally on a Sunday evening, he would put on his leather breeches, for he was a great beau, mount his gray horse Pepper, and ride over to see his Miss Pamela, though she lived upward of a mile off, and he was obliged to pass close by a churchyard, which at least a hundred creditable persons would swear was haunted! —Miss Pamela could not be insensible to such proofs of at-

tachment, and accordingly received him with considerable kindness; her mother always left the room when he came, and my uncle had as good as made a declaration by saying one evening, very significantly, "that he believed that he should soon change his condition"; when, somehow or other, he began to think he was *doing things in too great a hurry*, and that it was high time to consider; so he considered near a month about it, and there is no saying how much longer he might have spun the thread of his doubts had he not been roused from this state of indecision by the news that his mistress had married an attorney's apprentice, whom she had seen the Sunday before at church; where he had excited the applause of the whole congregation by the invincible gravity with which he listened to a Dutch sermon. The young people in the neighborhood laughed a good deal at my uncle on the occasion, but he only shrugged his shoulders, looked mysterious, and replied, "*Tut, boys! I might have had her.*"

NOTE BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Our publisher, who is busily engaged in printing a celebrated work, which is perhaps more generally read in this city than any other book, not excepting the Bible—I mean the "New York Directory"—has begged so hard that we will not overwhelm him with too much of a good thing, that we have, with Langstaff's approbation, cut short the residue of Uncle John's amours. In all probability it will be given in a future number, whenever Launcelot is in the humor for it—he is such an odd—but, mum—for fear of another suspension.

No. XII.—SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

Some men delight in the study of plants, in the dissection of a leaf, or the contour and complexion of a tulip; others are charmed with the beauties of the feathered race, or the varied hues of the insect tribe. A naturalist will spend hours in the fatiguing pursuit of a butterfly, and a man of the ton will waste whole years in the chase of a fine lady. I feel a respect for their avocations, for my own are somewhat similar. I love to open the great volume of human character. To me the examination of a beau is more interesting than that of a daffodil or narcissus; and I feel a thousand times more pleasure in catching a new view of human nature than in kidnaping the most gorgeous butterfly—even an Emperor of Morocco himself!

In my present situation I have ample room for the indulgence of this taste; for, perhaps, there is not a house in this city more fertile in subjects for the anatomist of human character than my cousin Cockloft's. Honest Christopher, as I have before mentioned, is one of those hearty old cavaliers who pride themselves upon keeping up the good, honest, unceremonious hospitality of old times. He is never so happy as when he has drawn about him a knot of sterling-hearted associates, and sits at the head of his table dispensing a warm, cheering welcome to all. His countenance expands at every glass and beams forth emanations of hilarity, benevolence, and good fellowship, that inspire and gladden every guest around him. It is no wonder, therefore, that such excellent social qualities should attract a host of friends and guests; in fact, my cousin is almost overwhelmed with them; and they all, uniformly, pronounce old Cockloft to be one of

the finest fellows in the world. His wine also always comes in for a good share of their approbation; nor do they forget to do honor to Mrs. Cockloft's cookery, pronouncing it to be modeled after the most approved recipes of Heliogabulus and Mrs. Glasse. The variety of company thus attracted is particularly pleasing to me; for, being considered a privileged person in the family, I can sit in a corner, indulge in my favorite amusement of observation, and retreat to my elbow-chair, like a bee to his hive, whenever I have collected sufficient food for meditation.

Will Wizard is particularly efficient in adding to the stock of originals which frequent our house; for he is one of the most inveterate hunters of oddities I ever knew; and his first care, on making a new acquaintance, is to gallant him to old Cockloft's, where he never fails to receive the freedom of the house in a pinch from his gold box. Will has, without exception, the queerest, most eccentric, and indescribable set of intimates that ever man possessed; how he became acquainted with them I cannot conceive, except by supposing there is a secret attraction or unintelligible sympathy that unconsciously draws together oddities of every soil.

Will's great crony for some time was Tom Straddle, to whom he really took a great liking. Straddle had just arrived in an importation of hardware, fresh from the city of Birmingham, or rather, as the most learned English would call it, Brummagem, so famous for its manufactories of gimlets, penknives, and pepper-boxes; and where they make buttons and beaux enough to inundate our whole country. He was a young man of considerable standing in the manufactory at Birmingham, sometimes had the honor to hand his master's daughter into a tim-whisky, was the oracle of the tavern he frequented on Sundays, and could beat all his associates, if you would take his word for it, in boxing, beer drinking, jumping over chairs, and imitating cats in a gutter and opera singers. Straddle was, moreover, a member of a Catch club, and was a great hand at ringing bob-majors; he was, of course, a complete connois-

seur of music, and entitled to assume that character at all performances in the art. He was likewise a member of a Spouting club, had seen a company of strolling actors perform in a barn, and had even, like Abel Drugger, "enacted" the part of Major Sturgeon with considerable applause; he was consequently a profound critic, and fully authorized to turn up his nose at any American performances. He had twice partaken of annual dinners given to the head manufacturers of Birmingham, where he had the good fortune to get a taste of turtle and turbot; and a smack of Champagne and Burgundy; and he had heard a vast deal of the roast beef of Old England; he was therefore epicure sufficient to d—n every dish and every glass of wine he tasted in America; though at the same time he was as voracious an animal as ever crossed the Atlantic. Straddle had been splashed half a dozen times by the carriages of nobility, and had once the superlative felicity of being kicked out of doors by the footman of a noble duke; he could, therefore, talk of nobility and despise the untitled plebeians of America. In short, Straddle was one of those dapper, bustling, florid, round, self-important "*gemmen*" who bounce upon us half beau, half button-maker; undertake to give us the true polish of the *bon-ton*, and endeavor to inspire us with a proper and dignified contempt of our native country.

Straddle was quite in raptures when his employers determined to send him to America as an agent. He considered himself as going among a nation of barbarians, where he would be received as a prodigy; he anticipated, with a proud satisfaction, the bustle and confusion his arrival would occasion; the crowd that would throng to gaze at him as he passed through the streets, and had little doubt but that he should occasion as much curiosity as an Indian chief or a Turk in the streets of Birmingham. He had heard of the beauty of our women, and chuckled at the thought of how completely he should eclipse their unpolished beaux, and the number of despairing lovers that would mourn the hour of his arrival. I am even informed by Will Wizard that he put

good store of beads, spike-nails, and looking-glasses in his trunk to win the affections of the fair ones as they paddled about in their bark canoes. The reason Will gave for this error of Straddle's respecting our ladies was that he had read in Guthrie's Geography that the aborigines of America were all savages; and not exactly understanding the word aborigines, he applied to one of his fellow apprentices, who assured him that it was the Latin word for inhabitants.

Wizard used to tell another anecdote of Straddle, which always put him in a passion. Will swore that the captain of the ship told him that when Straddle heard they were off the banks of Newfoundland, he insisted upon going on shore there to gather some good cabbages, of which he was excessively fond; Straddle, however, denied all this, and declared it to be a mischievous *quiz* of Will Wizard: who indeed often made himself merry at his expense. However this may be, certain it is he kept his tailor and shoemaker constantly employed for a month before his departure; equipped himself with a smart crooked stick about eighteen inches long, a pair of breeches of most unheard-of length, a little short pair of Hoby's white-topped boots, that seemed to stand on tip-toe to reach his breeches, and his hat had the true transatlantic declination toward his right ear. The fact was—nor did he make any secret of it—he was determined to "*astonish the natives a few!*"

Straddle was not a little disappointed on his arrival to find the Americans were rather more civilized than he had imagined. He was suffered to walk to his lodgings unmolested by a crowd, and even unnoticed by a single individual. No love letters came pouring in upon him; no rivals lay in wait to assassinate him; his very dress excited no attention, for there were many fools dressed equally ridiculously with himself. This was mortifying indeed to an aspiring youth, who had come out with the idea of astonishing and captivating. He was equally unfortunate in his pretensions to the character of critic, connoisseur and boxer; he condemned our whole dramatic corps and every-

thing appearing to the theater; but his critical abilities were ridiculed—he found fault with old Cockloft's dinner, not even sparing his wine, and was never invited to the house afterward. He scoured the streets at night and was cudgeled by a sturdy watchman; he hoaxed an honest mechanic and was soundly kicked. Thus disappointed in all his attempts at notoriety, Straddle hit on the expedient which was resorted to by the *Giblets*—he determined to take the town by storm.—He accordingly bought horses and equipages and forthwith made a furious dash at style in a gig and tandem.

As Straddle's finances were but limited, it may easily be supposed that his fashionable career infringed a little upon his consignment, which was indeed the case, for, to use a true cockney phrase, *Brummagem suffered.* But this was a circumstance that made little impression upon Straddle, who was now a lad of spirit, and lads of spirit always despise the sordid cares of keeping another man's money. Suspecting this circumstance, I never could witness any of his exhibitions of style without some whimsical association of ideas. Did he give an entertainment to a host of guzzling friends, I immediately fancied them gormandizing heartily at the expense of poor Birmingham, and swallowing a consignment of hand-saws and razors. Did I behold him dashing through Broadway in his gig I saw him, "in my mind's eye," driving tandem on a nest of tea-boards; nor could I ever contemplate his cockney exhibitions of horsemanship, but my mischievous imagination would picture him spurring a cask of hardware, like rosy Bacchus bestriding a beer barrel, or the little gentleman who bestraddles the world in the front of Hutching's almanac.

Straddle was equally successful with the Giblets, as may well be supposed; for though pedestrian merit may strive in vain to become fashionable in Gotham, yet a candidate in an equipage is always recognized, and like Philip's ass, laden with gold, will gain admittance everywhere. Mounted in his curricle or his gig, the candidate is like a statue elevated

on a high pedestal: his merits are discernible from afar, and strike the dullest optics. Oh! Gotham, Gotham! most enlightened of cities!—how does my heart swell with delight when I behold your sapient inhabitants lavishing their attention with such wonderful discernment!

Thus Straddle became quite a man of ton, and was caressed, and courted, and invited to dinners and balls. Whatever was absurd or ridiculous in him before was now declared to be the style. He criticised our theater and was listened to with reverence. He pronounced our musical entertainments barbarous; and the judgment of Apollo himself would not have been more decisive. He abused our dinners; and the god of eating, if there be any such deity, seemed to speak through his organs. He became at once a man of taste, for he put his malediction on everything; and his arguments were conclusive, for he supported every assertion with a bet. He was likewise pronounced, by the learned in the fashionable world, a young man of great research and deep observation; for he had sent home, as natural curiosities, an ear of Indian corn, a pair of moccasins, a belt of wampum and a four-leafed clover. He had taken great pains to enrich this curious collection with an Indian, and a cataract, but without success. In fine, the people talked of Straddle and his equipage, and Straddle talked to his horses, until it was impossible for the most critical observer to pronounce whether Straddle or his horses were most admired, or whether Straddle admired himself or his horses most.

Straddle was now in the zenith of his glory. He swaggered about parlors and drawing-rooms with the same unceremonious confidence he used to display in the taverns at Birmingham. He accosted a lady as he would a barmaid; and this was pronounced a certain proof that he had been used to better company in Birmingham. He became the great man of all the taverns between New York and Harlem, and no one stood a chance of being accommodated until Straddle and his horses were perfectly satisfied. He d—d the landlords and waiters with the best air in the world, and

accosted them with the true gentlemanly familiarity. He staggered from the dinner table to the play, entered the box like a tempest, and stayed long enough to be bored to death, and to bore all those who had the misfortune to be near him. From thence he dashed off to a ball, time enough to flounder through a cotilion, tear half a dozen gowns, commit a number of other depredations, and make the whole company sensible of his infinite condescension in coming among them. The people of Gotham thought him a prodigious fine fellow; the young bucks cultivated his acquaintance with the most persevering assiduity, and his retainers were sometimes complimented with a seat in his curricle or a ride on one of his fine horses. The belles were delighted with the attentions of such a fashionable gentleman, and struck with astonishment at his learned distinctions between wrought scissors and those of cast-steel; together with his profound dissertations on buttons and horseflesh. The rich merchants courted his acquaintance because he was an Englishman, and their wives treated him with great deference because he had come from beyond seas. I cannot help here observing that your salt water is a marvelous great sharpener of men's wits, and I intend to recommend it to some of my acquaintance in a particular essay.

Straddle continued his brilliant career for only a short time. His prosperous journey over the turnpike of fashion was checked by some of those stumbling blocks in the way of aspiring youth, called creditors—or duns—a race of people who, as a celebrated writer observes, "are hated by gods and men." Consignments slackened, whispers of distant suspicion floated in the dark, and those pests of society, the tailors and shoemakers, rose in rebellion against Straddle. In vain were all his remonstrances, in vain did he prove to them that though he had given them no money, yet he had given them more custom and as many promises as any young man in the city. They were inflexible, and the signal of danger being given, a host of other prosecutors pounced upon his back. Straddle saw there was but one

way for it; he determined to do the thing genteelly, to go to smash like a hero, and dashed into the limits in high style, being the fifteenth gentleman I have known to drive tandem to the—*ne plus ultra*—the d—l.

Unfortunate Straddle! may thy fate be a warning to all young gentlemen who come out from Birmingham to astonish the natives! I should never have taken the trouble to delineate his character had he not been a genuine cockney, and worthy to be the representative of his numerous tribe. Perhaps my simple countrymen may hereafter be able to distinguish between the real English gentleman and individuals of the cast I have heretofore spoken of as mere mongrels, springing at one bound from contemptible obscurity at home to daylight and splendor in this good-natured land. The true-born and true-bred English gentleman is a character I hold in great respect; and I love to look back to the period when our forefathers flourished in the same generous soil and hailed each other as brothers. But the cockney! When I contemplate him as springing too from the same source, I feel ashamed of the relationship and am tempted to deny my origin. In the character of Straddle is traced the complete outline of a true cockney of English growth, and a descendant of that individual facetious character mentioned by Shakespeare, "*who, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.*"

THE STRANGER AT HOME; OR, A TOUR IN BROADWAY

BY JEREMY COCKLOFT, THE YOUNGER

PREFACE

YOUR learned traveler begins his travels at the commencement of his journey; others begin theirs at the end; and a third class begin any how and any where, which I think is

the true way. A late facetious writer begins what he calls "a Picture of New York," with a particular description of Glens Falls, from whence with admirable dexterity he makes a digression to the celebrated Mill Rock, on Long Island! Now this is what I like; and I intend, in my present tour, to digress as often and as long as I please. If, therefore, I choose to make a hop, skip, and jump, to China, or New Holland, or Terra Incognita, or Communipaw, I can produce a host of examples to justify me, even in books that have been praised by the English reviewers, whose *fiat* being all that is necessary to give books a currency in this country, I am determined, as soon as I finish my edition of travels in seventy-five volumes, to transmit it forthwith to them for judgment. If these transatlantic censors praise it, I have no fear of its success in this country, where their approbation gives, like the Tower stamp, a fictitious value, and make tinsel and wampum pass current for classic gold.

CHAPTER ONE

BATTERY — flagstaff kept by Louis Keaffee — Keaffee maintains two spyglasses by subscriptions—merchants pay two shillings a year to look through them at the signal poles on Staten Island—a very pleasant prospect; but not so pleasant as that from the hill of Howth—query, ever been there? Young seniors go down to the flagstaff to buy peanuts and beer, after the fatigue of their morning studies, and sometimes to play at ball, or some other innocent amusement —digression to the Olympic, and Isthmian games, with a description of the Isthmus of Corinth, and that of Darien: to conclude with a dissertation on the Indian custom of offering a whiff of tobacco smoke to their great spirit, Areskou.—Return to the Battery—delightful place to indulge in the luxury of sentiment. How various are the mutations of this world! but a few days, a few hours—at least not above two hundred years ago, and this spot was

inhabited by a race of aborigines, who dwelt in bark huts, lived upon oysters and Indian corn, danced buffalo dances, and were lords "of the fowl and the brute." But the spirit of time and the spirit of brandy have swept them from their ancient inheritance; and as the white wave of the ocean, by its ever toiling assiduity, gains on the brown land, so the white man, by slow and sure degrees, has gained on the brown savage, and dispossessed him of the land of his forefathers.—Conjectures on the first peopling of America—different opinions on that subject, to the amount of near one hundred: opinion of Augustine Tornier, that they are the descendants of Shem and Japheth, who came by the way of Japan to America—Juffridius Petri says they came from Friezland, mem. cold journey—Mons. Charron says they are descended from the Gauls—bitter enough—A. Milius, from the Celtæ—Kircher, from the Egyptians—L'Compte, from the Phenicians—Lescarbot, from the Canaanites, alias the Anthropophagi—Brerewood, from the Tartars—Grotius, from the Norwegians—and Linkum Fidelius has written two folio volumes to prove that America was first of all peopled either by the antipodeans or the Cornish miners, who, he maintains, might easily have made a subterranean passage to this country, particularly the antipodeans, who, he asserts, can get along under ground as fast as moles—query, which of these is in the right, or are they all wrong? For my part, I don't see why America had not as good a right to be peopled at first, as any little contemptible country in Europe, or Asia; and I am determined to write a book at my first leisure, to prove that Noah was born here—and that so far is America from being indebted to any other country for inhabitants, that they were every one of them peopled by colonies from her!—mem. Battery a very pleasant place to walk on a Sunday evening—not quite genteel though—everybody walks there, and a pleasure, however genuine, is spoiled by general participation—the fashionable ladies of New York turn up their noses if you ask them to walk on the Battery on Sunday—query, have they scruples of conscience,

or scruples of delicacy? Neither—they have only scruples of gentility, which are quite different things.

CHAPTER TWO

Custom-house—origin of duties on merchandise—this place much frequented by merchants—and why?—different classes of merchants—importers—a kind of nobility—wholesale merchants—have the privilege of going to the city assembly!—Retail traders cannot go to the assembly.—Some curious speculations on the vast distinction betwixt selling tape by the piece or by the yard.—Wholesale merchants look down upon the retailers, who in return look down upon the green-grocers, who look down upon the market-women, who don't care a straw about any of them.—Origin of the distinctions of rank—Dr. Johnson once horribly puzzled to settle the point of precedence between a louse and a flea—good hint enough to humble purse-proud arrogance.—Custom-house partly used as a lodging house for the pictures belonging to the Academy of Arts—couldn't afford the statues house-room, most of them in the cellar of the City Hall—poor place for the gods and goddesses—after Olympus.—Pensive reflections on the ups and downs of life—Apollo, and the rest of the set, used to cut a great figure in days of yore.—Mem., every dog has his day—sorry for Venus though, poor wench, to be cooped up in a cellar with not a single grace to wait on her!—Eulogy on the gentlemen of the Academy of Arts for the great spirit with which they began the undertaking, and the perseverance with which they have pursued it. It is a pity, however, they began at the wrong end. Maxim—If you want a bird and a cage, always buy the cage first—hem!—a word to the wise!

CHAPTER THREE

Bowling Green—fine place for pasturing cows—a perquisite of the late corporation—formerly ornamented with a statue of George the Third—people pulled it down in the war to make bullets—great pity; it might have been given to the Academy—it would have become a cellar as well as any other.—Broadway—great difference in the gentility of streets—a man who resides in Pearl Street, or Chatham Row, derives no kind of dignity from his domicile; but place him in a certain part of Broadway, anywhere between the Battery and Wall Street, and he straightway becomes entitled to figure in the beau monde and strut as a person of prodigious consequence!—Query, whether there is a degree of purity in the air of that quarter which changes the gross particles of vulgarity into gems of refinement and polish? A question to be asked, but not to be answered.—Wall Street.—City Hall, famous place for catch-poles, deputy-sheriffs, and young lawyers; which last attend the courts, not because they have business there, but because they have no business anywhere else. My blood always curdles when I see a catch-pole, they being a species of vermin who feed and fatten on the common wretchedness of mankind, who trade in misery, and in becoming the executioners of the law, by their oppression and villainy almost counterbalance all the benefits which are derived from its salutary regulations.—Story of Quevedo about a catch-pole possessed by a devil, who, on being interrogated, declared that he did not come there voluntarily, but by compulsion; and that a decent devil would never of his own freewill enter into the body of a catch-pole; instea l, therefore, of doing him the injustice to say that here was a catch-pole be-deviled, they should say it was a devil be-catch-poled; that being in reality the truth. Wonder what has become of the old crier of the court, who used to make more noise in preserving silence than the audi-

ence did in breaking it—if a man happened to drop his cane the old hero would sing out "silence!" in a voice that emulated the "wide-mouthed thunder"—On inquiring, found he had retired from business to enjoy *otium cum dignitate*, as many a great man had done before—Strange that wise men, as they are thought, should toil through a whole existence merely to enjoy a few moments of leisure at last! why don't they begin to be easy at first, and not purchase a moment's pleasure with an age of pain?—mem. posed some of the jockeys—eh!

CHAPTER FOUR

BARBER'S pole; three different orders of *shavers* in New York—those who shave *pigs;* N.B. freshmen and sophomores—those who cut beards, and those who *shave notes of hand;* the last are the most respectable, because in the course of a year they make more money, and that *honestly*, than the whole corps of other *shavers* can do in half a century; besides, it would puzzle a common barber to ruin any man, except by cutting his throat: whereas your higher order of *shavers*, your true blood-suckers of the community, seated snugly behind the curtain, in watch for prey, live on the vitals of the unfortunate, and grow rich on the ruin of thousands.—Yet this last class of *barbers* are held in high respect in the world; they never offend against the decencies of life, go often to church, look down on honest poverty walking on foot, and call themselves gentlemen; yea, men of honor!—Lottery offices—another set of capital shavers!—licensed gambling houses!—good things enough though, as they enable a few *honest, industrious gentlemen* to humbug the people—according to law; besides, if the people will be such fools, whose fault is it but their own if they get *bit?*—Messrs. Paff—beg pardon for putting them in such bad company, because they are a couple of fine fellows—mem. to recommend Michael's antique snuff-box to all amateurs *in the art.*—Eagle singing Yankee Doodle — N.B.—Buffon,

Penant, and the rest of the naturalists, all *naturals* not to know the eagle was a singing bird; Linkum Fidelius knew better, and gives a long description of a bald eagle that serenaded him once in Canada;—digression; particular account of the Canadian Indians;—story about Areskou learning to make fishing nets of a spider—don't believe it though, because, according to Linkum, and many other learned authorities, Areskou is the same as *Mars*, being derived from his Greek name of *Ares;* and if so, he knew well enough what a *net* was without consulting a spider;—story of Arachne being changed into a spider as a reward for having hanged herself;—derivation of the word spinster from spider;—Colophon, now Altobosco, the birthplace of Arachne, remarkable for a famous breed of spiders to this day;—mem.—nothing like a little scholarship—make the *ignoramus*, viz., the majority of my readers, stare like wild pigeons;—return to New York a short cut—meet a dashing belle, in a little thick white veil—tried to get a peep at her face—saw she squinted a little—thought so at first;—never saw a face covered with a veil that was worth looking at;—saw some ladies holding a conversation across the street about going to church next Sunday—talked so loud they frightened a cartman's horse, who ran away and overset a basket of gingerbread with a little boy under it;—mem. I don't much see the use of speaking-trumpets nowadays.

CHAPTER FIVE

Bought a pair of gloves; dry-goods stores the genuine schools of politeness—true Parisian manners there—got a pair of gloves and a pistareen's worth of bows for a dollar—dog cheap!—Cortlandt Street corner—famous place to see the belles go by—query, ever been shopping with a lady?—some account of it—ladies go into all the shops in the city to buy a pair of gloves—good way of spending time, if they have nothing else to do.—Oswego Market—looks very much

like a triumphal arch—some account of the manner of erecting them in ancient times;—digression to the *arch*-duke Charles, and some account of the ancient Germans.—N.B. —Quote Tacitus on this subject.—Particular description of market-baskets, butchers' blocks, and wheelbarrows:—mem., queer things run upon one wheel!—Saw a cartman driving full-tilt through Broadway—run over a child—good enough for it—what business had it to be in the way?—Hint concerning the laws against pigs, goats, dogs, and cartmen—grand apostrophe to the sublime science of jurisprudence;—comparison between legislators and tinkers; query, whether it requires greater ability to mend a law than to mend a kettle? —inquiry into the utility of making laws that are broken a hundred times in a day with impunity;—my Lord Coke's opinion on the subject: my lord a very great man—so was Lord Bacon: good story about a criminal named Hog claiming relationship with him.—Hogg's porter-house;—great haunt of Will Wizard; Will put down there one night by a sea captain, in an argument concerning the era of the Chinese empire Whangpo;—Hogg's a capital place for hearing the same stories, the same jokes, and the same songs every night in the year—mem., except Sunday nights; fine school for young politicians too—some of the longest and thickest heads in the city come there to settle the nation.— Scheme of *Ichabod Fungus* to restore the balance of Europe; —digression;—some account of the balance of Europe; comparison between it and a pair of scales, with the Emperor Alexander in one and the Emperor Napoleon in the other: fine fellows—both of a weight, can't tell which will kick the beam:—mem., don't care much either—nothing to me:— *Ichabod* very unhappy about it—thinks Napoleon has an eye on this country—capital place to pasture his horses, and provide for the rest of his family.—Dey Street—ancient Dutch name of it, signifying murderers' valley, formerly the site of a great peach orchard; my grandmother's history of the famous *Peach war*—arose from an Indian stealing peaches out of this orchard; good cause as need be for

a war; just as good as the balance of power. Anecdote of a war between two Italian states about a bucket; introduce some capital new truisms about the folly of mankind, the ambition of kings, potentates, and princes; particularly Alexander, Cæsar, Charles the XIIth, Napoleon, little King Pepin, and the great Charlemagne.—Conclude with an exhortation to the present race of sovereigns to keep the king's peace and abstain from all those deadly quarrels which produce battle, murder, and sudden death; mem., ran my nose against a lamp-post—conclude in great dudgeon.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

Our cousin Pindar, after having been confined for some time past with a fit of the gout, which is a kind of keepsake in our family, has again set his mill going, as my readers will perceive. On reading his piece I could not help smiling at the high compliments which, contrary to his usual style, he has lavished on the dear sex. The old gentleman, unfortunately observing my merriment, stumped out of the room with great vociferation of crutch, and has not exchanged three words with me since. I expect every hour to hear that he has packed up his movables, and, as usual in all cases of disgust, retreated to his old country house.

Pindar, like most of the old Cockloft heroes, is wonderfully susceptible to the genial influence of warm weather. In winter he is one of the most crusty old bachelors under heaven, and is wickedly addicted to sarcastic reflections of every kind; particularly on the little enchanting foibles and whim-whams of women. But when the spring comes on, and the mild influence of the sun releases nature from her icy fetters, the ice of his bosom dissolves into a gentle current which reflects the bewitching qualities of the fair; as in some mild clear evening, when nature reposes in silence, the stream bears in its pure bosom all the starry magnificence of heaven. It is under the control of this influence he has written his

piece; and I beg the ladies, in the plenitude of their harmless conceit, not to flatter themselves that because the good Pindar has suffered them to escape his censures he had nothing more to censure. It is but sunshine and zephyrs which have wrought this wonderful change; and I am much mistaken if the first northeaster don't convert all his good nature into most exquisite spleen.

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

How often I cast my reflections behind,
And call up the days of past youth to my mind,
When folly assails in habiliments new,
When fashion obtrudes some fresh whim-wham to view;
When the foplings of fashion bedazzle my sight,
Bewilder my feelings—my senses benight;
I retreat in disgust from the world of to-day,
To commune with the world that has moulder'd away;
To converse with the shades of those friends of my love,
Long gather'd in peace to the angels above.

In my rambles through life should I meet with annoy,
From the bold beardless stripling—the turbid pert boy—
One rear'd in the mode lately reckon'd genteel,
Which, neglecting the head, aims to perfect the heel;
Which completes the sweet fopling while yet in his teens,
And fits him for fashion's light changeable scenes;
Proclaims him a man to the near and the far,
Can he dance a cotilion or smoke a cigar;
And though brainless and vapid as vapid can be,
To routs and to parties pronounces him free:—
Oh, I think on the beaux that existed of yore,
On those rules of the *ton* that exist now no more!

I recall with delight how each yonker at first
In the cradle of science and virtue was nursed;
—How the graces of person and graces of mind,
The polish of learning and fashion combined.

Till softened in manners and strengthened in head,
By the classical lore of the living and dead,
Matured in his person till manly in size,
He *then* was presented a beau to our eyes!

My nieces of late have made frequent complaint
That they suffer vexation and painful constraint
By having their circles too often distressed
By some three or four goslings just fledged from the nest,
Who, propp'd by the credit their fathers sustain,
Alike tender in years and in person and brain,
But plenteously stock'd with that substitute, brass,
For true wits and critics would anxiously pass.
They complain of that empty sarcastical slang,
So common to all the coxcombical gang,
Who the fair with their shallow experience vex,
By thrumming forever their weakness of sex;
And who boast of themselves, when they talk with proud air
Of Man's mental ascendency over the fair.

'Twas thus the young owlet produced in the nest,
Where the eagle of Jove her young eaglets had prest,
Pretended to boast of his royal descent,
And vaunted that force which to eagles is lent.
Though fated to shun with his dim visual ray
The cheering delights and the brilliance of day;
To forsake the fair regions of ether and light
For dull moping caverns of darkness and night:
Still talk'd of that eagle-like strength of the eye,
Which approaches unwinking the pride of the sky,
Of that wing which unwearied can hover and play
In the noontide effulgence and torrent of day.

Dear girls, the sad evils of which ye complain,
Your sex must endure from the feeble and vain,
'Tis the commonplace jest of the nursery scapegoat,
'Tis the commonplace ballad that croaks from his throat;
He knows not that nature—that polish decrees,
That women should always endeavor to please:
That the law of their system has early imprest

The importance of fitting themselves to each guest;
And, of course, that full oft when ye trifle and play,
'Tis to gratify triflers who strut in your way.
The child might as well of its mother complain,
As wanting true wisdom and soundness of brain:
Because that, at times, while it hangs on her breast,
She with "lulla-by-baby" beguiles it to rest.
'Tis its weakness of mind that induces the strain,
For wisdom to infants is prattled in vain.

'Tis true at odd times, when in frolicsome fit,
In the midst of his gambols, the mischievous wit
May start some light foible that clings to the fair,
Like cobwebs that fasten to objects most rare—
In the play of his fancy will sportively say
Some delicate censure that pops in his way.
He may smile at your fashions, and frankly express
His dislike of a dance, or a flaming red dress;
Yet he blames not your want of man's physical force,
Nor complains though ye cannot in Latin discourse.
He delights in the language of nature ye speak,
Though not so refined as true classical Greek.
He remembers that Providence never design'd
Our females like suns to bewilder and blind;
But like the mild orb of pale ev'ning serene,
Whose radiance illumines, yet softens the scene,
To light us with cheering and welcoming ray,
Along the rude path when the sun is away.

I own in my scribblings I lately have nam'd
Some faults of our fair which I gently have blam'd,
But be it forever by all understood
My censures were only pronounc'd for their good.
I delight in the sex, 'tis the pride of my mind
To consider them gentle, endearing, refin'd;
As our solace below in the journey of life,
To smooth its rough passes; to soften its strife:
As objects intended our joys to supply,
And to lead us in love to the temples on high.

How oft have I felt, when two lucid blue eyes,
As calm and as bright as the gems of the skies,
Have beam'd their soft radiance into my soul,
Impress'd with an awe like an angel's control!
Yes, fair ones, by this is forever defin'd
The fop from the man of refinement and mind;
The latter believes ye in bounty were given
As a bond upon earth of our union with heaven:
And if ye are weak, and are frail, in his view,
'Tis to call forth fresh warmth and his fondness renew.
'Tis his joy to support these defects of your frame,
And his love at your weakness redoubles its flame:
He rejoices the gem is so rich and so fair,
And is proud that it claims his protection and care.

No. XIII.—FRIDAY, AUGUST 14, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

I WAS not a little perplexed, a short time since, by the eccentric conduct of my knowing coadjutor, Will Wizard. For two or three days he was completely in a quandary. He would come into old Cockloft's parlor ten times a day, swinging his ponderous legs along with his usual vast strides, clap his hands into his sides, contemplate the little shepherdesses on the mantel-piece for a few mintues, whistling all the while, and then sally out full sweep, without uttering a word. To be sure, a pish or a pshaw occasionally escaped him; and he was observed once to pull out his enormous tobacco-box, drum for a moment upon its lid with his knuckles, and then return it into his pocket without taking a quid. 'Twas evident Will was full of some mighty idea. Not that his restlessness was any way uncommon; for I have often seen Will throw himself almost into a fever of heat

and fatigue—doing nothing. But his inflexible taciturnity set the whole family, as usual, a wondering: as Will seldom enters the house without giving one of his "one thousand and one" stories. For my part, I began to think that the late *fracas* at Canton had alarmed Will for the safety of his friends Kinglun, Chinqua, and Consequa; or that something had gone wrong in the alterations of the theater; or that some new outrage at Norfolk had put him in a worry; in short, I did not know what to think; for Will is such a universal busybody, and meddles so much in everything going forward, that you might as well attempt to conjecture what is going on in the north star as in his precious pericranium. Even Mrs. Cockloft, who, like a worthy woman as she is, seldom troubles herself about anything in this world—saving the affairs of her household and the correct deportment of her female friends—was struck with the mystery of Will's behavior. She happened, when he came in and went out the tenth time, to be busy darning the bottom of one of the old red damask chairs; and notwithstanding this is to her an affair of vast importance, yet she could not help turning round and exclaiming, "I wonder what can be the matter with Mr. Wizard?"—"Nothing," replied old Christopher, "only we shall have an eruption soon." The old lady did not understand a word of this, neither did she care; she had expressed her wonder; and that, with her, is always sufficient.

I am so well acquainted with Will's peculiarities that I can tell, even by his whistle, when he is about an essay for our paper as certainly as a weather wiseacre knows that it is going to rain when he sees a pig run squeaking about with his nose in the wind. I, therefore, laid my account with receiving a communication from him before long; and sure enough, the evening before last I distinguished his freemason knock at my door. I have seen many wise men in my time, philosophers, mathematicians, astronomers, politicians, editors, and almanac makers; but never did I see a man look half so wise as did my friend Wizard on entering

the room. Had Lavater beheld him at that moment he would have set him down, to a certainty, as a fellow who had just discovered the longitude or the philosopher's stone.

Without saying a word he handed me a roll of paper; after which he lighted his cigar, sat down, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and elevating his nose to an angle of about forty-five degrees, began to smoke like a steam-engine. Will delights in the picturesque. On opening his budget, and perceiving the motto, it struck me that Will had brought me one of his confounded Chinese manuscripts, and I was forthwith going to dismiss it with indignation; but accidentally seeing the name of our oracle, the sage Linkum, of whose inestimable folios we pride ourselves upon being the sole possessors, I began to think the better of it, and looked round to Will to express my approbation. I shall never forget the figure he cut at that moment! He had watched my countenance, on opening his manuscript, with the argus eyes of an author; and perceiving some tokens of disapprobation, began, according to custom, to puff away at his cigar with such vigor that in a few minutes he had entirely involved himself in smoke; except his nose and one foot, which were just visible, the latter wagging with great velocity. I believe I have hinted before—at least I ought to have done so—that Will's nose is a very goodly nose; to which it may be as well to add that, in his voyages under the tropics, it has acquired a copper complexion which renders it very brilliant and luminous. You may imagine what a sumptuous appearance it made, projecting boldly, like the celebrated *promontorium nasidium* at Samos with a lighthouse upon it, and surrounded on all sides with smoke and vapor. Had my gravity been like the Chinese philosopher's "within one degree of absolute frigidity," here would have been a trial for it. I could not stand it, but burst into such a laugh as I do not indulge in above once in a hundred years. This was too much for Will; he emerged from his cloud, threw his cigar into the fireplace, and strode out of the room, pulling up his

breeches, muttering something which, I verily believe, was nothing more than a horrible long Chinese malediction.

He, however, left his manuscript behind him, which I now give to the world. Whether he is serious on the occasion, or only bantering, no one, I believe, can tell; for, whether in speaking or writing, there is such an invincible gravity in his demeanor and style that even I, who have studied him as closely as an antiquarian studies an old manuscript or inscription, am frequently at a loss to know what the rogue would be at. I have seen him indulge in his favorite amusement of quizzing for hours together, without any one having the least suspicion of the matter, until he would suddenly twist his phiz into an expression that baffles all description, thrust his tongue in his cheek and blow up in a laugh almost as loud as the shout of the Romans on a certain occasion; which honest Plutarch avers frightened several crows to such a degree that they fell down stone dead into the Campus Martius. Jeremy Cockloft the younger, who, like a true modern philosopher, delights in experiments that are of no kind of use, took the trouble to measure one of Will's risible explosions, and declared to me that, according to accurate measurement, it contained thirty feet square of solid laughter. What will the professors say to this?

PLANS FOR DEFENDING OUR HARBOR

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

Long-fong teko buzz tor-pe-do,
Fudge——— —*Confucius*
We'll blow the villains all sky high;
But do it with econo———my. —*Link. Fid.*

SURELY never was a town more subject to midsummer fancies and dog-day whim-whams than this most excellent of cities; our notions, like our diseases, seem all epidemic; and no sooner does a new disorder or a new freak seize one individual but it is sure to run through all the community.

This is particularly the case when the summer is at the hottest, and everybody's head is in a vertigo and his brain in a ferment; 'tis absolutely necessary then the poor souls should have some bubble to amuse themselves with, or they would certainly run mad. Last year the poplar worm made its appearance most fortunately for our citizens; and everybody was so much in horror of being poisoned and devoured, and so busied in making humane experiments on cats and dogs, that we got through the summer quite comfortably. The cats had the worst of it; every mouser of them was shaved, and there was not a whisker to be seen in the whole sisterhood. This summer everybody has had full employment in planning fortifications for our harbor. Not a cobbler or tailor in the city but has left his awl and his thimble, become an engineer outright, and aspired most magnanimously to the building of forts and destruction of navies! Heavens! as my friend Mustapha would say, on what a great scale is everything in this country!

Among the various plans that have been offered, the most conspicuous is one devised and exhibited, as I am informed, by that notable confederacy, "The North River Society."

Anxious to redeem their reputation from the foul suspicions that have for a long time overclouded it, these aquatic incendiaries have come forward, at the present alarming juncture, and announced a most potent discovery which is to guarantee our port from the visits of any foreign marauders. The society have, it seems, invented a cunning machine, shrewdly yclept a *Torpedo*, by which the stoutest line of battleship, even a "Santissima Trinidada," may be caught napping and decomposed in a twinkling; a kind of submarine powder-magazine to swim under water, like an aquatic mole, or water-rat, and destroy the enemy in the moments of unsuspicious security.

This straw tickled the noses of all our dignitaries wonderfully; for to do our government justice, it has no objection to injuring and exterminating its enemies in any manner—provided the thing can be done economically.

It was determined the experiment should be tried, and an old brig was purchased, for not more than twice its value, and delivered over into the hands of its tormentors, the North River Society, to be tortured, and battered, and annihilated, *secundum artem.* A day was appointed for the occasion, when all the good citizens of the wonder-loving city of Gotham were invited to the blowing up; like the fat innkeeper in Rabelais, who requested all his customers to come on a certain day and see him burst.

As I have almost as great a veneration as the good Mr. Walter Shandy for all kinds of experiments that are ingeniously ridiculous, I made very particular mention of the one in question, at the table of my friend Christopher Cockloft; but it put the honest old gentleman in a violent passion. He condemned it in toto, as an attempt to introduce a dastardly and exterminating mode of warfare. "Already have we proceeded far enough," said he, "in the science of destruction; war is already invested with sufficient horrors and calamities, let us not increase the catalogue; let us not by these deadly artifices provoke a system of insidious and indiscriminate hostility that shall terminate in laying our cities desolate, and exposing our women, our children, and our infirm to the sword of pitiless recrimination." Honest old cavalier!—it was evident he did not reason as a true politician—but he felt as a Christian and philanthropist; and that was, perhaps, just as well.

It may be readily supposed that our citizens did not refuse the invitation of the society to the blow-up; it was the first naval action ever exhibited in our port, and the good people all crowded to see the British navy blown up in effigy. The young ladies were delighted with the novelty of the show, and declared that if war could be conducted in this manner it would become a fashionable amusement; and the destruction of a fleet be as pleasant as a ball or a tea party. The old folk were equally pleased with the spectacle—because it cost them nothing. Dear souls, how hard was it they should be disappointed! The brig most obstinately refused to be

decomposed; the dinners grew cold, and the puddings were overboiled, throughout the renowned city of Gotham; and its sapient inhabitants, like the honest Strasburghers, from whom most of them are doubtless descended, who went out to see the courteous stranger and his nose, all returned home after having threatened to pull down the flagstaff by way of taking satisfaction for their disappointment. By the way, there is not an animal in the world more discriminating in its vengeance than a free-born mob.

In the evening I repaired to friend Hogg's to smoke a sociable cigar, but had scarcely entered the room when I was taken prisoner by my friend, Mr. Ichabod Fungus; who I soon saw was at his usual trade of prying into millstones. The old gentleman informed me that the brig had actually blown up, after a world of maneuvering, and had nearly blown up the society with it; he seemed to entertain strong doubts as to the objects of the society in the invention of these infernal machines; hinted a suspicion of their wishing to set the river on fire, and that he should not be surprised on waking one of these mornings to find the Hudson in a blaze. "Not that I disapprove of the plan," said he, "provided it has the end in view which they profess; no, no, an excellent plan of defense; no need of batteries, forts, frigates, and gunboats. Observe, sir, all that's necessary is that the ships must come to anchor in a convenient place; watch must be asleep, or so complacent as not to disturb any boats paddling about them —fair wind and tide—no moonlight—machines well-directed —mustn't flash in the plan—bang's the word, and the vessel's blown up in a moment!"—"Good," said I, "you remind me of a lubberly Chinese who was flogged by an honest captain of my acquaintance, and who, on being advised to retaliate, exclaimed—'Hi yah! s'pose two men hold fast him captain, den very mush me bamboo he!' "

The old gentleman grew a little crusty, and insisted that I did not understand him; all that was requisite to render the effect certain was that the enemy should enter into the project; or, in other words, be agreeable to the measure; so

that if the machine did not come to the ship, the ship should go to the machine; by which means he thought the success of the machine would be inevitable—provided it struck fire. "But do not you think," said I, doubtingly, "that it would be rather difficult to persuade the enemy into such an agreement? Some people have an invincible antipathy to being blown up."—"Not at all, not at all," replied he, triumphantly; "got an excellent notion for that; do with them as we have done with the brig; buy all the vessels we mean to destroy and blow 'em up as best suits our convenience. I have thought deeply on that subject and have calculated to a certainty that if our funds hold out we may in this way destroy the whole British navy—by contract."

By this time all the quidnuncs of the room had gathered around us, each pregnant with some mighty scheme for the salvation of his country. One pathetically lamented that we had no such men among us as the famous Toujoursdort and Grossitout; who, when the celebrated Captain Tranchemont made war against the city of Kalacahabalaba, utterly discomfited the great king Bigstaff, and blew up his whole army by sneezing. Another imparted a sage idea, which seems to have occupied more heads than one; that is, that the best way of fortifying the harbor was to ruin it at once: choke the channel with rocks and blocks; strew it with *chevaux-de-frise* and torpedoes: and make it like a nursery-garden, full of men-traps and spring-guns. No vessel would then have the temerity to enter our harbor; we should not even dare to navigate it ourselves. Or, if no cheaper way could be devised, let Governor's Island be raised by levers and pulleys, floated with empty casks, etc., towed down to the Narrows, and dropped plump in the very mouth of the harbor!—"But," said I, "would not the prosecution of these whimwhams be rather expensive and dilatory?"—"Pshaw!" cried the other, "what's a million of money to an experiment; the true spirit of our economy requires that we should spare no expense in discovering the cheapest mode of defending ourselves; and then if all these modes should fail, why you know

the worst we have to do is to return to the old-fashioned humdrum mode of forts and batteries."—"By which time," cried I, "the arrival of the enemy may have rendered their erection superfluous."

A shrewd old gentleman, who stood listening by, with a mischievously equivocal look, observed that the most effectual mode of repulsing a fleet from our ports would be to administer them a proclamation from time to time till it operated.

Unwilling to leave the company without demonstrating my patriotism and ingenuity, I communicated a plan of defense; which, in truth, was suggested long since by that infallible oracle Mustapha, who had as clear a head for cobweb-weaving as ever dignified the shoulders of a projector. He thought the most effectual mode would be to assemble all the *slang-whangers*, great and small, from all parts of the State, and marshal them at the Battery; where they should be exposed, pointblank, to the enemy, and form a tremendous body of scolding infantry; similar to the *poissards* or doughty champions of Billingsgate. They should be exhorted to fire away, without pity or remorse, in sheets, half sheets, columns, handbills, or squibs; great canon, little canon, pica, German-text, stereotype, and to run their enemies through and through with sharp-pointed italics. They should have orders to show no quarter—to blaze away in their loudest epithets—"*miscreants!*" "*murderers!*" "*barbarians!*" "*pirates!*" "*robbers!*" "BLACKGUARDS!" and to do away all fear of consequences, they should be guaranteed from all dangers of pillory, kicking, cuffing, nose-pulling, whipping-post, or prosecution for libels. If, continued Mustapha, you wish men to fight well and valiantly, they must be allowed those weapons they have been used to handle. Your countrymen are notoriously adroit in the management of the tongue and the pen, and conduct all their battles by speeches or newspapers. Adopt, therefore, the plan I have pointed out; and rely upon it that let any fleet, however large, be but once assailed by this battery of slang-whangers,

and if they have not entirely lost the sense of hearing, or a regard for their own characters and feelings, they will, at the very first fire, slip their cables and retreat with as much precipitation as if they had unwarily entered into the atmosphere of the *Bohan upas.* In this manner may your wars be conducted with proper economy; and it will cost no more to drive off a fleet than to write up a party, or write down a bashaw with three tails.

The sly old gentleman I have before mentioned was highly delighted with this plan; and proposed, as an improvement, that mortars should be placed on the Battery, which, instead of throwing shells and such trifles, might be charged with newspapers, Tammany addresses, etc., by way of red-hot shot, which would undoubtedly be very potent in blowing up any powder-magazine they might chance to come in contact with. He concluded by informing the company that in the course of a few evenings he would have the honor to present them with a scheme for loading certain vessels with newspapers, resolutions of "numerous and respectable meetings," and other combustibles, which vessels were to be blown directly in the midst of the enemy by the bellows of the slang-whangers; and he was much mistaken if they would not be more fatal than fire-ships, bom-ketches, gunboats, or even torpedoes.

These are but two or three specimens of the nature and efficacy of the innumerable plans with which this city abounds. Everybody seems charged to the muzzle with gunpowder—every eye flashes fireworks and torpedoes, and every corner is occupied by knots of inflammatory projectors; not one of whom but has some preposterous mode of destruction which he has proved to be infallible by a previous experiment in a tub of water!

Even Jeremy Cockloft has caught the infection, to the great annoyance of the inhabitants of Cockloft Hall, whither he retired to make his experiments undisturbed. At one time all the mirrors in the house were unhung—their collected rays thrown into the hothouse, to try Archimedes'

plan of burning-glasses; and the honest old gardener was almost knocked down by what he mistook for a stroke of the sun, but which turned out to be nothing more than a sudden attack of one of these tremendous jack-o'-lanterns. It became dangerous to walk through the courtyard for fear of an explosion; and the whole family was thrown into absolute distress and consternation by a letter from the old housekeeper to Mrs. Cockloft, informing her of his having blown up a favorite Chinese gander which I had brought from Canton, as he was majestically sailing in the duck-pond.

"In the multitude of counselors there is safety;" if so, the defenseless city of Gotham has nothing to apprehend. But much do I fear that so many excellent and infallible projects will be presented that we shall be at a loss which to adopt; and the peaceable inhabitants fare like a famous projector of my acquaintance, whose house was unfortunately plundered while he was contriving a patent lock to secure his door.

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

A RETROSPECT; OR, "WHAT YOU WILL"

LOLLING in my elbow-chair this fine summer noon, I feel myself insensibly yielding to that genial feeling of indolence the season is so well fitted to inspire. Every one who is blessed with a little of the delicious languor of disposition that delights in repose, must often have sported among the fairy scenes, the golden visions, the voluptuous reveries, that swim before the imagination at such moments, and which so much resemble those blissful sensations a Mussulman enjoys after his favorite indulgence of opium, which Will Wizard declares can be compared to nothing but "swimming in an ocean of peacocks' feathers." In such a mood, everybody must be sensible it would be idle and unprofitable for a man to send his wits a-gadding on a voyage of discovery into futurity; or even to trouble himself with a laborious investi-

gation of what is actually passing under his eye. We are at such times more disposed to resort to the pleasures of memory than to those of the imagination; and, like the wayfaring traveler, reclining for a moment on his staff, had rather contemplate the ground we have traveled than the region which is yet before us.

I could here amuse myself and stultify my readers with a most elaborate and ingenious parallel between authors and travelers; but in this balmy season which makes men stupid and dogs mad, and when doubtless many of our most strenuous admirers have great difficulty in keeping awake through the day, it would be cruel to saddle them with the formidable difficulty of putting two ideas together and drawing a conclusion; or, in the learned phrase, forging *syllogisms in Baroco*—a terrible undertaking for the dog days! To say the truth, my observations were only intended to prove that this, of all others, is the most auspicious moment, and my present the most favorable mood, for indulging in a retrospect. Whether, like certain great personages of the day, in attempting to prove one thing, I have exposed another; or whether, like certain other great personages, in attempting to prove a great deal, I have proved nothing at all, I leave to my readers to decide; provided they have the power and inclination so to do; but a *retrospect* will I take notwithstanding.

I am perfectly aware that in doing this I shall lay myself open to the charge of imitation, than which a man might be better accused of downright house-breaking; for it has been a standing rule with many of my illustrious predecessors, occasionally, and particularly at the conclusion of a volume, to look over their shoulder and chuckle at the miracles they had achieved. But, as I before professed, I am determined to hold myself entirely independent of all manner of opinions and criticisms as the only method of getting on in this world in anything like a straight line. True it is, I may sometimes seem to angle a little for the good opinion of mankind by giving them some excellent reasons for doing unreasonable

things; but this is merely to show them that, although I may occasionally go wrong, it is not for want of knowing how to go right; and here I will lay down a maxim, which will forever entitle me to the gratitude of my inexperienced readers; namely, that a man always gets more credit in the eyes of this naughty world for sinning willfully than for sinning through sheer ignorance.

It will doubtless be insisted by many ingenious cavilers, who will be meddling with what does not at all concern them, that this retrospect should have been taken at the commencement of our second volume; it is usual, I know: moreover, it is natural. So soon as a writer has once accomplished a volume, he forthwith becomes wonderfully increased in altitude! He steps upon his book as upon a pedestal, and is elevated in proportion to its magnitude. A duodecimo makes him one inch taller; an octavo, three inches; a quarto, six. But he who has made out to swell a folio, looks down upon his fellow-creatures from such a fearful height that, ten to one, the poor man's head is turned forever afterward. From such a lofty situation, therefore, it is natural an author should cast his eyes behind; and, having reached the first landing place on the stairs of immortality, may reasonably be allowed to plead his privilege to look back over the height he has ascended. I have deviated a little from this venerable custom, merely that our retrospect might fall in the dog days—of all days in the year most congenial to the indulgence of a little self-sufficiency; inasmuch as people have then little to do but to retire within the sphere of self and make the most of what they find there.

Let it not be supposed, however, that we think ourselves a whit the wiser or better since we have finished our volume than we were before; on the contrary, we seriously assure our readers that we were fully possessed of all the wisdom and morality it contains at the moment we commenced writing. It is the world which has grown wiser—not us; we have thrown our mite into the common stock of knowledge, we have shared our morsel with the ignorant multitude; and

so far from elevating ourselves above the world, our sole endeavor has been to raise the world to our own level, and make it as wise as we, its disinterested benefactors.

To a moral writer like myself, who, next to his own comfort and entertainment, has the good of his fellow-citizens at heart, a retrospect is but a sorry amusement. Like the industrious husbandman, he often contemplates in silent disappointment his labors wasted on a barren soil, or the seed he has carefully sown choked by a redundancy of worthless weeds. I expected long ere this to have seen a complete reformation in manners and morals achieved by our united efforts. My fancy echoed to the applauding voices of a retrieved generation; I anticipated, with proud satisfaction, the period, not far distant, when our work would be introduced into the academies with which every lane and alley of our cities abounds; when our precepts would be gently inducted into every unlucky urchin by force of birch, and my iron-bound physiognomy, as taken by Will Wizard, be as notorious as that of Noah Webster, Junr., Esq., or his no less renowned predecessor, the illustrious Dilworth, of spelling-book immortality. But, well-a-day! to let my readers into a profound secret—the expectations of man are like the varied hues that tinge the distant prospect; never to be realized, never to be enjoyed but in perspective. Luckless Launcelot, that the humblest of the many air castles thou hast erected should prove a "baseless fabric!" Much does it grieve me to confess that, after all our lectures, precepts, and excellent admonitions, the people of New York are nearly as much given to backsliding and ill-nature as ever; they are just as much abandoned to dancing and tea-drinking; and as to scandal, Will Wizard informs me that, by a rough computation, since the last cargo of gunpowder-tea from Canton, no less than eighteen characters have been blown up, besides a number of others that have been wofully shattered.

The ladies still labor under the same scarcity of muslins, and delight in flesh-colored silk stockings; it is evident, however, that our advice has had very considerable effect on

them, as they endeavor to act as opposite to it as possible; this being what Evergreen calls female independence. As to the Straddles, they abound as much as ever in Broadway, particularly on Sundays; and Wizard roundly asserts that he supped in company with a knot of them a few evenings since, when they liquidated a whole Birmingham consignment, in a batch of imperial champagne. I have, furthermore, in the course of a month past, detected no less than three Giblet families making their first onset toward style and gentility in the very manner we have heretofore reprobated. Nor have our utmost efforts been able to check the progress of that alarming epidemic, the rage for punning, which, though doubtless originally intended merely to ornament and enliven conversation by little sports of fancy, threatens to overrun and poison the whole, like the baneful ivy which destroys the useful plant it first embellished. Now I look upon a habitual punster as a depredator upon conversation; and I have remarked sometimes one of these offenders, sitting silent on the watch for an hour together, until some luckless wight, unfortunately for the ease and quiet of the company, dropped a phrase susceptible of a double meaning; when—pop, our punster would dart out like a veteran mouser from her covert, seize the unlucky word, and after worrying and mumbling at it until it was capable of no further marring, relapse again into silent watchfulness, and lie in wait for another opportunity. Even this might be borne with by the aid of a little philosophy; but the worst of it is they are not content to manufacture puns and laugh heartily at them themselves; but they expect we should laugh with them; which I consider as an intolerable hardship, and a flagrant imposition on good nature. Let those gentlemen fritter away conversation with impunity, and deal out their wits in sixpenny bits if they please; but I beg I may have the choice of refusing currency to their small change. I am seriously afraid, however, that our junto is not quite free from the infection; nay, that it has even approached so near as to menace the tranquillity of my elbow-chair: for Will

Wizard, as we were in caucus the other night, absolutely electrified Pindar and myself with a most palpable and perplexing pun; had it been a torpedo, it could not have more discomposed the fraternity. Sentence of banishment was unanimously decreed; but on his confessing that, like many celebrated wits, he was merely retailing other men's wares on commission, he was for that once forgiven on condition of refraining from such diabolical practices in future. Pindar is particularly outrageous against punsters; and quite astonished and put me to a nonplus a day or two since by asking abruptly "whether I thought a punster could be a good Christian?" He followed up his question triumphantly by offering to prove, by sound logic and historical fact, that the Roman empire owed its decline and fall to a pun; and that nothing tended so much to demoralize the French nation as their abominable rage for *jeux de mots*.

But what, above everything else, has caused me much vexation of spirit, and displeased me most with this stiff-necked nation, is that, in spite of all the serious and profound censures of the sage Mustapha in his various letters—they *will talk!*—they will still wag their tongues and chatter like very slang-whangers! This is a degree of obstinacy incomprehensible in the extreme; and is another proof how alarming is the force of habit, and how difficult it is to reduce beings, accustomed to talk, to that state of silence which is the very acme of human wisdom.

We can only account for these disappointments in our moderate and reasonable expectations by supposing the world so deeply sunk in the mire of delinquency that not even Hercules, were he to put his shoulder to the axletree, would be able to extricate it. We comfort ourselves, however, by the reflection that there are at least three good men left in this degenerate age to benefit the world by example should precept ultimately fail. And borrowing, for once, an example from certain sleepy writers who, after the first emotions of surprise at finding their invaluable effusions neglected or despised, console themselves with the idea that 'tis a stupid

age, and look forward to posterity for redress. We bequeath our first volume to future generations—and much good may it do them. Heaven grant they may be able to read it! for, if our fashionable mode of education continues to improve, as of late, I am under serious apprehensions that the period is not far distant when the discipline of the dancing master will supersede that of the grammarian; crotchets and quavers supplant the alphabet; and the heels, by an antipodean maneuver, obtain entire pre-eminence over the head. How does my heart yearn for poor dear posterity, when this work shall become as unintelligible to our grandchildren as it seems to be to their grandfathers and grandmothers.

In fact, for I love to be candid, we begin to suspect that many people read our numbers merely for their amusement, without paying any attention to the serious truths conveyed in every page. Unpardonable want of penetration! Not that we wish to restrict our readers in the article of laughing, which we consider as one of the dearest prerogatives of man, and the distinguishing characteristic which raises him above all other animals; let them laugh, therefore, if they will, provided they profit at the same time and do not mistake our object. It is one of our indisputable facts that it is easier to laugh ten follies out of countenance than to coax, reason or flog a man out of one. In this odd, singular, and indescribable age, which is neither the age of gold, silver, iron, brass, chivalry, nor *pills*, as Sir John Carr asserts, a grave writer who attempts to attack folly with the heavy artillery of moral reasoning will fare like Smollett's honest pedant, who clearly demonstrated by angles, etc., after the manner of Euclid, that it was wrong to do evil; and was laughed at for his pains. Take my word for it, a little well-applied ridicule, like Hannibal's application of vinegar to rocks, will do more with certain hard heads and obdurate hearts than all the logic or demonstrations in Longinus or Euclid. But the people of Gotham, wise souls! are so much accustomed to see morality approach them clothed in formidable wigs and sable garbs, "with leaden eye that loves the ground,"

that they can never recognize her when, dressed in gay attire, she comes tripping toward them with smiles and sunshine in her countenance. Well, let the rogues remain in happy ignorance, for "ignorance is bliss," as the poet says; and I put as implicit faith in poetry as I do in the almanac or the newspaper. We will improve them, without their being the wiser for it, and they shall become better in spite of their teeth, and without their having the least suspicion of the reformation working within them.

Among all our manifold grievances, however, still some small but vivid rays of sunshine occasionally brighten along our path; cheering our steps, and inviting us to persevere.

The public have paid some little regard to a few articles of our advice. They have purchased our numbers freely—so much the better for our publisher. They have read them attentively—so much the better for themselves. The melancholy fate of my dear aunt Charity has had a wonderful effect; and I have now before me a letter from a gentleman who lives opposite to a couple of old ladies remarkable for the interest they took in his affairs. His apartments were absolutely in a state of blockade, and he was on the point of changing his lodgings, or capitulating, until the appearance of our ninth number, which he immediately sent over with his compliments. The good ladies took the hint, and have scarcely appeared at their window since. As to the wooden gentlemen, our friend Miss Sparkle assures me they are wonderfully improved by our criticisms, and sometimes venture to make a remark or attempt a pun in company, to the great edification of all who happen to understand them. As to red shawls, they are entirely discarded from the fair shoulders of our ladies—ever since the last importation of finery. Nor has any lady, since the cold weather, ventured to expose her elbows to the admiring gaze of scrutinizing passengers. But there is one victory we have achieved which has given us more pleasure than to have written down the whole administration: I am assured, from unquestionable authority, that our young ladies, doubtless in consequence of

our weighty admonitions, have not once indulged in that intoxicating, inflammatory, and whirligig dance, the waltz—ever since hot weather commenced. True it is, I understand an attempt was made to exhibit it by some of the sable fair ones at the last African ball, but it was highly disapproved of by all the respectable elderly ladies present.

These are sweet sources of comfort to atone for the many wrongs and misrepresentations heaped upon us by the world; for even we have experienced its ill-nature. How often have we heard ourselves reproached for the insidious applications of the uncharitable? How often have we been accused of emotions which never found an entrance into our bosoms? How often have our sportive effusions been wrested to serve the purposes of particular enmity and bitterness?—Meddlesome spirits! little do they know our disposition; we "lack gall" to wound the feelings of a single innocent individual; we can even forgive them from the very bottom of our souls! may they meet as ready a forgiveness from their own consciences! Like true and independent bachelors, having no domestic cares to interfere with our general benevolence, we consider it incumbent upon us to watch over the welfare of society; and although we are indebted to the world for little else than left-handed favors, yet we feel a proud satisfaction in requiting evil with good, and the sneer of illiberality with the unfeigned smile of good humor. With these mingled motives of selfishness and philanthropy we commenced our work, and if we cannot solace ourselves with the consciousness of having done much good, yet there is still one pleasing consolation left, which the world can neither give nor take away. There are moments—lingering moments of listless indifference and heavy-hearted despondency—when our best hopes and affections slipping, as they sometimes will, from their hold on those objects to which they usually cling for support, seem abandoned on the wide waste of cheerless existence, without a place to cast anchor; without a shore in view to excite a single wish, or to give a momentary interest to contemplation. We look back with delight upon many of

these moments of mental gloom, whiled away by the cheerful exercise of our pen, and consider every such triumph over the spleen as retarding the furrowing hand of time in its insidious encroachments on our brows. If, in addition to our own amusements, we have, as we jogged carelessly laughing along, brushed away one tear of dejection and called forth a smile in its place—if we have brightened the pale countenance of a single child of sorrow—we shall feel almost as much joy and rejoicing as a slang-whanger does when he bathes his pen in the heart's blood of a patron and benefactor; or sacrifices one more illustrious victim on the altar of party animosity.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS

It is our misfortune to be frequently pestered, in our peregrinations about this blessed city, by certain critical gad-flies, who buzz around and merely attack the skin, without ever being able to penetrate the body. The reputation of our promising *protégé*, Jeremy Cockloft the younger, has been assailed by these skin-deep critics; they have questioned his claims to originality, and even hinted that the ideas for his New Jersey tour were borrowed from a late work entitled "My Pocket-Book." As there is no literary offense more despicable in the eyes of the trio than borrowing, we immediately called Jeremy to an account: when he proved, by the dedication of the work in question, that it was first published in London in March, 1807—and that his "Stranger in New Jersey" had made its appearance on the 24th of the preceding February.

We were on the point of acquitting Jeremy with honor on the ground that it was impossible, knowing as he is, to borrow from a foreign work one month before it was in existence; when Will Wizard suddenly took up the cudgels for the critics, and insisted that nothing was more probable; for he recollected reading of an ingenious Dutch author who

plainly convicted the ancients of stealing from his labors! —So much for criticism.

We have received a host of friendly and admonitory letters from different quarters, and among the rest a very loving epistle from Georgetown, Columbia, signed Teddy M'Gundy, who addresses us by the name of Saul M'Gundy, and insists that we are descended from the same Irish progenitors, and nearly related. As friend Teddy seems to be an honest, merry rogue, we are sorry that we cannot admit his claims to kindred; we thank him, however, for his good-will, and should he ever be inclined to favor us with another epistle, we will hint to him, and, at the same time, to our other numerous correspondents, that their communications will be infinitely more acceptable if they will just recollect Tom Shuffleton's advice, "pay the post-boy, Muggins."

No. XIV.—SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1807

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

Health and joy to the friend of my heart!—May the angel of peace ever watch over thy dwelling, and the star of prosperity shed its benignant luster on all thy undertakings. Far other is the lot of thy captive friend. His brightest hopes extend but to a lengthened period of weary captivity, and memory only adds to the measure of his griefs by holding up a mirror which reflects with redoubled charms the hours of past felicity. In midnight slumbers my soul holds sweet converse with the tender objects of its affections. It is then the exile is restored to his country. It is then the

wide waste of waters that rolls between us disappears, and I clasp to my bosom the companion of my youth; I awake and find it is but a vision of the night. The sigh will rise—the tear of dejection will steal down my cheek. I fly to my pen, and strive to forget myself and my sorrows in conversing with my friend. In such a situation, my good Asem, it cannot be expected that I should be able so wholly to abstract myself from my own feelings as to give thee a full and systematic account of the singular people among whom my disastrous lot has been cast. I can only find leisure, from my own individual sorrows, to entertain thee occasionally with some of the most prominent features of their character, and now and then a solitary picture of their most preposterous eccentricities.

I have before observed that among the distinguishing characteristics of the people of this logocracy is their invincible love of talking, and that I could compare the nation to nothing but a mighty windmill. Thou art doubtless at a loss to conceive how this mill is supplied with grist; or, in other words, how it is possible to furnish subjects to supply the perpetual motion of so many tongues.

The genius of the nation appears in its highest luster in this particular in the discovery, or rather the application, of a subject which seems to supply an inexhaustible mine of words. It is nothing more, my friend, than "politics"; a word which, I declare to thee, has perplexed me almost as much as the redoubtable one of economy. On consulting a dictionary of this language, I found it denoted the science of government; and the relations, situations, and dispositions of states and empires. Good, thought I; for a people who boast of governing themselves there could not be a more important subject of investigation. I therefore listened attentively, expecting to hear from "the most enlightened people under the sun"—for so they modestly term themselves—sublime disputations on the science of legislation and precepts of political wisdom that would not have disgraced our great prophet and legislator himself! But, alas, Asem! how

continually are my expectations disappointed! how dignified a meaning does this word bear in the dictionary; how despicable its common application; I find it extending to every contemptible discussion of local animosity, and every petty altercation of insignificant individuals. It embraces, alike, all manner of concerns; from the organization of a divan, the election of a bashaw, or the levying of an army, to the appointment of a constable, the personal disputes of two miserable slang-whangers, the cleaning of the streets, or the economy of a dirt-cart. A couple of politicians will quarrel, with the most vociferous pertinacity, about the character of a bum-bailiff whom nobody cares for; or the deportment of a little great man whom nobody knows. And this is called talking politics. Nay! it is but a few days since that I was annoyed by a debate between two of my fellow-lodgers, who were magnanimously employed in condemning a luckless wight to infamy, because he chose to wear a red coat, and to entertain certain erroneous opinions some thirty years ago. Shocked at their illiberal and vindictive spirit, I rebuked them for thus indulging in slander and uncharitableness about the color of a coat, which had doubtless for many years been worn out; or the belief in errors, which, in all probability, had been long since atoned for and abandoned; but they justified themselves by alleging that they were only engaged in politics, and exerting that liberty of speech and freedom of discussion which was the glory and safeguard of their national independence. "Oh, Mahomet!" thought I, "what a country must that be which builds its political safety on ruined characters and the persecution of individuals!"

Into what transports of surprise and incredulity am I continually betrayed, as the character of this eccentric people gradually develops itself to my observations. Every new research increases the perplexities in which I am involved, and I am more than ever at a loss where to place them in the scale of my estimation. It is thus the philosopher, in pursuing truth through the labyrinth of doubt, error, and misrepresentation, frequently finds himself bewildered in the

mazes of contradictory experience; and almost wishes he could quietly retrace his wandering steps, steal back into the path of honest ignorance, and jog on once more in contented indifference.

How fertile in these contradictions is this extensive logocracy! Men of different nations, manners and languages live in this country in the most perfect harmony; and nothing is more common than to see individuals, whose respective governments are at variance, taking each other by the hand and exchanging the offices of friendship. Nay, even on the subject of religion, which, as it affects our dearest interests, our earliest opinions and prejudices, some warmth and heart-burnings might be excused, which, even in our enlightened country, is so fruitful in difference between man and man! Even religion occasions no dissension among these people; and it has even been discovered by one of their sages that believing in one God or twenty gods "neither breaks a man's leg nor picks his pocket." The idolatrous Persian may here bow down before his everlasting fire and prostrate himself toward the glowing east. The Chinese may adore his Fo, or his Josh; the Egyptian his stork; and the Mussulman practice, unmolested, the divine precepts of our immortal prophet. Nay, even the forlorn, abandoned Atheist, who lies down at night without committing himself to the protection of Heaven, and rises in the morning without returning thanks for his safety; who hath no deity but his own will; whose soul, like the sandy desert, is barren of every flower of hope to throw a solitary bloom over the dead level of sterility and soften the wide extent of desolation; whose darkened views extend not beyond the horizon that bounds his cheerless existence; to whom no blissful perspective opens beyond the grave; even he is suffered to indulge in his desperate opinions, without exciting one other emotion than pity or contempt. But this mild and tolerating spirit reaches not beyond the pale of religion. Once differ in politics, in mere theories, visions, and chimeras, the growth of interest, of folly, or madness, and deadly warfare ensues;

every eye flashes fire, every tongue is loaded with reproach, and every heart is filled with gall and bitterness.

At this period several unjustifiable and serious injuries on the part of the barbarians of the British island have given a new impulse to the tongue and the pen, and occasioned a terrible wordy fever.—Do not suppose, my friend, that I mean to condemn any proper and dignified expression of resentment for injuries. On the contrary, I love to see a word before a blow: for "in the fullness of the heart the tongue moveth." But my long experience has convinced me that people who talk the most about taking satisfaction for affronts generally content themselves with talking instead of revenging the insult; like the street women of this country, who, after a prodigious scolding, quietly sit down and fan themselves cool as fast as possible. But to return: the rage for talking has now, in consequence of the aggressions I alluded to, increased to a degree far beyond what I have observed heretofore. In the gardens of his highness of Tripoli are fifteen thousand bee-hives, three hundred peacocks, and a prodigious number of parrots and baboons; and yet I declare to thee, Asem, that their buzzing, and squalling, and chattering is nothing compared to the wild uproar and war of words now raging within the bosom of this mighty and distracted logocracy. Politics pervade every city, every village, every temple, every porter-house. The universal question is, "What is the news?" This is a kind of challenge to political debate; and as no two men think exactly alike, 'tis ten to one but before they finish all the polite phrases in the language are exhausted by way of giving fire and energy to argument. What renders this talking fever more alarming is that the people appear to be in the unhappy state of a patient whose palate nauseates the medicine best calculated for the cure of his disease, and seem anxious to continue in the full enjoyment of their chattering epidemic. They alarm each other by direful reports and fearful apprehensions; like I have seen a knot of old wives in this country entertain themselves with stories of ghosts

and goblins until their imaginations were in a most agonizing panic. Every day begets some new tale, big with agitation; and the busy goddess, Rumor, to speak in the poetic language of the Christians, is constantly in motion. She mounts her rattling stage-wagon and gallops about the country, freighted with a load of "hints," "informations," "extracts of letters from respectable gentlemen," "observations of respectable correspondents," and "unquestionable authorities"—which her high-priests, the slang-whangers, retail to their sapient followers with all the solemnity, and all the authenticity, of oracles. True it is, the unfortunate slang-whangers are sometimes at a loss for food to supply this insatiable appetite for intelligence; and are, not infrequently, reduced to the necessity of manufacturing dishes suited to the taste of the times; to be served up as morning and evening repasts to their disciples.

When the hungry politician is thus full charged with important information, he sallies forth to give due exercise to his tongue; and tells all he knows to everybody he meets. Now it is a thousand to one that every person he meets is just as wise as himself, charged with the same articles of information, and possessed of the same violent inclination to give it vent; for in this country every man adopts some particular slang-whanger as the standard of his judgment, and reads everything he writes, if he reads nothing else; which is doubtless the reason why the people of this logocracy are so marvelously enlightened. So away they tilt at each other with their borrowed lances, advancing to the combat with the opinions and speculations of their respective slang-whangers, which in all probability are diametrically opposite. Here, then, arises as fair an opportunity for a battle of words as heart could wish; and thou mayest rely upon it, Asem, they do not let it pass unimproved. They sometimes begin with argument; but in process of time, as the tongue begins to wax wanton, other auxiliaries become necessary; recrimination commences; reproach follows close at its heels; from political abuse they proceed to personal;

and thus often is a friendship of years trampled down by this contemptible enemy, this gigantic dwarf of "politics," the mongrel issue of groveling ambition and aspiring ignorance!

There would be but little harm indeed in all this, if it ended merely in a broken head; for this might soon be healed, and the scar, if any remained, might serve as a warning ever after against the indulgence of political intemperance—at the worst, the loss of such heads as these would be a gain to the nation. But the evil extends far deeper; it threatens to impair all social intercourse, and even to sever the sacred union of family and kindred. The convivial table is disturbed; the cheerful fireside is invaded; the smile of social hilarity is chased away; the bond of social love is broken, by the everlasting intrusion of this fiend of contention, who lurks in the sparkling bowl, crouches by the fireside, growls in the friendly circle, infests every avenue to pleasure; and, like the scowling incubus, sits on the bosom of society, pressing down and smothering every throb and pulsation of liberal philanthropy.

But thou wilt perhaps ask, "What can these people dispute about? one would suppose that, being all free and equal, they would harmonize as brothers; children of the same parent, and equal heirs of the same inheritance." This theory is most exquisite, my good friend, but in practice it turns out the very dream of a madman. Equality, Asem, is one of the most consummate scoundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of honest industry or enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness or indolent stupidity. There will always be an inequality among mankind so long as a portion of it is enlightened and industrious, and the rest idle and ignorant. The one will acquire a larger share of wealth, and its attendant comforts, refinements, and luxuries of life; and the influence and power which those will always possess who have the greatest ability of administering to the necessities of their

fellow-creatures. These advantages will inevitably excite envy; and envy as inevitably begets ill-will: hence arises that eternal warfare which the lower orders of society are waging against those who have raised themselves by their own merits, or have been raised by the merits of their ancestors, above the common level. In a nation possessed of quick feelings and impetuous passions, the hostility might engender deadly broils and bloody commotions; but here it merely vents itself in high-sounding words, which lead to continual breaches of decorum; or in the insidious assassination of character, and a restless propensity among the base to blacken every reputation which is fairer than their own.

I cannot help smiling sometimes to see the solicitude with which the people of America, so called from the country having been first discovered by Christopher Columbus, battle about them when any election takes place; as if they had the least concern in the matter, or were to be benefited by an exchange of bashaws. They really seem ignorant that none but the bashaws and their dependents are at all interested in the event; and that the people at large will not find their situation altered in the least. I formerly gave thee an account of an election which took place under my eye. The result has been that the people, as some of the slang-whangers say, have obtained a glorious triumph; which, however, is flatly denied by the opposite slang-whangers, who insist that their party is composed of the true sovereign people, and that the others are all Jacobins, Frenchmen, and Irish rebels. I ought to apprise thee that the last is a term of great reproach here; which, perhaps, thou wouldst not otherwise imagine, considering that it is not many years since this very people were engaged in revolution; the failure of which would have subjected them to the same ignominious epithet, and a participation in which is now the highest recommendation to public confidence. By Mahomet, but it cannot be denied that the consistency of this people, like everything else appertaining to them, is on a prodigious great scale!—To return, however, to the event of the election. The people

triumphed; and much good has it done them. I, for my part, expected to see wonderful changes and most magical metamorphoses. I expected to see the people all rich, that they would be all gentlemen bashaws, riding in their coaches and faring sumptuously every day; emancipated from toil, and reveling in luxurious ease. Wilt thou credit me, Asem, when I declare to thee that everything remains exactly in the same state it was before the last wordy campaign? Except a few noisy retainers who have crept into office, and a few noisy patriots, on the other side, who have been kicked out, there is not the least difference. The laborer toils for his daily support; the beggar still lives on the charity of those who have any charity to bestow; and the only solid satisfaction the multitude have reaped is, that they have got a new governor, or bashaw, whom they will praise, idolize, and exalt for a while; and afterward, notwithstanding the sterling merits he really possesses, in compliance with immemorial custom they will abuse, calumniate, and trample him under foot.

Such, my dear Asem, is the way in which the wise people of "the most enlightened country under the sun" are amused with straws and puffed up with mighty conceits; like a certain fish I have seen here, which, having his belly tickled for a short time, will swell and puff himself up to twice his usual size, and become a mere bladder of wind and vanity.

The blessing of a true Mussulman light on thee, good Asem; ever while thou livest be true to thy prophet; and rejoice that, though the boasting political chatterers of this logocracy cast upon thy countrymen the ignominious epithet of slaves, thou livest in a country where the people, instead of being at the mercy of a tyrant with a million of heads, have nothing to do but submit to the will of a bashaw of only three tails. Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

COCKLOFT HALL

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THOSE who pass their time immured in the smoky circumference of the city, amid the rattling of carts, the brawling of the multitude, and the variety of unmeaning and discordant sounds that prey insensibly upon the nerves and beget a weariness of the spirits, can alone understand and feel that expansion of the heart, that physical renovation which a citizen experiences when he steals forth from his dusty prison to breathe the free air of heaven and enjoy the clear face of nature. Who that has rambled by the side of one of our majestic rivers at the hour of sunset, when the wildly romantic scenery around is softened and tinted by the voluptuous mist of evening; when the bold and swelling outlines of the distant mountain seem melting into the glowing horizon and a rich mantle of refulgence is thrown over the whole expanse of the heavens, but must have felt how abundant is nature in sources of pure enjoyment; how luxuriant in all that can enliven the senses or delight the imagination. The jocund zephyr, full freighted with native fragrance, sues sweetly to the senses; the chirping of the thousand varieties of insects with which our woodlands abound, forms a concert of simple melody; even the barking of the farm dog, the lowing of the cattle, the tinkling of their bells, and the strokes of the woodman's ax from the opposite shore, seem to partake of the softness of the scene and fall tunefully upon the ear; while the voice of the villager, chanting some rustic ballad, swells from a distance in the semblance of the very music of harmonious love.

At such time I feel a sensation of sweet tranquillity; a hallowed calm is diffused over my senses; I cast my eyes around, and every object is serene, simple, and beautiful; no warring passion, no discordant string there vibrates to the

touch of ambition, self-interest, hatred, or revenge. I am at peace with the whole world and hail all mankind as friends and brothers. Blissful moments! ye recall the careless days of my boyhood, when mere existence was happiness, when hope was certainty, this world a paradise, and every woman a ministering angel! Surely man was designed for a tenant of the universe, instead of being pent up in these dismal cages, these dens of strife, disease, and discord. We were created to range the fields, to sport among the groves, to build castles in the air, and have every one of them realized!

A whole legion of reflections like these insinuated themselves into my mind, and stole me from the influence of the cold realities before me, as I took my accustomed walk, a few weeks since, on the Battery. Here, watching the splendid mutations of one of our summer skies, which emulated the boasted glories of an Italian sunset, I all at once discovered that it was but pack up my portmanteau, bid adieu for a while to my elbow-chair, and in a little time I should be transported from the region of smoke, and noise, and dust, to the enjoyment of a far sweeter prospect and a brighter sky. The next morning I was off full tilt to Cockloft Hall, leaving my man Pompey to follow at his leisure with my baggage. I love to indulge in rapid transitions, which are prompted by the quick impulse of the moment; 'tis the only mode of guarding against that intruding and deadly foe to all parties of pleasure—anticipation.

Having now made good my retreat, until the black frosts commence, it is but a piece of civility due to my readers, who I trust are, ere this, my friends, to give them a proper introduction to my present residence. I do this as much to gratify them as myself; well knowing a reader is always anxious to learn how his author is lodged, whether in a garret, a cellar, a hovel, or a palace—at least an author is generally vain enough to think so, and an author's vanity ought sometimes to be gratified. Poor vagabond! it is often the only gratification he ever tastes in this world!

Cockloft Hall is the country residence of the family, or

rather the paternal mansion; which, like the mother country, sends forth whole colonies to populate the face of the earth. Pindar whimsically denominates it the family hive! and there is at least as much truth as humor in my cousin's epithet; for many a redundant swarm has it produced. I don't recollect whether I have at any time mentioned to my readers, for I seldom look back on what I have written, that the fertility of the Cocklofts is proverbial. The female members of the family are most incredibly fruitful; and to use a favorite phrase of old Cockloft, who is excessively addicted to backgammon, they seldom fail "to throw doublets every time." I myself have known three or four very industrious young men reduced to great extremities, with some of these capital breeders; heaven smiled upon their union, and enriched them with a numerous and hopeful offspring—who eat them out of doors.

But to return to the Hall.—It is pleasantly situated on the bank of a sweet pastoral stream: not so near town as to invite an inundation of unmeaning, idle acquaintance, who come to lounge away an afternoon; nor so distant as to render it an absolute deed of charity or friendship to perform the journey. It is one of the oldest habitations in the country, and was built by my cousin Christopher's grandfather, who was also mine by the mother's side, in his latter days, to form, as the old gentleman expressed himself, "a snug retreat, where he meant to sit himself down in his old days and be comfortable for the rest of his life." He was at this time a few years over fourscore; but this was a common saying of his, with which he usually closed his airy speculations. One would have thought, from the long vista of years through which he contemplated many of his projects, that the good man had forgot the age of the patriarchs had long since gone by, and calculated upon living a century longer at least. He was for a considerable time in doubt on the question of roofing his house with shingles or slate: shingles would not last above thirty years! but then they were much cheaper than slates. He settled the matter by a kind of com-

promise, and determined to build with shingles first: "And when they are worn out," said the old gentleman, triumphantly, "'twill be time enough to replace them with more durable materials!" But his contemplated improvements surpassed everything; and scarcely had he a roof over his head when he discovered a thousand things to be arranged before he could "sit down comfortably." In the first place, every tree and bush on the place was cut down or grubbed up by the roots, because they were not placed to his mind; and a vast quantity of oaks, chestnuts, and elms set out in clumps and rows, and labyrinths, which he observed in about five-and-twenty or thirty years at most would yield a very tolerable shade, and, moreover, shut out all the surrounding country; for he was determined, he said, to have all his views on his own land, and be beholden to no man for a prospect. This, my learned readers will perceive, was something very like the idea of Lorenzo de' Medici, who gave as a reason for preferring one of his seats above all the others, "that all the ground within view of it was his own." Now, whether my grandfather ever heard of the Medici is more than I can say; I rather think, however, from the characteristic originality of the Cocklofts, that it was a whim-wham of his own begetting. Another odd notion of the old gentleman was to blow up a large bed of rocks, for the purpose of having a fish-pond, although the river ran at about one hundred yards' distance from the house and was well stored with fish; but there was nothing, he said, like having things to one's self. So at it he went with all the ardor of a projector who has just hit upon some splendid and useless whim-wham. As he proceeded, his views enlarged; he would have a summer-house built on the margin of the fish-pond; he would have it surrounded with elms and willows; and he would have a cellar dug under it, for some incomprehensible purpose which remains a secret to this day. "In a few years," he observed, "it would be a delightful piece of wood and water, where he might ramble on a summer's noon, smoke his pipe, and enjoy himself in his old days." Thrice honest old soul!—he died

of an apoplexy in his ninetieth year, just as he had begun to blow up the fish-pond.

Let no one ridicule the whim-whams of my grandfather. If—and of this there is no doubt, for wise men have said it—if life is but a dream, happy is he who can make the most of the illusion.

Since my grandfather's death, the Hall has passed through the hands of a succession of true old cavaliers like himself, who gloried in observing the golden rules of hospitality; which, according to the Cockloft principle, consist in giving a guest the freedom of the house, cramming him with beef and pudding, and, if possible, laying him under the table with prime port, claret, or London particular. The mansion appears to have been consecrated to the jolly god, and teems with monuments sacred to conviviality. Every chest of drawers, clothes-press, and cabinet, is decorated with enormous china punch-bowls, which Mrs. Cockloft has paraded with much ostentation, particularly in her favorite red damask bedchamber, and in which a projector might, with great satisfaction, practice his experiments on fleets, diving-bells, and submarine boats.

I have before mentioned Cousin Christopher's profound veneration for antique furniture; in consequence of which the old Hall is furnished in much the same style with the house in town. Old-fashioned bedsteads, with high testers; massy clothes-presses, standing most majestically on eagles' claws, and ornamented with a profusion of shining brass handles, clasps, and hinges; and around the grand parlor are solemnly arranged a set of high-backed, leather-bottomed, massy, mahogany chairs, that always remind me of the formal long-waisted belles who flourished in stays and buckram about the time they were in fashion.

If I may judge from their height, it was not the fashion for gentlemen in those days to loll over the back of a lady's chair and whisper in her ear what—might be as well spoken aloud; at least, they must have been Patagonians to have effected it. Will Wizard declares that he saw a little fat

German gallant attempt once to whisper Miss Barbara Cockloft in this manner, but being unluckily caught by the chin, he dangled and kicked about for half a minute before he could find terra firma; but Will is much addicted to hyperbole, by reason of his having been a great traveler.

But what the Cocklofts most especially pride themselves upon is the possession of several family portraits, which exhibit as honest a square set of portly, well-fed looking gentlemen, and gentlewomen, as ever grew and flourished under the pencil of a Dutch painter. Old Christopher, who is a complete genealogist, has a story to tell of each; and dilates with copious eloquence on the great services of the general in large sleeves during the old French war; and on the piety of the lady in blue velvet, who so attentively peruses her book, and was once so celebrated for a beautiful arm: but much as I reverence my illustrious ancestors, I find little to admire in their biography, except my cousin's excellent memory; which is most provokingly retentive of every uninteresting particular.

My allotted chamber in the Hall is the same that was occupied in days of yore by my honored uncle John. The room exhibits many memorials which recall to my remembrance the solid excellence and amiable eccentricities of that gallant old lad. Over the mantel-piece hangs the portrait of a young lady dressed in a flaring, long-waisted, blue-silk gown; be-flowered, and be-furbelowed, and be-cuffed, in a most abundant manner; she holds in one hand a book, which she very complaisantly neglects to turn and smile on the spectator; in the other a flower, which I hope, for the honor of Dame Nature, was the sole production of the painter's imagination; and a little behind her is something tied to a blue ribbon, but whether a little dog, a monkey, or a pigeon, must be left to the judgment of future commentators. This little damsel, tradition says, was my uncle John's third flame; and he would infallibly have run away with her could he have persuaded her into the measure; but at that time ladies were not quite so easily run away with as Columbine; and

my uncle, failing in the point, took a lucky thought, and with great gallantry run off with her picture, which he conveyed in triumph to Cockloft Hall, and hung up in his bedchamber as a monument of his enterprising spirit. The old gentleman prided himself mightily on this chivalric maneuver; always chuckled, and pulled up his stock when he contemplated the picture, and never related the exploit without winding up with—"I might, indeed, have carried off the original had I chose to dangle a little longer after her chariot-wheels; for, to do the girl justice, I believe she had a liking for me; but I always scorned to coax, my boy—always—'twas my way." My uncle John was of a happy temperament; I would give half I am worth for his talent at self-consolation.

The Misses Cockloft have made several spirited attempts to introduce modern furniture into the Hall; but with very indifferent success. Modern style has always been an object of great annoyance to honest Christopher; and is ever treated by him with sovereign contempt, as an upstart intruder. It is a common observation of his that your old-fashioned substantial furniture bespeaks the respectability of one's ancestors, and indicates that the family has been used to hold up its head for more than the present generation; whereas the fragile appendages of modern style seemed to be emblems of mushroom gentility; and, to his mind, predicted that the family dignity would moulder away and vanish with the finery thus put on of a sudden. The same whim-wham makes him averse to having his house surrounded with poplars; which he stigmatizes as mere upstarts, just fit to ornament the shingle palaces of modern gentry and characteristic of the establishments they decorate. Indeed, so far does he carry his veneration for all the antique trumpery that he can scarcely see the venerable dust brushed from its resting place on the old-fashioned testers, or a gray-bearded spider dislodged from his ancient inheritance without groaning; and I once saw him in a transport of passion on Jeremy's knocking down a mouldering martin-coop with his tennis-ball,

which had been set up in the latter days of my grandfather. Another object of his peculiar affection is an old English cherry tree which leans against a corner of the Hall; and whether the house supports it, or it supports the house, would be, I believe, a question of some difficulty to decide. It is held sacred by friend Christopher because he planted and reared it himself, and had once wellnigh broken his neck by a fall from one of its branches. This is one of his favorite stories: and there is reason to believe that if the tree was out of the way the old gentleman would forget the whole affair; which would be a great pity. The old tree has long since ceased bearing, and is exceedingly infirm; every tempest robs it of a limb; and one would suppose, from the lamentations of my old friend on such occasions, that he had lost one of his own. He often contemplates it in a half-melancholy, half-moralizing humor—"Together," he says, "have we flourished, and together shall we wither away. A few years, and both our heads will be laid low; and, perhaps, my mouldering bones may, one day or other, mingle with the dust of the tree I have planted." He often fancies, he says, that it rejoices to see him when he revisits the Hall; and that its leaves assume a brighter verdure, as if to welcome his arrival. How whimsically are our tenderest feelings assailed! At one time the old tree had obtruded a withered branch before Miss Barbara's window, and she desired her father to order the gardener to saw it off. I shall never forget the old man's answer, and the look that accompanied it. "What," cried he, "lop off the limbs of my cherry tree in its old age? —why do you not cut off the gray locks of your poor old father?"

Do my readers yawn at this long family detail? They are welcome to throw down our work and never resume it again. I have no care for such ungratified spirits, and will not throw away a thought on one of them; full often have I contributed to their amusement, and have I not a right, for once, to consult my own? Who is there that does not fondly turn, at times, to linger round those scenes which were once

the haunt of his boyhood, ere his heart grew heavy and his head waxed gray; and to dwell with fond affection on the friends who have twined themselves round his heart, mingled in all his enjoyments, contributed to all his felicities? If there be any who cannot relish these enjoyments let them despair; for they have been so soiled in their intercourse with the world as to be incapable of tasting some of the purest pleasures that survive the happy period of youth.

To such as have not yet lost the rural feeling, I address this simple family picture; and in the honest sincerity of a warm heart, I invite them to turn aside from bustle, care, and toil, to tarry with me for a season in the hospitable mansion of the Cocklofts.

I WAS really apprehensive, on reading the following effusion of Will Wizard, that he still retained that pestilent hankering after puns of which we lately convicted him. He, however, declares that he is fully authorized by the example of the most popular critics and wits of the present age, whose manner and matter he has closely and, he flatters himself, successfully copied in the subsequent essay.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

THE uncommon healthiness of the season, occasioned, as several learned physicians assure me, by the universal prevalence of the influenza, has encouraged the chieftain of our dramatic corps to marshal his forces, and to commence the campaign at a much earlier day than usual. He has been induced to take the field thus suddenly, I am told, by the invasion of certain foreign marauders, who pitched their tents at Vauxhall Garden during the warm months; and taking advantage of his army being disbanded and dis-

persed in summer quarters, committed sad depredations upon the borders of his territories: carrying off a considerable portion of his winter harvest, and murdering some of his most distinguished characters.

It is true, these hardy invaders have been reduced to great extremity by the late heavy rains, which injured and destroyed much of their camp-equipage; besides spoiling the best part of their wardrobe. Two cities, a triumphal car, and a new moon for Cinderella, together with the barber's boy, who was employed every night to powder and make it shine white, have been entirely washed away, and the sea has become very wet and mouldy; insomuch that great apprehensions are entertained that it will never be dry enough for use. Add to this the noble county Paris had the misfortune to tear his corduroy breeches in the scuffle with Romeo, by reason of the tomb being very wet, which occasioned him to slip; and he and his noble rival possessing but one poor pair of satin ones between them, were reduced to considerable shifts to keep up the dignity of their respective houses. In spite of these disadvantages, and the untoward circumstances, they continued to enact most intrepidly; performing with much ease and confidence, inasmuch as they were seldom pestered with an audience to criticise and put them out of countenance. It is rumored that the last heavy shower absolutely dissolved the company, and that our manager has nothing further to apprehend from that quarter.

The theater opened on Wednesday last, with great eclat, as we critics say, and almost vied in brilliancy with that of my superb friend Consequa in Canton; where the castles were all ivory, the sea mother-of-pearl, the skies gold and silver leaf, and the outside of the boxes inlaid with scallop shell-work. Those who want a better description of the theater may as well go and see it; and then they can judge for themselves. For the gratification of a highly respectable class of readers who love to see everything on paper, I had indeed prepared a circumstantial and truly incomprehensible account of it, such as your traveler always fills his book with,

and which I defy the most intelligent architect, even the great Sir Christopher Wren, to understand. I had jumbled cornices, and pilasters, and pillars, and capitals, and triglyphs, and modules, and plinths, and volutes, and perspectives, and foreshortenings, helter-skelter; and had set all the orders of architecture, Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, etc., together by the ears, in order to work out a satisfactory description; but the manager having sent me a polite note, requesting that I would not take off the sharp edge, as he whimsically expresses it, of public curiosity, thereby diminishing the receipts of his house, I have willingly consented to oblige him, and have left my description at the store of our publisher, where any person may see it—provided he applies at a proper hour.

I cannot refrain here from giving vent to the satisfaction I received from the excellent performances of the different actors, one and all; and particularly the gentlemen who shifted the scenes, who acquitted themselves throughout with great celerity, dignity, pathos, and effect. Nor must I pass over the peculiar merits of my friend John, who gallanted off the chairs and tables in the most dignified and circumspect manner. Indeed, I have had frequent occasion to applaud the correctness with which this gentleman fulfills the parts allotted him, and consider him as one of the best general performers in the company. My friend, the cockney, found considerable fault with the manner in which John shoved a huge rock from behind the scenes; maintaining that he should have put his left foot forward, and pushed it with his right hand, that being the method practiced by his contemporaries of the royal theaters, and universally approved by their best critics. He also took exception to John's coat, which he pronounced too short by a foot at least; particularly when he turned his back to the company. But I look upon these objections in the same light as new readings, and insist that John shall be allowed to maneuver his chairs and tables, shove his rocks, and wear his skirts in that style which his genius best affects. My hopes in the rising merit of this favorite actor daily increase; and I would hint to the

manager the propriety of giving him a benefit, advertising, in the usual style of play-bills, as a "springe to catch woodcocks," that, between the play and farce, John will *make a bow*—for that night only!

I am told that no pains have been spared to make the exhibitions of this season as splendid as possible. Several expert rat-catchers have been sent into different parts of the country to catch white mice for the grand pantomime of "Cinderella." A nestful of little squab Cupids have been taken in the neighborhood of Communipaw; they are as yet but half fledged, of the true Holland breed, and it is hoped will be able to fly about by the middle of October; otherwise they will be suspended about the stage by the waistband, like little alligators in an apothecary's shop, as the pantomime must positively be performed by that time. Great pains and expense have been incurred in the importation of one of the most portly pumpkins in New England; and the public may be assured there is now one on board a vessel from New Haven which will contain Cinderella's coach and six with perfect ease, were the white mice even ten times as large.

Also several barrels of hail, rain, brimstone and gunpowder are in store for melodramas; of which a number are to be played off this winter. It is furthermore whispered me that the great thunder-drum has been new braced, and an expert performer on that instrument engaged, who will thunder in plain English, so as to be understood by the most illiterate hearer. This will be infinitely preferable to the miserable Italian thunderer, employed last winter by Mr. Ciceri, who performed in such an unnatural and outlandish tongue that none but the scholars of Signor Da Ponte could understand him. It will be a further gratification to the patriotic audience to know that the present thunderer is a fellow-countryman, born at Dunderbarrack, among the echoes of the Highlands; and that he thunders with peculiar emphasis and pompous enunciation, in the true style of a Fourth of July orator.

In addition to all these additions, the manager has provided an entire new snowstorm; the very sight of which will be quite sufficient to draw a shawl over every naked bosom in the theater; the snow is perfectly fresh, having been manufactured last August.

N.B.—The outside of the theater has been ornamented with a new chimney!!

No. XV.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1807

SKETCHES FROM NATURE

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

THE brisk northwesters which prevailed not long since had a powerful effect in arresting the progress of belles, beaux, and wild pigeons in their fashionable northern tour, and turning them back to the more balmy region of the South. Among the rest, I was encountered, full butt, by a blast which set my teeth chattering, just as I doubled one of the frowning bluffs of the Mohawk mountains, in my route to Niagara; and facing about incontinently, I forthwith scud before the wind, and a few days since arrived at my old quarters in New York. My first care, on returning from so long an absence, was to visit the worthy family of the Cocklofts, whom I found safe, burrowed in their country mansion. On inquiring for my highly respected coadjutor, Langstaff, I learned with great concern that he had relapsed into one of his eccentric fits of the spleen, ever since the era of a turtle dinner given by old Cockloft to some of the neighboring squires; wherein the old gentleman had achieved a glorious victory, in laying honest Launcelot fairly under the table. Langstaff, although fond of the social board and cheerful glass, yet abominates any excess; and has an invincible aversion to getting mellow, considering it

a willful outrage on the sanctity of imperial mind, a senseless abuse of the body, and an unpardonable, because a voluntary, prostration of both mental and personal dignity. I have heard him moralize on the subject, in a style that would have done honor to Michael Cassia himself; but I believe, if the truth were known, this antipathy rather arises from his having, as the phrase is, but a weak head, and nerves so extremely sensitive that he is sure to suffer severely from a frolic; and will groan and make resolutions against it for a week afterward. He therefore took this waggish exploit of old Christopher's, and the consequent quizzing which he underwent, in high dudgeon; had kept aloof from company for a fortnight, and appeared to be meditating some deep plan of retaliation upon his mischievous old crony. He had, however, for the last day or two shown some symptoms of convalescence: had listened, without more than half a dozen twitches of impatience, to one of Christopher's unconscionable long stories; and even was seen to smile, for the one hundred and thirtieth time, at a venerable joke originally borrowed from Joe Miller: but which, by dint of long occupancy, and frequent repetition, the old gentleman now firmly believes happened to himself somewhere in New England.

As I am well acquainted with Launcelot's haunts, I soon found him out. He was lolling on his favorite bench, rudely constructed at the foot of an old tree which is full of fantastical twists, and with its spreading branches forms a canopy of luxuriant foliage. This tree is a kind of chronicle of the short reigns of his uncle John's mistresses; and its trunk is sorely wounded with carvings of true lovers' knots, hearts, darts, names, and inscriptions!—frail memorials of the variety of the fair dames who captivated the wandering fancy of that old cavalier in the days of his youthful romance. Launcelot holds this tree in particular regard, as he does everything else connected with the memory of his good uncle John. He was reclining, in one of his usual brown studies, against its trunk, and gazing pensively upon the river that glided just by, washing the drooping branches of the dwarf willows that fringed

its bank. My appearance roused him. He grasped my hand with his usual warmth, and with a tremulous but close pressure which spoke that his heart entered into the salutation. After a number of affectionate inquiries and felicitations, such as friendship, not form, dictated, he seemed to relapse into his former flow of thought, and to resume the chain of ideas my appearance had broken for a moment.

"I was reflecting," said he, "my dear Anthony, upon some observations I made in our last number; and considering whether the sight of objects once dear to the affections, or of scenes where we have passed different happy periods of early life, really occasions most enjoyment or most regret. Renewing our acquaintance with well-known but long-separated objects revives, it is true, the recollection of former pleasures, and touches the tenderest feelings of the heart; like the flavor of a delicious beverage will remain upon the palate long after the cup has parted from the lips. But on the other hand, my friend, these same objects are too apt to awaken us to a keener recollection of what we were when they erst delighted us; to provoke a mortifying and melancholy contrast with what we are at present. They act, in a manner, as milestones of existence, showing us how far we have traveled in the journey of life; how much of our weary but fascinating pilgrimage is accomplished. I look round me, and my eye fondly recognizes the fields I once sported over, the river in which I once swam, and the orchard I intrepidly robbed in the halcyon days of boyhood. The fields are still green, the river still rolls unaltered and undiminished, and the orchard is still flourishing and fruitful; it is I only am changed. The thoughtless flow of madcap spirits that nothing could depress; the elasticity of nerve that enabled me to bound over the field, to stem the stream, and climb the tree; the 'sunshine of the breast' that beamed an illusive charm over every object, and created a paradise around me!—where are they? The thievish lapse of years has stolen them away, and left in return nothing but gray hairs and a repining spirit." My friend Launcelot concluded

his harangue with sigh, and as I saw he was still under the influence of a whole legion of the blues, and just on the point of sinking into one of his whimsical and unreasonable fits of melancholy abstraction, I proposed a walk. He consented, and slipping his left arm in mine, and waving in the other a gold-headed thorn cane, bequeathed him by his uncle John, we slowly rambled along the margin of the river.

Langstaff, though possessing great vivacity of temper, is most wofully subject to these "thick coming fancies"; and I do not know a man whose animal spirits do insult him with more jiltings, and coquetries, and slippery tricks. In these moods he is often visited by a whim-wham which he indulges in common with the Cocklofts. It is that of looking back with regret, conjuring up the phantoms of good old times, and decking them out in imaginary finery with the spoils of his fancy; like a good lady widow regretting the loss of the "poor dear man," for whom, while living, she cared not a rush. I have seen him and Pindar, and old Cockloft, amuse themselves over a bottle with their youthful days; until, by the time they had become what is termed merry, they were the most miserable beings in existence. In a similar humor was Launcelot at present, and I knew the only way was to let him moralize himself out of it.

Our ramble was soon interrupted by the appearance of a personage of no little importance at Cockloft Hall. For, to let my readers into a family secret, friend Christopher is notoriously henpecked by an old negro, who has whitened on the place; and is his master, almanac, and counselor. My readers, if haply they have sojourned in the country and become conversant in rural manners, must have observed that there is scarce a little hamlet but has one of these old weather-beaten wiseacres of negroes, who ranks among the great characters of the place. He is always resorted to as an oracle to resolve any question about the weather, fishing, shooting, farming, and horse-doctoring; and on such occasions will slouch his remnant of a hat on one side, fold his arms, roll his white eyes, and examine the sky, with a look

as knowing as Peter Pindar's magpie when peeping into a marrow-bone. Such a sage curmudgeon is Old Cæsar, who acts as friend Cockloft's prime minister or grand vizier; assumes, when abroad, his master's style and title—to wit, Squire Cockloft; and is, in effect, absolute lord and ruler of the soil.

As he passed us he pulled off his hat with an air of something more than respect. It partook, I thought, of affection. "There, now, is another memento of the kind I have been noticing," said Launcelot. "Cæsar was a bosom friend and chosen playmate of Cousin Pindar and myself when we were boys. Never were we so happy as when, stealing away on a holiday to the Hall, we ranged about the fields with honest Cæsar. He was particularly adroit in making our quail-traps and fishing-rods; was always the ringleader in all the schemes of frolicsome mischief perpetrated by the urchins of the neighborhood; considered himself on an equality with the best of us; and many a hard battle have I had with him about a division of the spoils of an orchard or the title to a bird's nest. Many a summer evening do I remember when huddled together on the steps of the Hall door, Cæsar, with his stories of ghosts, goblins, and witches, would put us all in a panic, and people every lane, and churchyard, and solitary wood, with imaginary beings. In process of time, he became the constant attendant and Man Friday of Cousin Pindar, whenever he went a sparking among the rosy country girls of the neighboring farms; and brought up his rear at every rustic dance, when he would mingle in the sable group that always thronged the door of merriment; and it was enough to put to the rout a host of splenetic imps to see his mouth gradually dilate from ear to ear, with pride and exultation, at seeing how neatly Master Pindar footed it over the floor. Cæsar was likewise the chosen confidant and special agent of Pindar in all his love affairs, until, as his evil stars would have it, on being intrusted with the delivery of a poetic billet-doux to one of his patron's sweethearts, he took an unlucky notion to send it to his own sable dulcinea; who,

not being able to read it, took it to her mistress; and so the whole affair was blown. Pindar was universally roasted, and Cæsar discharged forever from his confidence.

"Poor Cæsar!—he has now grown old, like his young masters, but he still remembers old times; and will, now and then, remind me of them as he lights me to my room, and lingers a little while to bid me a good-night. Believe me, my dear Evergreen, the honest, simple old creature has a warm corner in my heart. I don't see, for my part, why a body may not like a negro as well as a white man!"

By the time these biographical anecdotes were ended we had reached the stable, into which we involuntarily strolled, and found Cæsar busily employed in rubbing down the horses; an office he would not intrust to anybody else, having contracted an affection for every beast in the stable, from their being descendants of the old race of animals, his youthful contemporaries. Cæsar was very particular in giving us their pedigrees, together with a panegyric on the swiftness, bottom, blood, and spirit of their sires. From these he digressed into a variety of anecdotes, in which Launcelot bore a conspicuous part, and on which the old negro dwelt with all the garrulity of age. Honest Langstaff stood leaning with his arm over the back of his favorite steed, old Killdeer; and I could perceive he listened to Cæsar's simple details with that fond attention with which a feeling mind will hang over narratives of boyish days. His eyes sparkled with animation, a glow of youthful fire stole across his pale visage; he nodded with smiling approbation at every sentence; chuckled at every exploit; laughed heartily at the story of his once having smoked out a country singing-school with brimstone and asafetida; and slipping a piece of money into old Cæsar's hand to buy himself a new tobacco-box, he seized me by the arm and hurried out of the stable brimful of good-nature. "'Tis a pestilent old rogue for talking, my dear fellow," cried he, "but you must not find fault with him—the creature means well." I knew at the very moment that he made this apology honest Cæsar could not have given

him half the satisfaction had he talked like a Cicero or a Solomon.

Launcelot returned to the house with me in the best possible humor. The whole family, who, in truth, love and honor him from their very souls, were delighted to see the sunbeams once more play in his countenance. Every one seemed to vie who should talk the most, tell the longest stories, and be most agreeable; and Will Wizard, who had accompanied me in my visit, declared, as he lighted his cigar, which had gone out forty times in the course of one of his Oriental tales, that he had not passed so pleasant an evening since the birth-night ball of the beauteous empress of Hayti.

THE following essay was written by my friend Langstaff, in one of the paroxysms of his splenetic complaint; and, for aught I know, may have been effectual in restoring him to good humor. A mental discharge of the kind has a remarkable tendency toward sweetening the temper; and Launcelot is, at this moment, one of the best-natured men in existence.

A. EVERGREEN.

ON GREATNESS

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WE have more than once, in the course of our work, been most jocosely familiar with great personages; and, in truth, treated them with as little ceremony, respect, and consideration, as if they had been our most particular friends. Now, we would not suffer the mortification of having our readers even suspect us of an intimacy of the kind; assuring them we are extremely choice in our intimates, and uncommonly circumspect in avoiding connections with all doubtful characters; particularly pimps, bailiffs, lottery-brokers, chevaliers of industry, and great men. The world, in general, is pretty

well aware of what is to be understood by the former classes of delinquents; but as the latter has never, I believe, been specifically defined; and as we are determined to instruct our readers to the extent of our abilities, and their limited comprehension, it may not be amiss here to let them know what we understand by a great man.

First, therefore, let us—editors and kings are always plural—premise that there are two kinds of greatness; one conferred by Heaven—the exalted nobility of the soul; the other, a spurious distinction, engendered by the mob and lavished upon its favorites. The former of these distinctions we have always contemplated with reverence; the latter, we will take this opportunity to strip naked before our unenlightened readers; so that if by chance any of them are held in ignominious thralldom by this base circulation of false coin, they may forthwith emancipate themselves from such inglorious delusion.

It is a fictitious value given to individuals by public caprice, as bankers give an impression to a worthless slip of paper; thereby gaining it a currency for infinitely more than its intrinsic value. Every nation has its peculiar coin and peculiar great men; neither of which will, for the most part, pass current out of the country where they are stamped. Your true mob-created great man is like a note of one of the little New England banks, and his value depreciates in proportion to the distance from home. In England, a great man is he who has most ribbons and gewgaws on his coat, most horses to his carriage, most slaves in his retinue, or most toad-eaters at his table; in France, he who can most dexterously flourish his heels above his head: Duport is most incontestably the greatest man in France!—when the emperor is absent. The greatest man in China is he who can trace his ancestry up to the moon; and in this country our great men may generally hunt down their pedigree until it burrows in the dirt like a rabbit. To be concise, our great men are those who are most expert in crawling on all fours, and have the happiest facility in dragging and wind-

ing themselves along in the dirt like very reptiles. This may seem a paradox to many of my readers, who, with great good-nature be it hinted, are too stupid to look beyond the mere surface of our invaluable writings; and often pass over the knowing allusion and poignant meaning that is slyly couching beneath. It is for the benefit of such helpless ignorants, who have no other creed but the opinion of the mob, that I shall trace—as far as it is possbile to follow him in his progress from insignificance—the rise, progress, and completion of a *little great man.*

In a logocracy, to use the sage Mustapha's phrase, it is not absolutely necessary to the formation of a great man that he should be either wise or valiant, upright or honorable. On the contrary, daily experience shows that these qualities rather impede his preferment; inasmuch as they are prone to render him too inflexibly erect, and are directly at variance with that willowy suppleness which enables a man to wind and twist through all the nooks and turns and dark winding passages that lead to greatness. The grand requisite for climbing the rugged hill of popularity—the summit of which is the seat of power—is to be useful. And here once more, for the sake of our readers, who are, of course, not so wise as ourselves, I must explain what we understand by usefulness. The horse, in his native state, is wild, swift, impetuous, full of majesty, and of a most generous spirit. It is then the animal is noble, exalted, and useless. But entrap him, manacle him, cudgel him, break down his lofty spirit, put the curb into his mouth, the load upon his back, and reduce him into servile obedience to the bridle and the lash, and it is then he becomes useful. Your jackass is one of the most useful animals in existence. If my readers do not now understand what I mean by usefulness, I give them all up for most absolute nincoms.

To rise in this country, a man must first descend. The aspiring politician may be compared to that indefatigable insect called the tumbler; pronounced by a distinguished personage to be the only industrious animal in Virginia, which

buries itself in filth, and works ignobly in the dirt, until it forms a little ball, which it rolls laboriously along, like Diogenes in his tub; sometimes head, sometimes tail foremost, pilfering from every rut and mud-hole, and increasing its ball of greatness by the contributions of the kennel. Just so the candidate for greatness. He plunges into that mass of obscenity, the mob; labors in dirt and oblivion, and makes unto himself the rudiments of a popular name from the admiration and praises of rogues, ignoramuses, and blackguards. His name once started, onward he goes struggling, and puffing, and pushing it before him; collecting new tributes from the dregs and offals of the land as he proceeds, until having gathered together a mighty mass of popularity, he mounts it in triumph; is hoisted into office, and becomes a great man and a ruler in the land. All this will be clearly illustrated by a sketch of a worthy of the kind, who sprung up under my eye, and was hatched from pollution by the broad rays of popularity, which, like the sun, can "breed maggots in a dead dog."

Timothy Dabble was a young man of very promising talents: for he wrote a fair hand, and had thrice won the silver medal at a country academy. He was also an orator, for he talked with emphatic volubility, and could argue a full hour without taking either side or advancing a single opinion. He had still further requisites for eloquence; for he made very handsome gestures, had dimples in his cheeks when he smiled, and enunicated most harmoniously through his nose. In short, nature had certainly marked him out for a great man; for though he was not tall, yet he added at least half an inch to his stature by elevating his head, and assumed an amazing expression of dignity by turning up his nose and curling his nostrils in a style of conscious superiority. Convinced by these unequivocal appearances, Dabble's friends, in full caucus, one and all, declared that he was undoubtedly born to be a great man, and it would be his own fault if he were not one. Dabble was tickled with an opinion which coincided so happily with his own—for vanity, in a

confidential whisper, had given him the like intimation; and he reverenced the judgment of his friends because they thought so highly of himself. Accordingly he set out with determination to become a great man and to start in the a scrub-race for honor and renown. How to attain the desired prizes was, however, the question. He knew by a kind of instinctive feeling, which seems peculiar to groveling minds, that honor, and its better part—profit, would never seek him out; that they would never knock at his door and crave admittance; but must be courted and toiled after, and earned. He therefore strutted forth into the highways, the market-places, and the assemblies of the people; ranted like a true cockerel orator about virtue, and patriotism, and liberty, and equality, and himself. Full many a political wind-mill did he battle with; and full many a time did he talk himself out of breath and his hearers out of their patience. But Dabble found, to his vast astonishment, that there was not a notorious political pimp at a ward meeting but could out-talk him; and what was still more mortifying, there was not a notorious political pimp but was more noticed and caressed than himself. The reason was simple enough; while he harangued about principles, the others ranted about men; where he reprobated a political error, they blasted a political character. They were, consequently, the most useful; for the great object of our political disputes is not who shall have the honor of emancipating the community from the leading strings of delusion, but who shall have the profit of holding the strings and leading the community by the nose.

Dabble was likewise very loud in his professions of integrity, incorruptibility, and disinterestedness; words which, from being filtered and refined through newspapers and election handbills, have lost their original signification; and in the political dictionary are synonymous with empty pockets, itching palms, and interested ambition. He, in addition to all this, declared that he would support none but honest men; but unluckily as but few of these offered themselves to be supported, Dabble's services were seldom re-

quired. He pledged himself never to engage in party schemes, or party politics, but to stand up solely for the broad interests of his country. So he stood alone; and what is the same thing, he stood still; for, in this country, he who does not side with either party is like a body in a *vacuum* between two planets, and must forever remain motionless.

Dabble was immeasurably surprised that a man so honest, so disinterested, and so sagacious withal—and one too who had the good of his country so much at heart—should thus remain unnoticed and unapplauded. A little worldly advice, whispered in his ear by a shrewd old politician, at once explained the whole mystery. "He who would become great," said he, "must serve an apprenticeship to greatness, and rise by regular gradation, like the master of a vessel, who commences by being scrub and cabin-boy. He must fag in the train of great men, echo all their sentiments, become their toad-eater and parasite; laugh at all their jokes, and above all, endeavor to make them laugh; if you only now and then make a man laugh, your fortune is made. Look but about you, youngster, and you will not see a single little great man of the day, but has his miserable herd of retainers, who yelp at his heels, come at his whistle, worry whoever he points his finger at, and think themselves fully rewarded by sometimes snapping up a crumb that falls from the great man's table. Talk of patriotism and virtue, and incorruptibility! Tut, man! they are the very qualities that scare munificence and keep patronage at a distance. You might as well attempt to entice crows with red rags and gunpowder. Lay all these scarecrow virtues aside, and let this be your maxim, that a candidate for political eminence is like a dried herring—he never becomes luminous until he is corrupt."

Dabble caught with hungry avidity these congenial doctrines, and turned into his predestined channel of action with the force and rapidity of a stream which has for a while been restrained from its natural course. He became what nature

had fitted him to be. His tone softened down from arrogant self-sufficiency to the whine of fawning solicitation. He mingled in the caucuses of the sovereign people; adapted his dress to a similitude of dirty raggedness; argued most logically with those who were of his own opinion; and slandered, with all the malice of impotence, exalted characters whose orbit he despaired ever to approach—just as that scoundrel midnight thief, the owl, hoots at the blessed light of the sun, whose glorious luster he dares never contemplate. He likewise applied himself to discharging faithfully the honorable duties of a partisan. He poached about for private slanders and ribald anecdotes. He folded handbills. He even wrote one or two himself, which he carried about in his pocket and read to everybody. He became a secretary at ward meetings, set his hand to divers resolutions of patriotic import, and even once went so far as to make a speech, in which he proved that patriotism was a virtue; the reigning bashaw a great man; that this was a free country, and he himself an arrant and incontestable buzzard!

Dabble was now very frequent and devout in his visits to those temples of politics, popularity, and smoke, the ward porter-houses; those true dens of equality where all ranks, ages and talents are brought down to the dead level of rude familiarity. 'Twas here his talents expanded, and his genius swelled up into its proper size; like the loathsome toad, which, shrinking from balmy airs and jocund sunshine, finds his congenial home in caves and dungeons, and there nourishes his venom and bloats his deformity. 'Twas here he reveled with the swinish multitude in their debauches on patriotism and porter; and it became an even chance whether Dabble would turn out a great man or a great drunkard. But Dabble in all this kept steadily in his eye the only deity he ever worshiped—his interest. Having by this familiarity ingratiated himself with the mob, he became wonderfully potent and industrious at elections; knew all the dens and cellars of profligacy and intemperance; brought more negroes to the polls, and knew to a greater certainty where votes

could be bought for beer, than any of his contemporaries. His exertions in the cause, his persevering industry, his degrading compliance, his unresisting humility, his steadfast dependence, at length caught the attention of one of the leaders of the party, who was pleased to observe that Dabble was a very useful fellow who would go all lengths. From that moment his fortune was made. He was hand and glove with orators and slang-whangers; basked in the sunshine of great men's smiles, and had the honor sundry times of shaking hands with dignitaries, and drinking out of the same pot with them at a porter-house!

I will not fatigue myself with tracing this caterpillar in his slimy progress from worm to butterfly; suffice it that Dabble bowed and bowed, and fawned, and sneaked, and smirked, and libeled, until one would have thought perseverance itself would have settled down into despair. There was no knowing how long he might have lingered at a distance from his hopes, had he not luckily got tarred and feathered for some of his electioneering maneuvers. This was the making of him!—Let not my readers stare. Tarring and feathering here is equal to pillory and cropped ears in England; and either of these kinds of martyrdom will insure a patriot the sympathy and support of his faction. His partisans, for even he had his partisans, took his case into consideration. He had been kicked and cuffed, and disgraced, and dishonored in the cause. He had licked the dust at the feet of the mob. He was a faithful drudge, slow to anger, of invincible patience, of incessant assiduity—a thoroughgoing tool, who could be curbed, and spurred, and directed at pleasure. In short, he had all the important qualifications for a little great man, and he was accordingly ushered into office amid the acclamations of the party. The leading men complimented his usefulness, the multitude his republican simplicity, and the slang-whangers vouched for his patriotism. Since his elevation he has discovered indubitable signs of having been destined for a great man. His nose has acquired an additional elevation of several degrees,

so that now he appears to have bidden adieu to this world and to have set his thoughts altogether on things above; and he has swelled and inflated himself to such a degree that his friends are under apprehensions that he will one day or other explode and blow up like a torpedo.

No. XVI.—THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1807

STYLE, AT BALLSTON

BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

NOTWITHSTANDING Evergreen has never been abroad, nor had his understanding enlightened or his views enlarged by that marvelous sharpener of the wits, a salt-water voyage; yet he is tolerably shrewd and correct in the limited sphere of his observations, and now and then astounds me with a right pithy remark which would do no discredit even to a man who had made the grand tour.

In several late conversations at Cockloft Hall he has amused us exceedingly by detailing sundry particulars concerning that notorious slaughter-house of time, Ballston Springs; where he spent a considerable part of the last summer. The following is a summary of his observations.

Pleasure has passed through a variety of significations at Ballston. It originally meant nothing more than a relief from pain and sickness; and the patient who had journeyed many a weary mile to the springs, with a heavy heart and emaciated form, called it pleasure when he threw by his crutches and danced away from them with renovated spirits and limbs jocund with vigor. In process of time pleasure underwent a refinement, and appeared in the likeness of a sober, unceremonious country-dance, to the flute of an amateur or the three-stringed fiddle of an itinerant country musician. Still everything bespoke that happy holiday

which the spirits ever enjoy when emancipated from the shackles of formality, ceremony, and modern politeness. Things went on cheerily, and Ballston was pronounced a charming, humdrum, careless place of resort, where every one was at his ease, and might follow unmolested the bent of his humor—provided his wife was not there—when, lo! all on a sudden Style made its baneful appearance in the semblance of a gig and tandem, a pair of leather breeches, a liveried footman, and a cockney!—Since that fatal era pleasure has taken an entire new signification, and at present means nothing but "style."

The worthy, fashionable, dashing, good-for-nothing people of every state, who had rather suffer the martyrdom of a crowd than endure the monotony of their own homes and the stupid company of their own thoughts, flock to the Springs; not to enjoy the pleasures of society or benefit by the qualities of the waters, but to exhibit their equipages and wardrobes, and to excite the admiration, or, what is much more satisfactory, the envy of their fashionable competitors. This, of course, awakens a spirit of noble emulation between the Eastern, Middle, and Southern States; and every lady hereupon finding herself charged in a manner with the whole weight of her country's dignity and style, dresses and dashes and sparkles without mercy at her competitors from other parts of the Union. This kind of rivalship naturally requires a vast deal of preparation and prodigious quantities of supplies. A sober citizen's wife will break half a dozen milliners' shops, and sometimes starve her family a whole season, to enable herself to make the Springs campaign in style. She repairs to the seat of war with a mighty force of trunks and bandboxes, like so many ammunition chests, filled with caps, hats, gowns, ribbons, shawls, and all the various artillery of fashionable warfare. The lady of a Southern planter will lay out the whole annual produce of a rice plantation in silver and gold muslins, lace veils, and new liveries; carry a hogshead of tobacco on her head, and trail a bale of sea-island cotton at her heels; while

a lady of Boston or Salem will wrap herself up in the net proceeds of a cargo of whale-oil, and tie on her hat with a quintal of codfish.

The planters' ladies, however, have generally the advantage in this contest; for as it is an incontestable fact that whoever comes from the West or East Indies, or Georgia, or the Carolinas, or, in fact, any warm climate, is immensely rich, it cannot be expected that a simple cit of the North can cope with them in style. The planter, therefore, who drives four horses abroad and a thousand negroes at home, and who flourishes up to the Springs, followed by half a score of blackamoors in gorgeous liveries, is unquestionably superior to the Northern merchant, who plods on in a carriage and pair; which, being nothing more than is quite necessary, has no claim whatever to style. He, however, has his consolation in feeling superior to the honest cit who dashes about in a simple gig. He, in return, sneers at the country squire who jogs along with his scrubby, long-eared pony and saddle-bags; and the squire, by way of taking satisfaction, would make no scruple to run over the unobtrusive pedestrian, were it not that the last, being the most independent of the whole, might chance to break his head by way of retort.

The great misfortune is that this style is supported at such an expense as sometimes to encroach on the rights and privileges of the pocket, and occasion very awkward embarrassments to the tyro of fashion. Among a number of instances, Evergreen mentions the fate of a dashing blade from the South, who made his *entre* with a tandem and two out-riders, by the aid of which he attracted the attention of all the ladies, and caused a coolness between several young couples, who, it was thought, before his arrival, had a considerable kindness for each other. In the course of a fortnight his tandem disappeared! The class of good folk who seem to have nothing to do in this world but pry into other people's affairs, began to stare! In a little time longer an outrider was missing! This increased the alarm, and it was consequently whispered that he had eaten the horses and drank

the negro.—N. B. Southern gentlemen are very apt to do this on an emergency.—Serious apprehensions were entertained about the fate of the remaining servant, which were soon verified by his actually vanishing; and, in "one little month," the dashing Carolinian modestly took his departure in the stage-coach!—universally regretted by the friends who had generously released him from his cumbrous load of style.

Evergreen, in the course of his detail, gave very melancholy accounts of an alarming famine which raged with great violence at the Springs. Whether this was owing to the incredible appetites of the company, or the scarcity which prevailed at the inns, he did not seem inclined to say; but he declares that he was for several days in imminent danger of starvation, owing to his being a little too dilatory in his attendance at the dinner-table. He relates a number of "moving accidents" which befell many of the polite company in their zeal to get a good seat at dinner; on which occasion a kind of scrub-race always took place, wherein a vast deal of jockeying and unfair play was shown, and a variety of squabbles and unseemly altercations occurred. But when arrived at the scene of action, it was truly an awful sight to behold the confusion, and to hear the tumultuous uproar of voices crying, some for one thing and some for another, to the tuneful accompaniment of knives and forks, rattling with all the energy of hungry impatience.—The feast of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ was nothing when compared with a dinner at the great house. At one time an old gentleman, whose natural irascibility was a little sharpened by the gout, had scalded his throat by gobbling down a bowl of hot soup in a vast hurry, in order to secure the first fruits of a roasted partridge before it was snapped up by some hungry rival; when, just as he was whetting his knife and fork, preparatory for a descent on the promised land, he had the mortification to see it transferred bodily to the plate of a squeamish little damsel who was taking the waters for debility and loss of appetite. This was too much for the patience of old Crusty; he lodged his fork into the partridge,

whipped it into his dish, and cutting off a wing of it—"There, miss, there's more than you can eat.—Oons! what should such a little chalky-faced puppet as you do with a whole partridge!" At another time a mighty, sweet-disposed old dowager, who loomed most magnificently at the table, had a sauce-boat launched upon the capacious lap of a silver-sprigged muslin gown by the maneuvering of a little politic Frenchman, who was dexterously attempting to make a lodgment under the covered way of a chicken-pie. Human nature could not bear it!—the lady bounced round, and with one box on the ear drove the luckless wight to utter annihilation.

But these little cross accidents are amply compensated by the great variety of amusements which abound at this charming resort of beauty and fashion. In the morning the company, each like a jolly Bacchanalian with glass in hand, sally forth to the Springs, where the gentlemen who wish to make themselves agreeable have an opportunity of dipping themselves into the good opinion of the ladies; and it is truly delectable to see with what grace and adroitness they perform this ingratiating feat. Anthony says that it is peculiarly amazing to behold the quantity of water the ladies drink on this occasion for the purpose of getting an appetite for breakfast. He assures me he has been present when a young lady of unparalleled delicacy tossed off in the space of a minute or two one and twenty tumblers and a wine-glass full. On my asking Anthony whether the solicitude of the bystanders was not greatly awakened as to what might be the effects of this debauch, he replied that the ladies at Ballston had become such great sticklers for the doctrine of evaporation that no gentleman ever ventured to remonstrate against this excessive drinking for fear of bringing his philosophy into contempt. The most notorious water-drinkers in particular were continually holding forth on the surprising aptitude with which the Ballston waters evaporated; and several gentlemen who had the hardihood to question this female philosophy were held in high displeasure.

After breakfast every one chooses his amusement. Some take a ride into the pine woods and enjoy the varied and romantic scenery of burned trees, post and rail fences, pine flats, potato patches, and log huts. Others scramble up the surrounding sand-hills, that look like the abodes of a gigantic race of ants; take a peep at the other sand-hills beyond them; and then—come down again. Others, who are romantic, and sundry young ladies insist upon being so whenever they visit the Springs, or go anywhere into the country, stroll along the borders of a little swampy brook that drags itself along like an Alexandrine, and that so lazily as not to make a single murmur; watching the little tadpoles as they frolic right flippantly in the muddy stream, and listening to the inspiring melody of the harmonious frogs that croak upon its borders. Some play at billiards, some play at the fiddle, and some—play the fool: the latter being the most prevalent amusement at Ballston.

These, together with abundance of dancing, and a prodigious deal of sleeping of afternoons, make up the variety of pleasures at the Springs. A delicious life of alternate lassitude and fatigue; of laborious dissipation and listless idleness; of sleepless nights and days spent in that dozing insensibility which ever succeeds them. Now and then, indeed, the influenza, the fever and ague, or some such pale-faced intruder, may happen to throw a momentary damp on the general felicity; but on the whole, Evergreen declares that Ballston wants only six things; to wit, good air, good wine, good living, good beds, good company, and good humor, to be the most enchanting place in the world—excepting Botany Bay, Musquito Cove, Dismal Swamp, and the Black Hole at Calcutta.

THE following letter from the sage Mustapha has cost us more trouble to decipher and render into tolerable English than any hitherto published. It was full of blots and erasures, particularly the latter part, which we have no doubt

was penned in a moment of great wrath and indignation. Mustapha has often a rambling mode of writing, and his thoughts take such unaccountable turns that it is difficult to tell one moment where he will lead you the next. This is particularly obvious in the commencement of his letters, which seldom bear much analogy to the subsequent parts; he sets off with a flourish, like a dramatic hero—assumes an air of great pomposity, and struts up to his subject mounted most loftily on stilts. L. LANGSTAFF.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

AMONG the variety of principles by which mankind are actuated, there is one, my dear Asem, which I scarcely know whether to consider as springing from grandeur and nobility of mind or from a refined species of vanity and egotism. It is that singular, although almost universal, desire of living in the memory of posterity; of occupying a share of the world's attention when we shall long since have ceased to be susceptible either of its praise or censure. Most of the passions of the mind are bounded by the grave. Sometimes, indeed, an anxious hope or trembling fear will venture beyond the clouds and darkness that rest upon our mortal horizon, and expatiate in boundless futurity; but it is only this active love of fame which steadily contemplates its fruition in the applause or gratitude of future ages. Indignant at the narrow limits which circumscribe existence, ambition is forever struggling to soar beyond them; to triumph over space and time, and to bear a name, at least, above the inevitable oblivion in which everything else that concerns us must be involved. It is this, my friend, which prompts the patriot to his most heroic achievements; which inspires the sublimest strains of the poet, and breathes ethereal fire into the productions of the painter and the statuary.

For this the monarch rears the lofty column; the laureled conqueror claims the triumphal arch; while the obscure individual, who moved in a humbler sphere, asks but a plain and simple stone to mark his grave and bear to the next generation this important truth, that he was born, died—and was buried. It was this passion which once erected the vast Numidian piles whose ruins we have so often regarded with wonder, as the shades of evening—fit emblems of oblivion—gradually stole over and enveloped them in darkness. It was this which gave being to those sublime monuments of Saracen magnificence, which nod in mouldering desolation, as the blast sweeps over our deserted plains. How futile are all our efforts to evade the obliterating hand of time! As I traversed the dreary wastes of Egypt, on my journey to Grand Cairo, I stopped my camel for a while and contemplated, in awful admiration, the stupendous pyramids. An appalling silence prevailed around; such as reigns in the wilderness when the tempest is hushed and the beasts of prey have retired to their dens. The myriads that had once been employed in rearing these lofty mementos of human vanity, whose busy hum once enlivened the solitude of the desert—had all been swept from the earth by the irresistible arm of death—all were mingled with their native dust; all were forgotten! Even the mighty names which these sepulchers were designed to perpetuate had long since faded from remembrance; history and tradition afforded but vague conjectures, and the pyramids imparted a humiliating lesson to the candidate for immortality.—Alas! alas! said I to myself, how mutable are the foundations on which our proudest hopes of future fame are reposed! He who imagines he has secured to himself the meed of deathless renown, indulges in deluding visions, which only bespeak the vanity of the dreamer. The storied obelisk—the triumphal arch—the swelling dome, shall crumble into dust, and the names they would preserve from oblivion shall often pass away before their own duration is accomplished.

Yet this passion for fame, however ridiculous in the eye

of the philosopher, deserves respect and consideration, from having been the source of so many illustrious actions; and hence it has been the practice in all enlightened governments to perpetuate, by monuments, the memory of great men, as a testimony of respect for the illustrious dead, and to awaken in the bosoms of posterity an emulation to merit the same honorable distinction. The people of the American logocracy, who pride themselves upon improving on every precept or example of ancient or modern governments, have discovered a new mode of exciting this love of glory; a mode by which they do honor to their great men, even in their lifetime!

Thou must have observed by this time that they manage everything in a manner peculiar to themselves; and doubtless in the best possible manner, seeing they have denominated themselves "the most enlightened people under the sun." Thou wilt therefore, perhaps, be curious to know how they contrive to honor the name of a living patriot, and what unheard-of monument they erect in memory of his achievements.—By the fiery beard of the mighty Barbarossa, but I can scarcely preserve the sobriety of a true disciple of Mahomet while I tell thee!—Wilt thou not smile, oh Mussulman of invincible gravity, to learn that they honor their great men by eating, and that the only trophy erected to their exploits is a public dinner! But, trust me, Asem, even in this measure, whimsical as it may seem, the philosophic and considerate spirit of this people is admirably displayed. Wisely concluding that when the hero is dead he becomes insensible to the voice of fame, the song of adulation or the splendid trophy, they have determined that he shall enjoy his quantum of celebrity while living, and revel in the full enjoyment of a nine-days' immortality. The barbarous nations of antiquity immolated human victims to the memory of their lamented dead, but the enlightened Americans offer up whole hecatombs of geese and calves, and oceans of wine, in honor of the illustrious living; and the patriot has the felicity of hearing from every quarter the vast exploits

in gluttony and reveling that have been celebrated to the glory of his name.

No sooner does a citizen signalize himself in a conspicuous manner in the service of his country than all the gormandizers assemble and discharge the national debt of gratitude—by giving him a dinner. Not that he really receives all the luxuries provided on this occasion. No, my friend, it is ten chances to one that the great man does not taste a morsel from the table, and is, perhaps, five hundred miles distant; and, to let thee into a melancholy fact, a patriot under this economic government may be often in want of a dinner while dozens are devoured in his praise. Neither are these repasts spread out for the hungry and necessitous, who might otherwise be filled with food and gladness, and inspired to shout forth the illustrious name which had been the means of their enjoyment. Far from this, Asem; it is the rich only who indulge in the banquet. Those who pay for the dainties are alone privileged to enjoy them; so that, while opening their purses in honor of the patriot, they at the same time fulfill a great maxim, which in this country comprehends all the rules of prudence and all the duties a man owes to himself; namely, getting the worth of their money.

In process of time this mode of testifying public applause has been found so marvelously agreeable that they extend it to events as well as characters, and eat in triumph at the news of a treaty; at the anniversary of any grand national era, or at the gaining of that splendid victory of the tongue—an election. Nay, so far do they carry it, that certain days are set apart when the guzzlers, the gormandizers, and the wine-bibbers meet together to celebrate a grand indigestion, in memory of some great event; and every man in the zeal of patriotism gets devoutly drunk—"as the act directs."—Then, my friend, mayest thou behold the sublime spectacle of love of country elevating itself from a sentiment into an appetite, whetted to the quick with the cheering prospect of tables loaded with the fat things of the land. On this occasion every man is anxious to fall to work, cram himself

in honor of the day, and risk a surfeit in the glorious cause. Some, I have been told, actually fast for four and twenty hours preceding, that they may be enabled to do greater honor to the feast; and certainly, if eating and drinking are patriotic rites, he who eats and drinks most, and proves himself the greatest glutton, is, undoubtedly, the most distinguished patriot. Such, at any rate, seems to be the opinion here; and they act up to it so rigidly that by the time it is dark every kennel in the neighborhood teems with illustrious members of the sovereign people, wallowing in their congenial element of mud and mire.

These patriotic feasts, or rather national monuments, are patronized and promoted by certain inferior cadis called Aldermen, who are commonly complimented with their direction. These dignitaries, as far as I can learn, are generally appointed on account of their great talents for eating, a qualification peculiarly necessary in the discharge of their official duties. They hold frequent meetings at taverns and hotels, where they enter into solemn consultations for the benefit of lobsters and turtles; establish wholesome regulations for the safety and preservation of fish and wild-fowl; appoint the seasons most proper for eating oysters; inquire into the economy of taverns, the characters of publicans, and the abilities of their cooks; and discuss, most learnedly, the merits of a bowl of soup, a chicken-pie, or a haunch of venison: in a word, the alderman has absolute control in all matters of eating, and superintends the whole police—of the belly. Having, in the prosecution of their important office, signalized themselves at so many public festivals; having gorged so often on patriotism and pudding, and entombed so many great names in their extensive maws, thou wilt easily conceive that they wax portly apace, that they fatten on the fame of mighty men, and that their rotundity, like the rivers, the lakes, and the mountains of their country, must be on a great scale! Even so, my friend; and when I sometimes see a portly alderman puffing along, and swelling as if he had the world under his waistcoat, I cannot help looking

upon him as a walking monument, and am often ready to exclaim, "Tell me, thou majestic mortal, thou breathing catacomb! to what illustrious character, what mighty event, does that capacious carcass of thine bear testimony?"

But though the enlightened citizens of this logocracy eat in honor of their friends, yet they drink destruction to their enemies.—Yea, Asem, woe unto those who are doomed to undergo the public vengeance at a public dinner. No sooner are the viands removed than they prepare for merciless and exterminating hostilities. They drink the intoxicating juice of the grape out of little glass cups, and over each draught pronounce a short sentence or prayer; not such a prayer as thy virtuous heart would dictate, thy pious lips give utterance to, my good Asem; not a tribute of thanks to all bountiful Allah, nor a humble supplication for His blessing on the draught. No, my friend, it is merely a toast, that is to say, a fulsome tribute of flattery to their demagogues; a labored sally of affected sentiment or national egotism; or, what is more despicable, a malediction on their enemies, an empty threat of vengeance, or a petition for their destruction; for toasts, thou must know, are another kind of missive weapon in a logocracy, and are leveled from afar, like the annoying arrows of the Tartars.

Oh, Asem! couldst thou but witness one of these patriotic, these monumental dinners; how furiously the flame of patriotism blazes forth; how suddenly they vanquish armies, subjugate whole countries, and exterminate nations in a bumper, thou wouldst more than ever admire the force of that omnipotent weapon, the tongue. At these moments every coward becomes a hero, every ragamuffin an invincible warrior; and the most zealous votaries of peace and quiet forget, for a while, their cherished maxims and join in the furious attack. Toast succeeds toast. Kings, emperors, bashaws, are like chaff before the tempest; the inspired patriot vanquishes fleets with a single gunboat, and swallows down navies at a draught, until, overpowered with victory and wine, he sinks upon the field of battle—dead drunk in his country's

cause. Sword of the puissant Khalid! what a display of valor is here! The sons of Afric are hardy, brave, and enterprising, but they can achieve nothing like this.

Happy would it be if this mania for toasting extended no further than to the expression of national resentment. Though we might smile at the impotent vaporing and windy hyperbole by which it is distinguished, yet we would excuse it, as the unguarded overflowings of a heart glowing with national injuries, and indignant at the insults offered to its country. But alas, my friend, private resentment, individual hatred, and the illiberal spirit of party, are let loose on these festive occasions. Even the names of individuals, of unoffending fellow-citizens, are sometimes dragged forth to undergo the slanders and execrations of a distempered herd of revelers.* —Head of Mahomet! how vindictive, how insatiably vindictive must be that spirit which can drug the mantling bowl with gall and bitterness, and indulge an angry passion in the moment of rejoicing! "Wine," says their poet, "is like sunshine to the heart, which under its generous influence expands with good-will and becomes the very temple of philanthropy." Strange that in a temple consecrated to such a divinity there should remain a secret corner, polluted by the lurkings of malice and revenge; strange that in the full flow of social enjoyment these votaries of pleasure can turn aside to call down curses on the head of a fellow-creature. Despicable souls! ye are unworthy of being citizens of this "most

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* NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

It would seem that in this sentence the sage Mustapha had reference to a patriotic dinner, celebrated last fourth of July, by some gentlemen of Baltimore, when they righteously drank perdition to an unoffending individual, and really thought "they had done the State some service." This amiable custom of "eating and drinking damnation" to others is not confined to any party. For a month or two after the fourth of July, the different newspapers file off their columns of patriotic toasts against each other, and take a pride in showing how brilliantly their partisans can blackguard public characters in their cups—"they do but jest—poison in jest," as Hamlet says.

enlightened country under the sun." Rather herd with the murderous savages who prowl the mountains of Tibesti; who stain their midnight orgies with the blood of the innocent wanderer, and drink their infernal potations from the skulls of the victims they have massacred.

And yet, trust me, Asem, this spirit of vindictive cowardice is not owing to any inherent depravity of soul; for, on other occasions, I have had ample proof that this nation is mild and merciful, brave and magnanimous. Neither is it owing to any defect in their political or religious precepts. The principles inculcated by their rulers, on all occasions, breathe a spirit of universal philanthropy; and as to their religion, much as I am devoted to the Koran of our divine prophet, still I cannot but acknowledge with admiration the mild forbearance, the amiable benevolence, the sublime morality bequeathed them by the founder of their faith. Thou remememberest the doctrines of the mild Nazarine, who preached peace and good-will to all mankind; who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; who blessed those who cursed him, and prayed for those who despitefully used and persecuted him! What then can give rise to this uncharitable, this inhuman custom among the disciples of a master so gentle and forgiving?—It is that fiend *politics*, Asem—that baneful fiend, which bewildereth every brain, and poisons every social feeling; which intrudes itself at the festive banquet, and, like the detestable harpy, pollutes the very viands of the table; which contaminates the refreshing draught while it is inhaled; which prompts the cowardly assassin to lanch his poisoned arrows from behind the social board; and which renders the bottle, that boasted promoter of good fellowship and hilarity, an infernal engine, charged with direful combustion.

Oh, Asem! Asem! how does my heart sicken when I contemplate these cowardly barbarities? Let me, therefore, if possible, withdraw my attention from them forever. My feelings have borne me from my subject; and from the monuments of ancient greatness I have wandered to those of mod-

ern degradation. My warmest wishes remain with thee, thou most illustrious of slave-drivers; mayest thou ever be sensible of the mercies of our great prophet, who, in compassion to human imbecility, has prohibited his disciples from the use of the deluding beverage of the grape; that enemy to reason—that promoter of defamation—that auxiliary of *politics*.

Ever thine, MUSTAPHA.

No. XVII.—WEDNESDAY, NOV. 11, 1807

AUTUMN REFLECTIONS

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

WHEN a man is quietly journeying downward into the valley of the shadow of departed youth, and begins to contemplate, in a shortened perspective, the end of his pilgrimage, he becomes more solicitous than ever that the remainder of his wayfaring should be smooth and pleasant; and the evening of his life, like the evening of a summer's day, fade away in mild uninterrupted serenity. If haply his heart has escaped uninjured through the dangers of a seductive world, it may then administer to the purest of his felicities, and its chords vibrate more musically for the trials they have sustained; like the viol, which yields a melody sweet in proportion to its age.

To a mind thus temperately harmonzied, thus matured and mellowed by a long lapse of years, there is something truly congenial in the quiet enjoyment of our early autumn amid the tranquillities of the country. There is a sober and chastened air of gayety diffused over the face of nature, peculiarly interesting to an old man; and when he views the surrounding landscape withering under his eye, it seems as

if he and nature were taking a last farewell of each other, and parting with a melancholy smile; like a couple of old friends, who, having sported away the spring and summer of life together, part at the approach of winter with a kind of prophetic fear that they are never to meet again.

It is either my good fortune or mishap to be keenly susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere; and I can feel in the morning, before I open my window, whether the wind is easterly. It will not, therefore, I presume, be considered an extravagant instance of vainglory when I assert that there are few men who can discriminate more accurately in the different varieties of damps, fogs, Scotch mists, and northeast storms, than myself. To the great discredit of my philosophy I confess I seldom fail to anathematize and excommunicate the weather when it sports too rudely with my sensitive system; but then I always endeavor to atone therefor, by eulogizing it when deserving of approbation. And as most of my readers, simple folks! make but one distinction—to wit, rain and sunshine—living in most honest ignorance of the various nice shades which distinguish one fine day from another, I take the trouble, from time to time, of letting them into some of the secrets of nature; so will they be the better enabled to enjoy her beauties with the zest of connoisseurs, and derive at least as much information from my pages as from the weather-wise lore of the almanac.

Much of my recreation, since I retreated to the Hall, has consisted in making little excursions through the neighborhood; which abounds in the variety of wild, romantic, and luxuriant landscape that generally characterizes the scenery in the vicinity of our rivers. There is not an eminence within a circuit of many miles but commands an extensive range of diversified and enchanting prospect.

Often have I rambled to the summit of some favorite hill; and thence, with feelings sweetly tranquil as the lucid expanse of the heavens that canopied me, have noted the slow and almost imperceptible changes that mark the waning year. There are many features peculiar to our autumn, and which

give it an individual character. The "green and yellow melancholy" that first steals over the landscape; the mild and steady serenity of the weather, and the transparent purity of the atmosphere, speak, not merely to the senses, but the heart; it is the season of liberal emotions. To this succeeds fantastic gayety, a motley dress, which the woods assume, where green and yellow, orange, purple, crimson, and scarlet, are whimsically blended together. A sickly splendor this!—like the wild and broken-hearted gayety that sometimes precedes dissolution; or that childish sportiveness of superannuated age, proceeding, not from a vigorous flow of animal spirits, but from the decay and imbecility of the mind. We might, perhaps, be deceived by this gaudy garb of nature, were it not for the rustling of the falling leaf, which, breaking on the stillness of the scene, seems to announce, in prophetic whispers, the dreary winter that is approaching. When I have sometimes seen a thrifty young oak changing its hue of sturdy vigor for a bright, but transient, glow of red, it has recalled to my mind the treacherous bloom that once mantled the cheek of a friend who is now no more; and which, while it seemed to promise a long life of jocund spirits, was the sure precursor of premature decay. In a little while and this ostentatious foliage disappears; the close of autumn leaves but one wide expanse of dusky brown; save where some rivulet steals along, bordered with little strips of green grass; the woodland echoes no more to the carols of the feathered tribes that sported in the leafy covert, and its solitude and silence is uninterrupted, except by the plaintive whistle of the quail, the barking of the squirrel, or the still more melancholy wintry wind, which, rushing and swelling through the hollows of the mountains, sighs through the leafless branches of the grove, and seems to mourn the desolation of the year.

To one who, like myself, is fond of drawing comparisons between the different divisions of life, and those of the seasons, there will appear a striking analogy which connects the feelings of the aged with the decline of the year. Often

as I contemplate the mild, uniform, and genial luster with which the sun cheers and invigorates us in the month of October, and the almost imperceptible haze which, without obscuring, tempers all the asperities of the landscape, and gives to every object a character of stillness and repose, I cannot help comparing it with that portion of existence, when the spring of youthful hope, and the summer of the passions having gone by, reason assumes an undisputed sway, and lights us on with bright but undazzling luster adown the hill of life. There is a full and mature luxuriance in the fields that fills the bosom with generous and disinterested content. It is not the thoughtless extravagance of spring, prodigal only in blossoms, nor the languid voluptuousness of summer, feverish in its enjoyments, and teeming only with immature abundance; it is that certain fruition of the labors of the past —that prospect of comfortable realities, which those will be sure to enjoy who have improved the bounteous smiles of Heaven, nor wasted away their spring and summer in empty trifling or criminal indulgence.

Cousin Pindar, who is my constant companion in these expeditions, and who still possesses much of the fire and energy of youthful sentiment, and a buxom hilarity of the spirits, often, indeed, draws me from these half-melancholy reveries, and makes me feel young again by the enthusiasm with which he contemplates and the animation with which he eulogizes the beauties of nature displayed before him. His enthusiastic disposition never allows him to enjoy things by halves, and his feelings are continually breaking out in notes of admiration and ejaculations that sober reason might perhaps deem extravagant. But for my part, when I see a hale, hearty old man, who has jostled through the rough path of the world, without having worn away the fine edge of his feelings, or blunted his sensibility to natural and moral beauty, I compare him to the evergreen of the forest, whose colors, instead of fading at the approach of winter, seem to assume additional luster when contrasted with the surrounding desolation. Such a man is my friend Pindar. Yet some-

times, and particularly at the approach of evening, even he will fall in with my humor; but he soon recovers his natural tone of spirits; and, mounting on the elasticity of his mind, like Ganymede on the eagle's wing, he soars to the ethereal regions of sunshine and fancy.

One afternoon we had strolled to the top of a high hill in the neighborhood of the Hall, which commands an almost boundless prospect; and as the shadows began to lengthen around us, and the distant mountains to fade into mists, my cousin was seized with a moralizing fit. "It seems to me," said he, laying his hand lightly on my shoulder, "that there is just at this season, and this hour, a sympathy between us and the world we are now contemplating. The evening is stealing upon nature as well as upon us; the shadows of the opening day have given place to those of its close; and the only difference is that in the morning they were before us, now they are behind; and that the first vanished in the splendors of noonday, the latter will be lost in the oblivion of night. Our 'May of life,' my dear Launce, has forever fled, and our summer is over and gone. But," continued he, suddenly recovering himself and slapping me gayly on the shoulder, "but why should we repine? What? though the capricious zephyrs of spring, the heats and hurricanes of summer, have given place to the sober sunshine of autumn! —and though the woods begin to assume the dappled livery of decay!—yet the prevailing color is still green. Gay, sprightly green.

"Let us, then, comfort ourselves with this reflection; that though the shades of the morning have given place to those of the evening—though the spring is past, the summer over, and the autumn come—still you and I go on our way rejoicing; and while, like the lofty mountains of our southern America, our heads are covered with snow, still, like them, we feel the genial warmth of spring and summer playing upon our bosoms."

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

In the description which I gave, some time since, of Cockloft Hall, I totally forgot to make honorable mention of the library; which I confess was a most inexcusable oversight; for in truth it would bear a comparison, in point of usefulness and eccentricity, with the motley collection of the renowned hero of La Mancha.

It was chiefly gathered together by my grandfather; who spared neither pains nor expense to procure specimens of the oldest, most quaint, and insufferable books in the whole compass of English, Scotch, and Irish literature. There is a tradition in the family that the old gentleman once gave a grand entertainment in consequence of having got possession of a copy of a philippic, by Archbishop Anselm, against the unseemly luxury of long-toed shoes, as worn by the courtiers in the time of William Rufus, which he purchased of an honest brickmaker in the neighborhood, for a little less than forty times its value. He had undoubtedly a singular reverence for old authors, and his highest eulogium on his library was that it consisted of books not to be met with in any other collection; and, as the phrase is, entirely out of print. The reason of which was, I suppose, that they were not worthy of being reprinted.

Cousin Christopher preserves these relics with great care, and has added considerably to the collection; for with the Hall he has inherited almost all the whim-whams of its former possessor. He cherishes a reverential regard for ponderous *tomes* of Greek and Latin; though he knows about as much of these languages as a young bachelor of arts does a year or two after leaving college. A worm-eaten work in eight or ten volumes he compares to an old family, more respectable for its antiquity than its splendor; a lumbering folio he considers as a duke; a sturdy quarto, as an earl; and a row of gilded duodecimos, as so many gallant knights of the garter. But as to modern works of literature, they

are thrust into trunks and drawers, as intruding upstarts, and regarded with as much contempt as mushroom nobility in England; who, having risen to grandeur merely by their talents and services, are regarded as utterly unworthy to mingle their blood with those noble currents that can be traced without a single contamination through a long line of, perhaps, useless and profligate ancestors, up to William the bastard's cook, or butler, or groom, or some one of Rollo's freebooters.

Will Wizard, whose studies are of a most uncommon complexion, takes great delight in ransacking the library; and has been, during his late sojournings at the Hall, very constant and devout in his visits to this receptacle of obsolete learning. He seemed particularly tickled with the contents of the great mahogany chest of drawers mentioned in the beginning of this work. This venerable piece of architecture has frowned, in sullen majesty, from a corner of the library time out of mind; and is filled with musty manuscripts, some in my grandfather's handwriting, and others evidently written long before his day.

It was a sight worthy of a man's seeing to behold Will with his outlandish phiz poring over old scrawls that would puzzle a whole society of antiquarians to expound, and diving into receptacles of trumpery, which, for a century past, had been undisturbed by mortal hand. He would sit for whole hours, with a phlegmatic patience unknown in these degenerate days, except, peradventure, among the High Dutch commentators, prying into the quaint obscurity of musty parchments, until his whole face seemed to be converted into a folio leaf of black-letter; and occasionally, when the whimsical meaning of an obscure passage flashed on his mind, his countenance would curl up into an expression of Gothic risibility, not unlike the physiognomy of a cabbage leaf wilting before a hot fire.

At such times there was no getting Will to join in our walks, or take any part in our usual recreations; he hardly gave us an Oriental tale in a week, and would smoke so in-

veterately that no one else dared enter the library under pain of suffocation. This was more especially the case when he encountered any knotty piece of writing; and he honestly confessed to me that one worm-eaten manuscript, written in a pestilent crabbed hand, had cost him a box of the best Spanish cigars before he could make it out; and, after all, it was not worth a tobacco-stalk. Such is the turn of my knowing associate; only let him get fairly in the track of any odd out-of-the-way whim-wham, and away he goes, whip and cut, until he either runs down his game or runs himself out of breath. I never in my life met with a man who rode his hobby-horse more intolerably hard than Wizard.

One of his favorite occupations for some time past has been the hunting of black-letter, which he holds in high regard, and he often hints that learning has been on the decline ever since the introduction of the Roman alphabet. An old book printed three hundred years ago is a treasure; and a ragged scroll, about one-half unintelligible, fills him with rapture. Oh! with what enthusiasm will he dwell on the discovery of the Pandects of Justinian, and Livy's history; and when he relates the pious exertions of the Medici, in recovering the lost treasures of Greek and Roman literature, his eye brightens, and his face assumes all the splendor of an illuminated manuscript.

Will had vegetated for a considerable time in perfect tranquillity among dust and cobwebs, when one morning as we were gathered on the piazza, listening with exemplary patience to one of Cousin Christopher's long stories about the revolutionary war, we were suddenly electrified by an explosion of laughter from the library. My readers, unless, peradventure, they have heard honest Will laugh, can form no idea of the prodigious uproar he makes. To hear him in a forest, you would imagine—that is to say, if you were classical enough—that the satyrs and the dryads had just discovered a pair of rural lovers in the shade, and were deriding, with bursts of obstreperous laughter, the blushes of the nymph and the indignation of the swain; or if it were

suddenly, as in the present instance, to break upon the serene and pensive silence of an autumnal morning, it would cause a sensation something like that which arises from hearing a sudden clap of thunder in a summer's day, when not a cloud is to be seen above the horizon. In short, I recommend Will's laugh as a sovereign remedy for the spleen; and if any of our readers are troubled with that villainous complaint—which can hardly be, if they make good use of our works—I advise them earnestly to get introduced to him forthwith.

This outrageous merriment of Will's, as may be easily supposed, threw the whole family into a violent fit of wondering; we all, with the exception of Christopher, who took the interruption in high dudgeon, silently stole up to the library; and bolting in upon him, were fain at the first glance to join in his aspiring roar. His face—but I despair to give an idea of his appearance!—and until his portrait, which is now in the hands of an eminent artist, is engraved, my readers must be content. I promise them they shall one day or other have a striking likeness of Will's indescribable phiz, in all its native comeliness.

Upon my inquiring the occasion of his mirth, he thrust an old, rusty, musty, and dusty manuscript into my hand, of which I could not decipher one word out of ten, without more trouble than it was worth. This task, however, he kindly took off my hands; and, in a little more than eight and forty hours, produced a translation into fair Roman letters; though he assured me it had lost a vast deal of its humor by being modernized and degraded into plain English. In return for the great pains he had taken, I could not do less than insert it in our work. Will informs me that it is but one sheet of a stupendous bundle which still remains uninvestigated—who was the author we have not yet discovered; but a note on the back, in my grandfather's handwriting, informs us that it was presented to him as a literary curiosity by his particular friend, the illustrious Rip Van Dam, formerly lieutenant-governor of the colony of New Amster-

dam; and whose fame, if it has never reached these latter days, it is only because he was too modest a man ever to do anything worthy of being particularly recorded.

CHAP. CIX. OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE RENOWNED AND ANTIENT CITY OF GOTHAM

How Gotham city conquered was,
And how the folk turn'd apes—because.
—*Link. Fid.*

ALBEIT, much about this time it did fall out that the thrice renowned and delectable city of Gotham did suffer great discomfiture, and was reduced to perilous extremity, by the invasion and assaults of the Hoppingtots. These are a people inhabiting a far distant country, exceedingly pleasaunte and fertile; but they being withal egregiously addicted to migrations, do thence issue forth in mighty swarms, like the Scythians of old, overrunning divers countries and commonwealths, and committing great devastations wheresoever they do go, by their horrible and dreadful feats and prowesses. They are specially noted for being right valorous in all exercises of the leg; and of them it hath been rightly affirmed that no nation in all Christendom or elsewhere can cope with them in the adroit, dexterous, and jocund shaking of the heel.

This engaging excellence doth stand unto them a sovereign recommendation, by the which they do insinuate themselves into universal favour and good countenance; and it is a notable fact that, let a Hoppingtot but once introduce a foot into company, and it goeth hardly if he doth not contrive to flourish his whole body in thereafter. The learned Linkum Fidelius, in his famous and unheard-of treatise on man—whom he defineth, with exceeding sagacity, to be a corn-cutting, tooth-drawing animal—is particularly minute and elaborate in treating of the nation of the Hoppingtots, and betrays a little of the Pythagorean in his theory, inas-

much as he accounteth for their being so wondrously adroit in pedestrian exercises by supposing that they did originally acquire this unaccountable and unparalleled aptitude for huge and unmatchable feats of the leg, by having heretofore been condemned for their numerous offenses against that harmless race of bipeds—or quadrupeds—for herein the sage Linkum Fidelius appeareth to doubt and waver exceedingly — the frogs, to animate their bodies for the space of one or two generations.

He also giveth it as his opinion that the name of Hoppingtots is manifestly derivative from this transmigration. Be this, however, as it may, the matter, albeit it hath been the subject of controversy among the learned, is but little pertinent to the subject of this history; wherefore shall we treat and consider it as naughte.

Now these people, being thereto impelled by a superfluity of appetite, and a plentiful deficiency of the wherewithal to satisfy the same, did take thought that the antient and venerable city of Gotham was, peradventure, possessed of mighty treasures, and did, moreover, abound with all manner of fish and flesh, and eatables and drinkables, and such like delightsome and wholesome excellencies withal. Whereupon calling a council of the most active heeled warriors, they did resolve forthwith to put forth a mighty array, make themselves masters of the same, and revel in the good things of the land. To this were they hotly stirred up, and wickedly incited, by two redoubtable and renowned warriors, hight Pirouet and Rigadoon; yclept in such sort, by reason that they were two mighty, valiant, and invincible little men; utterly famous for the victories of the leg which they had, on divers illustrious occasions, right gallantly achieved.

These doughty champions did ambitiously and wickedly inflame the minds of their countrymen with gorgeous descriptions, in the which they did cunninglie set forth the marvelous riches and luxuries of Gotham; where Hoppingtots might have garments for their bodies, shirts to their ruffles, and might riot most merrily every day in the week on beef, pud-

ding, and such like lusty dainties. They, Pirouet and Rigadoon, did likewise hold out hopes of an easy conquest; forasmuch as the Gothamites were as yet but little versed in the mystery and science of handling the legs; and being, moreover, like unto that notable bully of antiquity, Achilles, most vulnerable to all attacks on the heel, would doubtless surrender at the very first assault. Whereupon, on the hearing of this inspiriting counsel, the Hoppingtots did set up a prodigious great cry of joy, shook their heels in triumph, and were all impatience to dance on to Gotham and take it by storm.

The cunning Pirouet and the arch caitiff Rigadoon knew full well how to profit of this enthusiasm. They forthwith did order every man to arm himself with a certain pestilent little weapon called a fiddle; to pack up in his knapsack a pair of silk breeches, the like of ruffles, a cocked hat of the form of a half-moon, a bundle of catgut—and inasmuch as, in marching to Gotham, the army might, peradventure, be smitten with scarcity of provisions, they did account it proper that each man should take especial care to carry with him a bunch of right merchantable onions. Having proclaimed these orders by sound of fiddle, they, Pirouet and Rigadoon, did accordingly put their army behind them, and striking up the right jolly and sprightful tune of "Ca Ira," away they all capered toward the devoted city of Gotham, with a most horrible and appalling chattering of voices.

Of their first appearance before the beleaguered town, and of the various difficulties which did encounter them in their march, this history saith not; being that other matters of more weighty import require to be written. When that the army of the Hoppingtots did peregrinate within sight of Gotham, and the people of the city did behold the villainous and hitherto unseen capers and grimaces which they did make, a most horrific panic was stirred up among the citizens; and the sages of the town fell into great despondency and tribulation, as supposing that these invaders were of the race of the Jig-hees, who did make men into baboons when

they achieved a conquest over them. The sages, therefore, called upon all the dancing men and dancing women, and exhorted them with great vehemency of speech to make heel against the invaders, and to put themselves upon such gallant defense, such glorious array, and such sturdy evolution, elevation, and transposition of the foot as might incontinently impester the legs of the Hoppingtots, and produce their complete discomfiture. But so it did happen, by great mischance, that divers light-heeled youth of Gotham, more especially those who are descended from three wise men, so renowned of yore for having most venturesomely voyaged over sea in a bowl, were, from time to time, captured and inveigled into the camp of the enemy; where, being foolishly cajoled and treated for a season with outlandish disports and pleasantries, they were sent back to their friends, entirely changed, degenerated, and turned topsy-turvy; insomuch that they thought thenceforth of nothing but their heels, always essaying to thrust them into the most manifest point of view; and, in a word, as might truly be affirmed, did forever after walk upon their heads outright.

And the Hoppingtots did day by day, and at late hours of the night, wax more and more urgent in this their investment of the city. At one time they would, in goodly procession, make an open assault by sound of fiddle in a tremendous contradance; and anon they would advance by little detachments and maneuvers to take the town by figuring in cotilions. But truly their most cunning and devilish craft and subtility was made manifest in their strenuous endeavors to corrupt the garrison, by a most insidious and pestilent dance called the "Waltz." This, in good truth, was a potent auxiliary; for by it were the heads of the simple Gothamites most villainously turned, their wits sent a wool-gathering, and themselves on the point of surrendering at discretion even unto the very arms of their invading foemen.

At length the fortifications of the town began to give manifest symptoms of decay; inasmuch as the breastwork of decency was considerably broken down, and the curtain

works of propriety blown up. When that the cunning caitiff Pirouet beheld the ticklish and jeopardized state of the city, "Now, by my leg," quoth he—he always swore by his leg, being that it was an exceeding goodlie leg—"Now, by my leg," quoth he, "but this is no great matter of recreation; I will show these people a pretty, strange, and new way forsooth, presentlie, and will shake the dust off my pumps upon this most obstinate and uncivilized town." Whereupon he ordered, and did command his warriors, one and all, that they should put themselves in readiness, and prepare to carry the town by a *grand ball.* They, in no wise to be daunted, do forthwith, at the word, equip themselves for the assault; and in good faith, truly, it was a gracious and glorious sight, a most triumphant and incomparable spectacle, to behold them gallantly arrayed in glossy and shining silk breeches tied with abundance of ribbon; with silken hose of the gorgeous color of the salmon; right goodlie morocco pumps, decorated with clasps or buckles of a most cunninge and secret contrivance, inasmuch as they did of themselves grapple to the shoe without any aid of fluke or tongue, marvelously ensembling witchcraft and necromancy. They had, withal, exuberant chitterlings, which puffed out at the neck and bosom, after a most jolly fashion, like unto the beard of an antient he-turkey; and cocked hats, the which they did carry not on their heads, after the fashion of the Gothamites, but under their arms, as a roasted fowl his gizzard.

Thus being equipped and marshaled, they do attack, assault, batter and belabour the town with might and main; most gallantly displaying the vigor of their legs, and shaking their heels at it most emphatically. And the manner of their attack was in this sort: first, they did thunder and gallop forward in a *contre-temps;* and anon displayed column in a Cossack dance, a fandango, or a gavot. Whereat the Gothamites, in no wise understanding this unknown system of warfare, marveled exceedinglie, and did open their mouths incontinently the full distance of a bowshot, meaning a crossbow, in sore dismay and apprehension. Whereupon, saith

Rigadoon, flourishing his left leg with great expression of valor, and most magnific carriage—"My copesmates, for what wait we here; are not the townsmen already won to our favor? Do not their women and young damsels wave to us from the walls in such sort that, albeit there is some show of defense, yet is it manifestly converted into our interests?" So saying, he made no more ado, but leaping into the air about a flight-shot, and crossing his feet six times, after the manner of the Hoppingtots, he gave a short partridge-run, and with mighty vigor and swiftness did bolt outright over the walls with a somerset. The whole army of Hoppingtots danced in after their valiant chieftain, with an enormous squeaking of fiddles, and a horrific blasting and brattling of horns; insomuch that the dogs did howl in the streets, so hideously were their ears assailed. The Gothamites made some semblance of defense, but their women having been all won over into the interest of the enemy, they were shortly reduced to make most abject submission; and delivered over to the coercion of certain professors of the Hoppingtots, who did put them under most ignominious durance, for the space of a long time, until they had learned to turn out their toes, and flourish their legs after the true manner of their conquerors. And thus, after the manner I have related, was the mighty and puissant city of Gotham circumvented, and taken by a *coup de pied;* or, as it might be rendered, by force of legs.

The conquerors showed no mercy, but did put all ages, sexes, and conditions to the fiddle and the dance; and, in a word, compelled and enforced them to become absolute Hoppingtots. "Habit," as the ingenious Linkum Fidelius profoundly affirmeth, "is second nature." And this original and invaluable observation hath been most aptly proved and illustrated by the example of the Gothamites, ever since this disastrous and unlucky mischance. In process of time, they have waxed to be most flagrant, outrageous, and abandoned dancers; they do ponder on naughte but how to gallantize it at balls, routs, and fandangoes; insomuch that the like was

in no time or place ever observed before. They do, moreover, pitifully devote their nights to the jollification of the legs, and their days forsooth to the instruction and edification of the heel. And to conclude: their young folk, who whilom did bestow a modicum of leisure upon the improvement of the head, have of late utterly abandoned this hopeless task; and have quietly, as it were, settled themselves down into mere machines, wound up by a tune, and set in motion by a fiddlestick!

No. XVIII.—TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1807

THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK

BY LAUNCELOT LANGSTAFF, ESQ.

THE following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century. It is one on which my cousin Christopher dwells with more than usual prolixity; and being, in some measure, connected with a personage often quoted in our work, I have thought it worthy of being laid before my readers.

Soon after my grandfather, Mr. Lemuel Cockloft, had quietly settled himself at the Hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighborhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture—a situation very common to little gossiping villages—by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

The object of this solicitude was a little black-looking man, of a foreign aspect, who took possession of an old building which, having long had the reputation of being haunted, was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to

all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat with a narrow brim; and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one; appeared to take no interest in the pleasures or the little broils of the village; nor ever talked, except sometimes to himself in an outlandish tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm; appeared always to be lost in meditation; and was often met by the peasantry; sometimes watching the dawning of day, sometimes at noon seated under a tree poring over his volume, and sometimes at evening gazing with a look of sober tranquillity at the sun as it gradually sunk below the horizon.

The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously singular in all this. A profound mystery seemed to hang about the stranger, which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate; and in the excess of worldly charity they pronounced it a sure sign "that he was no better than he should be"; a phrase innocent enough in itself, but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly everything that is bad. The young people thought him a gloomy misanthrope, because he never joined in their sports. The old men thought still more hardly of him because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing. And as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible taciturnity of the stranger, they unanimously decreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that in a little while the whole village was in an uproar; for in little communities of this description the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling, in all the affairs of each other.

A confidential conference was held one Sunday morning after sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The school-

master gave as his opinion that he was the wandering Jew; the sexton was certain that he must be a freemason from his silence; a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a High German doctor, and that the book which he carried about with him contained the secrets of the black art; but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be that he was a witch—a race of beings at that time abounding in those parts, and a sagacious old matron from Connecticut proposed to ascertain the fact by sousing him into a kettle of hot water.

Suspicion, when once afloat, goes with wind and tide and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curveting in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observed, that at those times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady in particular, who suggested the humane ordeal of the boiling kettle, lost on one of these occasions a fine brindle cow; which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favorite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lame and jaded in the morning, the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, "the little man in black was in his *tantrums*." In short, he became the bugbear of every house, and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics as the redoubtable Rawhead-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a housewife of the village sleep in peace, except under the guardianship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odium of a village is in a great measure outlawed and proscribed, and becomes a mark for injury and insult; particularly if he

has not the power or the disposition to recriminate. The little venomous passions, which in the great world are dissipated and weakened by being widely diffused, act in the narrow limits of a country town with collected vigor, and become rancorous in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this; every mischievous urchin returning from school had full liberty to break his windows; and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him that the most adventurous schoolboy was never seen to approach his threshold, and at night would prefer going round by the cross-roads, where a traveler had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

The only living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being was an old turnspit—the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wanderings; the sharer of his scanty meals, and sorry am I to say it—the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive; never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveler, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighborhood. He followed close at his master's heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sunbeams at the door; demeaning himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit. But notwithstanding his exemplary deportment, he fell likewise under the ill report of the village; as being the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations. The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a detestation which their inoffensive conduct never merited. Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dog, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

The movements of this inscrutable being had long been

the subject of speculation at Cockloft Hall, for its inmates were full as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions particularly surprised them; for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family. My grandmother, who it appears was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard, who restrained himself for the present in hopes of midnight vengeance; the parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic philosopher; my grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took a data from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian. But however different were their opinions as to the character of the stranger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family Bible in the cradle; a sure talisman, in her opinion, against witchcraft and necromancy.

One stormy winter night, when a bleak northeast wind moaned about the cottages and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteous howling of a dog, which, heard in the pauses of a storm, was exquisitely mournful; and he fancied now and then that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress. He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity, he fully possessed—and which forbade him to pry into the concerns of his neighbors. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition; for surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious night for his vagaries. At length the old gentleman's philanthropy predominated; he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door—for poverty has no occasion for

locks and keys—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated visage and hollow eyes; in a room destitute of every convenience; without fire to warm or friend to console him, lay this helpless mortal, who had been so long the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped softly and hesitatingly to the bedside, and accosted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindness. The little man in black seemed recalled by the tones of compassion from the lethargy into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yet one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him; the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard. He put forth his hand, but it was cold; he essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat. He pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger! With the quick impulse of humanity he dispatched the servant to the Hall for refreshment. A little warm nourishment renovated him for a short time, but not long; it was evident his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and he was about entering that peaceful asylum where "the wicked cease from troubling."

His tale of misery was short, and quickly told; infirmities had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigors of the season; he had taken to his bed without strength to rise and ask for assistance. "And if I had," said he, in a tone of bitter despondency, "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know of in the world! The villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished, without a fellow-being to soothe the last moments of existence and close my

dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog excited your attention."

He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time, as he looked up into his old benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek. Poor outcast! it was the last tear he shed; but I warrant it was not the first by millions! My grandfather watched by him all night. Toward morning he gradually declined; and as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contemplated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm, and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer. The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind: "He is an idolater!" thought he, "and is worshiping the sun!" He listened a moment and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion; he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple orison being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather's hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other toward the sun, "I love to contemplate it," said he; "'tis an emblem of the universal benevolence of a true Christian; and it is the most glorious work of Him who is philanthropy itself!" My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises; he had pitied the stranger at first, but now he revered him. He turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a change—the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature had given place to an expression of mysterious import; a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal across his Gothic visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity: "In me," said he, with laconic solemnity—"in me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fidelius!" My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage thus pompously

announced, yet there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name that peculiarly struck his fancy and commanded his respect.

"You have been kind to me," continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause, "and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir to my treasures! In yonder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them—ponder over them, and be wise!" He grew faint with the exertion he had made and sunk back almost breathless on his pillow. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from its hold and fell over the side of the bed, and his faithful dog licked it; as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his master, and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so often cherished him. The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lost upon his dying master. He raised his languid eyes—turned them on the dog, then on my grandfather; and having given this silent recommendation—closed them forever.

The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the churchyard of the village; and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied, as far as possible, with his last request; he conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library; he pondered over them frequently—but whether he grew wiser, the tradition doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit, who, transferring his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, became his constant attendant, and was father to a long line of runty curs that still flourish in the family. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the invaluable folios of the sage Linkum Fidelius.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO ASEM HACCHEM, PRINCIPAL SLAVE-DRIVER TO HIS HIGHNESS THE BASHAW OF TRIPOLI

THOUGH I am often disgusted, my good Asem, with the vices and absurdities of the men of this country, yet the women afford me a world of amusement. Their lively prattle is as diverting as the chattering of the red-tailed parrot; nor can the green-headed monkey of Timandi equal them in whim and playfulness. But, notwithstanding these valuable qualifications, I am sorry to observe they are not treated with half the attention bestowed on the before-mentioned animals. These infidels put their parrots in cages and chain their monkeys; but their women, instead of being carefully shut up in harems and seraglios, are abandoned to the direction of their own reason and suffered to run about in perfect freedom, like other domestic animals. This comes, Asem, of treating their women as rational beings and allowing them souls. The consequence of this piteous neglect may easily be imagined. They have degenerated into all their native wildness, are seldom to be caught at home, and, at an early age, take to the streets and highways, where they rove about in droves, giving almost as much annoyance to the peaceable people as the troops of wild dogs that infest our great cities, or the flights of locusts that sometimes spread famine and desolation over whole regions of fertility.

This propensity to relapse into pristine wildness convinces me of the untamable disposition of the sex, who may indeed be partially domesticated by a long course of confinement and restraint, but the moment they are restored to personal freedom become wild as the young partridge of this country, which, though scarcely half hatched, will take to the fields and run about with the shell upon its back.

Notwithstanding their wildness, however, they are re-

markably easy of access, and suffer themselves to be approached at certain hours of the day without any symptoms of apprehension; and I have even happily succeeded in detecting them at their domestic occupations. One of the most important of these consists in thumping vehemently on a kind of musical instrument, and producing a confused, hideous, and indefinable uproar, which they call the description of a battle; a jest, no doubt, for they are wonderfully facetious at times, and make great practice of passing jokes upon strangers. Sometimes they employ themselves in painting little caricatures of landscapes, wherein they display their singular drollery in bantering nature fairly out of countenance; representing her tricked out in all the tawdry finery of copper skies, purple rivers, calico rocks, red grass, clouds that look like old clothes set adrift by the tempest, and foxy trees whose melancholy foliage, drooping and curling most fantastically, reminds me of an undressed periwig that I have now and then seen hung on a stick in a barber's window. At other times they employ themselves in acquiring a smattering of languages spoken by nations on the other side of the globe, as they find their own language not sufficiently copious to supply their constant demands and express their multifarious ideas. But their most important domestic avocation is to embroider, on satin or muslin, flowers of a nondescript kind, in which the great art is to make them as unlike nature as possible; or to fasten little bits of silver, gold, tinsel, and glass on long strips of muslin, which they drag after them with much dignity whenever they go abroad; a fine lady, like a bird of paradise, being estimated by the length of her tail.

But do not, my friend, fall into the enormous error of supposing that the exercise of these arts is attended with any useful or profitable result. Believe me, thou couldst not indulge an idea more unjust and injurious; for it appears to be an established maxim, among the women of this country, that a lady loses her dignity when she condescends to be useful, and forfeits all rank in society the moment she can

be convicted of earning a farthing. Their labors, therefore, are directed not toward supplying their household, but in decking their persons, and—generous souls!—they deck their persons, not so much to please themselves as to gratify others, particularly strangers. I am confident thou wilt stare at this, my good Asem, accustomed as thou art to our eastern females, who shrink in blushing timidity even from the glance of a lover, and are so chary of their favors that they even seem fearful of lavishing their smiles too profusely on their husbands. Here, on the contrary, the stranger has the first place in female regard, and, so far do they carry their hospitality, that I have seen a fine lady slight a dozen tried friends and real admirers, who lived in her smiles and made her happiness their study, merely to allure the vague and wandering glances of a stranger, who viewed her person with indifference and treated her advances with contempt.—By the whiskers of our sublime bashaw, but this is highly flattering to a foreigner! and thou mayest judge how particularly pleasing to one who is, like myself, so ardent an admirer of the sex. Far be it from me to condemn this extraordinary manifestation of good will—let their own countrymen look to that.

Be not alarmed, I conjure thee, my dear Asem, lest I should be tempted by these beautiful barbarians to break the faith I owe to the three-and-twenty wives from whom my unhappy destiny has perhaps severed me forever. No, Asem, neither time nor the bitter succession of misfortunes that pursues me can shake from my heart the memory of former attachments. I listen with tranquil heart to the strumming and prattling of these fair sirens; their whimsical paintings touch not the tender chord of my affections; and I would still defy their fascinations, though they trailed after them trains as long as the gorgeous trappings which are dragged at the heels of the holy camel of Mecca; or as the tail of the great beast in our prophet's vision, which measured three hundred and forty-nine leagues, two miles, three furlongs and a hand-breadth in longitude.

The dress of these women is, if possible, more eccentric and whimsical than their deportment; and they take an inordinate pride in certain ornaments which are probably derived from their savage progenitors.—A woman of this country, dressed out for an exhibition, is loaded with as many ornaments as a Circassian slave when brought out for sale. Their heads are tricked out with little bits of horn or shell, cut into fantastic shapes, and they seem to emulate each other in the number of these singular baubles; like the women we have seen in our journeys to Aleppo, who cover their heads with the entire shell of a tortoise, and, thus equipped, are the envy of all their less fortunate acquaintance. They also decorate their necks and ears with coral, gold chains, and glass beads, and load their fingers with a variety of rings; though, I must confess, I have never perceived that they wear any in their noses—as has been affirmed by many travelers. We have heard much of their painting themselves most hideously, and making use of bear's grease in great profusion; but this, I solemnly assure thee, is a misrepresentation; civilization, no doubt, having gradually extirpated these nauseous practices. It is true, I have seen two or three of these females who had disguised their features with paint, but then it was merely to give a tinge of red to their cheeks, and did not look very frightful; and as to ointment, they rarely use any now, except occasionally a little Grecian oil for their hair, which gives it a glossy, greasy, and, they think, very comely appearance. The last mentioned class of females, I take it for granted, have been but lately caught, and still retain strong traits of their original savage propensities.

The most flagrant and inexcusable fault, however, which I find in these lovely savages, is the shameless and abandoned exposure of their persons. Wilt not thou suspect me of exaggeration when I affirm; wilt thou not blush for them, most discreet Mussulman, when I declare to thee that they are so lost to all sense of modesty as to expose the whole of their faces from their forehead to the chin, and they even go

abroad with their hands uncovered! — Monstrous indelicacy!

But what I am going to disclose, will, doubtless, appear to thee still more incredible. Though I cannot forbear paying a tribute of admiration to the beautiful faces of these fair infidels, yet I must give it as my firm opinion that their persons are preposterously unseemly. In vain did I look around me, on my first landing, for those divine forms of redundant proportions which answer to the true standard of eastern beauty. Not a single fat fair one could I behold among the multitudes that thronged the streets; the females that passed in review before me, tripping sportively along, resembled a procession of shadows, returning to their graves at the crowing of the cock.

This meagerness I first ascribed to their excessive volubility; for I have somewhere seen it advanced by a learned doctor that the sex were endowed with a peculiar activity of tongue, in order that they might practice talking as a healthful exercise, necessary to their confined and sedentary mode of life. This exercise, it was natural to suppose, would be carried to great excess in a logocracy. "Too true," thought I, "they have converted what was undoubtedly meant as a beneficent gift into a noxious habit, that steals the flesh from their bones and the rose from their cheeks—they absolutely talk themselves thin!" Judge then of my surprise when I was assured, not long since, that this meagerness was considered the perfection of personal beauty, and that many a lady starved herself, with all the obstinate perseverance of a pious dervise—into a fine figure! "Nay, more," said my informer, "they will often sacrifice their healths in this eager pursuit of skeleton beauty, and drink vinegar, eat pickles, and smoke tobacco to keep themselves within the scanty outlines of the fashions." Faugh! Allah preserve me from such beauties, who contaminate their pure blood with noxious recipes; who impiously sacrifice the best gifts of heaven to a preposterous and mistaken vanity. Ere long I shall not be surprised to see them scarring their faces

like the negroes of Congo, flattening their noses in imitation of the Hottentots, or, like the barbarians of Ab-al Timar, distorting their lips and ears out of all natural dimensions. Since I received this information I cannot contemplate a fine figure without thinking of a vinegar cruet; nor look at a dashing belle without fancying her a pot of pickled cucumbers! What a difference, my friend, between these shades and the plump beauties of Tripoli! what a contrast between an infidel fair one and my favorite wife Fatima, whom I bought by the hundredweight, and had trundled home in a wheelbarrow!

But enough for the present; I am promised a faithful account of the arcana of a lady's toilet—a complete initiation into the arts, mysteries, spells, and potions; in short, the whole chemical process by which she reduces herself down to the most fashionable standard of insignificance; together with specimens of the strait-waistcoats, the lacings, the bandages, and the various ingenious instruments with which she puts nature to the rack, and tortures herself into a proper figure to be admired.

Farewell, thou sweetest of slave-drivers! the echoes that repeat to a lover's ear the song of his mistress are not more soothing than tidings from those we love. Let thy answer to my letters be speedy; and never, I pray thee, for a moment, cease to watch over the prosperity of my house and the welfare of my beloved wives. Let them want for nothing, my friend; but feed them plentifully on honey, boiled rice, and water gruel; so that when I return to the blessed land of my fathers, if that can ever be! I may find them improved in size and loveliness, and sleek as the graceful elephants that range the green valley of Abimar.

Ever thine, MUSTAPHA.

No. XIX.—THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1807

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

HAVING returned to town, and once more formally taken possession of my elbow-chair, it behooves me to discard the rural feelings, and the rural sentiments, in which I have for some time past indulged, and devote myself more exclusively to the edification of the town. As I feel at this moment a chivalric spark of gallantry playing around my heart, and one of those dulcet emotions of cordiality, which an old bachelor will sometimes entertain toward the divine sex, I am determined to gratify the sentiment for once, and devote this number exclusively to the ladies. I would not, however, have our fair readers imagine that we wish to flatter ourselves into their good graces, devoutly as we adore them! And what true cavalier does not? And heartily as we desire to flourish in the mild sunshine of their smiles, yet we scorn to insinuate ourselves into their favor; unless it be as honest friends, sincere well-wishers, and disinterested advisers. If in the course of this number they find us rather prodigal of our encomiums, they will have the modesty to ascribe it to the excess of their own merits. If they find us extremely indulgent to their faults, they will impute it rather to the superabundance of our good-nature than to any servile and illiberal fear of giving offense.

The following letter of Mustapha falls in exactly with the current of my purpose. As I have before mentioned that his letters are without dates we are obliged to give them very irregularly, without any regard to chronological order.

The present one appears to have been written not long after his arrival, and antecedent to several already published. It is more in the familiar and colloquial style than the others.

Will Wizard declares he has translated it with fidelity, excepting that he has omitted several remarks on the waltz, which the honest Mussulman eulogizes with great enthusiasm; comparing it to certain voluptuous dances of the seraglio. Will regretted exceedingly that the indelicacy of several of these observations compelled their total exclusion, as he wishes to give all possible encouragement to this popular and amiable exhibition.

LETTER FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

TO MULEY HELIM AL RAGGI, SURNAMED THE AGREEABLE RAGAMUFFIN, CHIEF MOUNTEBANK AND BUFFA-DANCER TO HIS HIGHNESS

THE numerous letters which I have written to our friend the slave-driver, as well as those to thy kinsman "the snorer," and which, doubtless, were read to thee, honest Muley, have, in all probability, awakened thy curiosity to know further particulars concerning the manners of the barbarians who hold me in such ignominious captivity. I was lately at one of their public ceremonies, which at first perplexed me exceedingly as to its object; but as the explanations of a friend have let me somewhat into the secret, and as it seems to bear no small analogy to thy profession, a description of it may contribute to thy amusement, if not to thy instruction.

A few days since, just as I had finished my coffee, and was perfuming my whiskers preparatory to a morning walk, I was waited upon by an inhabitant of this place, a gay young infidel who has of late cultivated my acquaintance. He presented me with a square bit of painted pasteboard, which, he informed me, would entitle me to admittance to the *City Assembly*. Curious to know the meaning of a phrase which was entirely new to me, I requested an explanation; when my friend informed me that the assembly

was a numerous concourse of young people of both sexes, who, on certain occasions, gathered together to dance about a large room with violent gesticulation, and try to out-dress each other. "In short," said he, "if you wish to see the natives in all their glory, there's no place like the City Assembly; so you must go there and sport your whiskers." Though the matter of sporting my whiskers was considerably above my apprehension, yet I now began, as I thought, to understand him. I had heard of the war dances of the natives, which are a kind of religious institution, and had little doubt but that this must be a solemnity of the kind—upon a prodigious great scale. Anxious as I am to contemplate these strange people in every situation, I willingly acceded to his proposal, and, to be the more at ease, I determined to lay aside my Turkish dress and appear in plain garments of the fashion of this country; as is my custom whenever I wish to mingle in a crowd without exciting the attention of the gaping multitude.

It was long after the shades of night had fallen before my friend appeared to conduct me to the assembly. "These infidels," thought I, "shroud themselves in mystery, and seek the aid of gloom and darkness, to heighten the solemnity of their pious orgies." Resolving to conduct myself with that decent respect which every stranger owes to the customs of the land in which he sojourns, I chastised my features into an expression of sober reverence, and stretched my face into a degree of longitude suitable to the ceremony I was about to witness. Spite of myself, I felt an emotion of awe stealing over my senses as I approached the majestic pile. My imagination pictured something similar to a descent into the cave of Dom-Daniel, where the necromancers of the East are taught their infernal arts. I entered with the same gravity of demeanor that I would have approached the holy temple at Mecca, and bowed my head three times as I passed the threshold. "Head of the mighty Amrou!" thought I, on being ushered into a splendid saloon, "what a display is here! Surely I am transported to the mansions of the houris,

the elysium of the faithful!" How tame appeared all the descriptions of enchanted palaces in our Arabian poetry! Wherever I turned my eyes, the quick glances of beauty dazzled my vision and ravished my heart; lovely virgins fluttered by me, darting imperial looks of conquest, or beaming such smiles of invitation as did Gabriel when he beckoned our holy prophet to heaven. Shall I own the weakness of thy friend, good Muley? While thus gazing on the enchanted scene before me, I, for a moment, forgot my country; and even the memory of my three-and-twenty wives faded from my heart; my thoughts were bewildered and led astray by the charms of these bewitching savages, and I sunk, for a while, into that delicious state of mind, where the senses, all enchanted and all striving for mastery, produce an endless variety of tumultuous, yet pleasing emotions. Oh, Muley, never shall I again wonder that an infidel should prove a recreant to the single solitary wife allotted him, when even thy friend, armed with all the precepts of Mahomet, can so easily prove faithless to three-and twenty!

"Whither have you led me?" said I, at length, to my companion, "and to whom do these beautiful creatures belong? Certainly this must be the seraglio of the grand bashaw of the city, and a most happy bashaw must he be, to possess treasures which even his highness of Tripoli cannot parallel." "Have a care," cried my companion, "how you talk about seraglios, or you'll have all these gentle nymphs about your ears; for seraglio is a word which, beyond all others, they abhor. Most of them," continued he, "have no lord and master, but come here to catch one; they're in the market, as we term it." "Ah, hah!" said I, exultingly, "then you really have a fair, or slave market, such as we have in the East, where the faithful are provided with the choicest virgins of Georgia and Circassia? By our glorious sun of Afric, but I should like to select some ten or a dozen wives from so lovely an assemblage! Pray, what would you suppose they might be bought for?"

Before I could receive an answer, my attention was at-

tracted by two or three good-looking, middle-sized men, who, being dressed in black, a color universally worn in this country by the muftis and dervises, I immediately concluded to be high-priests, and was confirmed in my original opinion that this was a religious ceremony. These reverend personages are entitled managers, and enjoy unlimited authority in the assemblies, being armed with swords, with which, I am told, they would infallibly put any lady to death who infringed the laws of the temple. They walked round the room with great solemnity, and, with an air of profound importance and mystery, put a little piece of folded paper in each fair hand, which I concluded were religious talismans. One of them dropped on the floor, whereupon I slyly put my foot on it, and, watching an opportunity, picked it up unobserved, and found it to contain some unintelligible words and the mystic number 9. What were its virtues I know not; except that I put it in my pocket, and have hitherto been preserved from my fit of the lumbago, which I generally have about this season of the year, ever since I tumbled into the well of Zim-zim on my pilgrimage to Mecca. I inclose it to thee in this letter, presuming it to be particularly serviceable against the dangers of thy profession.

Shortly after the distribution of these talismans, one of the high-priests stalked into the middle of the room with great majesty, and clapped his hands three times; a loud explosion of music succeeded from a number of black, yellow, and white musicians, perched in a kind of cage over the grand entrance. The company were thereupon thrown into great confusion and apparent consternation. They hurried to and fro about the room, and at length formed themselves into little groups of eight persons, half male and half female. The music struck into something like harmony, and, in a moment, to my utter astonishment and dismay, they were all seized with what I concluded to be a paroxysm of religious frenzy, tossing about their heads in a ludicrous style from side to side, and indulging in extravagant contortions of figure; now throwing their heels into the air, and anon

whirling round with the velocity of the Eastern idolaters, who think they pay a grateful homage to the sun by imitating his motions. I expected every moment to see them fall down in convulsions, foam at the mouth, and shriek with fancied inspiration. As usual the females seemed most fervent in their religious exercises, and performed them with a melancholy expression of feature that was peculiarly touching; but I was highly gratified by the exemplary conduct of several male devotees, who, though their gesticulations would intimate a wild merriment of the feelings, maintained throughout as inflexible a gravity of countenance as so many monkeys of the island of Borneo at their antics.

"And pray," said I, "who is the divinity that presides in this splendid mosque?"—"The divinity!—oh, I understand—you mean the *belle* of the evening; we have a new one every season. The one at present in fashion is that lady you see yonder, dressed in white, with pink ribbons and a crowd of adorers around her." "Truly," cried I, "this is the pleasantest deity I have encountered in the whole course of my travels; so familiar, so condescending, and so merry withal. Why, her very worshipers take her by the hand and whisper in her ear."—"My good Mussulman," replied my friend, with great gravity, "I perceive you are completely in an error concerning the intent of this ceremony. You are now in a place of public amusement, not of public worship; and the pretty-looking young men you see making such violent and grotesque distortions are merely indulging in our favorite amusement of dancing." "I cry your mercy," exclaimed I, "these, then, are the dancing men and women of the town, such as we have in our principal cities, who hire themselves out for the entertainment of the wealthy; but, pray, who pays them for this fatiguing exhibition?" My friend regarded me for a moment with an air of whimsical perplexity, as if doubtful whether I was in jest or earnest. "'Sblood, man," cried he, "these are some of our greatest people, our fashionables, who are merely dancing here for amusement." *Dancing for amusement!* think of that,

Muley! Thou, whose greatest pleasure is to chew opium, smoke tobacco, loll on a couch, and doze thyself into the regions of the houris! Dancing for amusement! Shall I never cease having occasion to laugh at the absurdities of these barbarians, who are laborious in their recreations, and indolent only in their hours of business? Dancing for amusement! The very idea makes my bones ache, and I never think of it without being obliged to apply my handkerchief to my forehead and fan myself into some degree of coolness.

"And pray," said I, when my astonishment had a little subsided, "do these musicians also toil for amusement, or are they confined to their cage, like birds, to sing for the gratification of others? I should think the former was the case, from the animation with which they flourish their elbows."—"Not so," replied my friend, "they are well paid, which is no more than just, for I assure you they are the most important personages in the room. The fiddler puts the whole assembly in motion, and directs their movements, like the master of a puppet-show, who sets all his pasteboard gentry kicking by a jerk of his fingers. There, now—look at that dapper little gentleman yonder, who appears to be suffering the pangs of dislocation in every limb. He is the most expert puppet in the room, and performs, not so much for his own amusement, as for that of the bystanders." Just then the little gentleman, having finished one of his paroxysms of activity, seemed to be looking round for applause from the spectators. Feeling myself really much obliged to him for his exertions, I made him a low bow of thanks, but nobody followed my example, which I thought a singular instance of ingratitude.

Thou wilt perceive, friend Muley, that the dancing of these barbarians is totally different from the science professed by thee in Tripoli; the country, in fact, is afflicted by numerous epidemical diseases, which travel from house to house, from city to city, with the regularity of a caravan. Among these, the most formidable is this dancing mania, which prevails chiefly throughout the winter. It at first seized on a

few people of fashion, and, being indulged in moderation, was a cheerful exercise; but in a little time, by quick advances, it infected all classes of the community, and became a raging epidemic. The doctors immediately, as is their usual way, instead of devising a remedy, fell together by the ears to decide whether it was native or imported, and the sticklers for the latter opinion traced it to a cargo of trumpery from France, as they had before hunted down the yellow fever to a bag of coffee from the West Indies. What makes this disease the more formidable is that the patients seem infatuated with their malady, abandon themselves to its unbounded ravages, and expose their persons to wintry storms and midnight airs, more fatal, in this capricious climate, than the withering simoom blast of the desert.

I know not whether it is a sight most whimsical or melancholy to witness a fit of this dancing malady. The lady hops up to the gentleman, who stands at the distance of about three paces, and then capers back again to her place; the gentleman of course does the same; then they skip one way, then they jump another; then they turn their backs to each other; then they seize each other and shake hands; then they whirl round, and throw themselves into a thousand grotesque and ridiculous attitudes; sometimes on one leg, sometimes on the other, and sometimes on no leg at all; and this they call exhibiting the graces! By the nineteen thousand capers of the great mountebank of Damascus, but these graces must be something like the crooked-backed dwarf Shabrac, who is sometimes permitted to amuse his highness by imitating the tricks of a monkey. These fits continue at short intervals from four to five hours, till at last the lady is led off, faint, languid, exhausted, and panting, to her carriage; rattles home; passes a night of feverish restlessness, cold perspirations and troubled sleep; rises late next morning, if she rises at all, is nervous, petulant, or a prey to languid indifference all day; a mere household specter, neither giving nor receiving enjoyment; in the evening hurries to another dance; receives an unnatural exhilaration from the lights, the music,

the crowd, and the unmeaning bustle; flutters, sparkles, and blooms for a while, until, the transient delirium being past, the infatuated maid droops and languishes into apathy again; is again led off to her carriage, and the next morning rises to go through exactly the same joyless routine.

And yet, wilt thou believe it, my dear Raggi, these are rational beings; nay, more, their countrymen would fain persuade me they have souls! Is it not a thousand times to be lamented that beings endowed with charms that might warm even the frigid heart of a dervise—with social and endearing powers that would render them the joy and pride of the harem—should surrender themselves to a habit of heartless dissipation, which preys imperceptibly on the roses of the cheek; which robs the eye of its luster, the mouth of its dimpled smile, the spirits of their cheerful hilarity, and the limbs of their elastic vigor; which hurries them off in the spring-time of existence; or, if they survive, yields to the arms of a youthful bridegroom a frame wrecked in the storms of dissipation and struggling with premature infirmity. Alas, Muley! may I not ascribe to this cause the number of little old women I meet with in this country, from the age of eighteen to eight-and-twenty?

In sauntering down the room, my attention was attracted by a smoky painting, which, on nearer examination, I found consisted of two female figures crowning a bust with a wreath of laurel. "This, I suppose," cried I, "was some favorite dancer in his time?"—"Oh, no," replied my friend, "he was only a general."—"Good; but then he must have been great at a cotilion, or expert at a fiddlestick—or why is his memorial here?"—"Quite the contrary," answered my companion, "history makes no mention of his ever having flourished a fiddlestick, or figured in a single dance. You have, no doubt, heard of him; he was the illustrious Washington, the father and deliverer of his country; and, as our nation is remarkable for gratitude to great men, it always does honor to their memory by placing their monuments over the doors of taverns or in the corners of dancing-rooms."

From thence my friend and I strolled into a small apartment adjoining the grand saloon, where I beheld a number of grave-looking persons with venerable gray heads, but without beards, which I thought very unbecoming, seated around a table, studying hieroglyphics. I approached them with reverence, as so many magi, or learned men, endeavoring to expound the mysteries of Egyptian science; several of them threw down money, which I supposed was a reward proposed for some great discovery, when presently one of them spread his hieroglyphics on the table, exclaimed triumphantly, "Two bullets and a bragger!" and swept all the money into his pocket. He has discovered a key to the hieroglyphics, thought I. Happy mortal! No doubt his name will be immortalized. Willing, however, to be satisfied, I looked round on my companion with an inquiring eye. He understood me, and informed me that these were a company of friends who had met together to win each other's money and be agreeable. "Is that all?" exclaimed I; "why, then, I pray you, make way, and let me escape from this temple of abominations, or who knows but these people, who meet together to toil, worry, and fatigue themselves to death, and give it the name of pleasure; and who win each other's money by way of being agreeable; may some one of them taking a liking to me, and pick my pocket, or break my head in a paroxysm of hearty good-will!"

Thy friend, MUSTAPHA.

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus. —*Hor.*

Now is the tyme for wine and myrthful sportes,
For daunce, and song, and disportes of syche sortes.
—*Link. Fid.*

THE winter campaign has opened. Fashion has summoned her numerous legions at the sound of trumpet, tam-

bourine and drum, and all the harmonious minstrelsy of the orchestra, to hasten from the dull, silent and insipid glades and groves where they have vegetated during the summer, recovering from the ravages of the last winter's campaign. Our fair ones have hurried to town, eager to pay their devotions to this tutelary deity, and to make an offering at her shrine of the few pale and transient roses they gathered in their healthful retreat. The fiddler rosins his bow, the card-table devotee is shuffling her pack, the young ladies are industriously spangling muslins, and the tea-party heroes are airing their *chapeaux bras* and pease-blossom breeches, to prepare for figuring in the gay circle of smiles, and graces, and beauty. Now the fine lady forgets her country friends in the hurry of fashionable engagements, or receives the simple intruder, who has foolishly accepted her thousand pressing invitations, with such politeness that the poor soul determines never to come again; now the gay buck, who erst figured at Ballston, and quaffed the pure spring, exchanges the sparkling water for still more sparkling champagne, and deserts the nymph of the fountain to enlist under the standard of jolly Bacchus. In short, now is the important time of the year in which to harangue the bon-ton reader; and, like some ancient hero in front of the battle, to spirit him up to deeds of noble daring, or still more noble suffering, in the ranks of fashionable warfare.

Such, indeed, has been my intention; but the number of cases which have lately come before me, and the variety of complaints I have received from a crowd of honest and well-meaning correspondents, call for more immediate attention. A host of appeals, petitions, and letters of advice are now before me; and I believe the shortest way to satisfy my petitioners, memorialists, and advisers, will be to publish their letters, as I suspect the object of most of them is merely to get into print.

TO ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

Sir: As you appear to have taken to yourself the trouble of meddling in the concerns of the beau monde, I take the liberty of appealing to you on a subject which, though considered merely as a very good joke, has occasioned me great vexation and expense. You must know I pride myself on being very useful to the ladies; that is, I take boxes for them at the theater, go shopping with them, supply them with bouquets, and furnish them with novels from the circulating library. In consequence of these attentions, I am become a great favorite, and there is seldom a party going on in the city without my having an invitation. The grievance I have to mention is the exchange of hats which takes place on these occasions; for, to speak my mind freely, there are certain young gentlemen who seem to consider fashionable parties as mere places to barter old clothes; and I am informed that a number of them manage, by this great system of exchange, to keep their crowns decently covered without their hatter suffering in the least by it.

It was but lately that I went to a private ball with a new hat, and on returning, in the latter part of the evening, and asking for it, the scoundrel of a servant, with a broad grin, informed me that the new hats had been dealt out half an hour since, and they were then on the third quality; and I was in the end obliged to borrow a young lady's beaver rather than go home with any of the ragged remnants that were left.

Now I would wish to know if there is no possibility of having these offenders punished by law; and whether it would not be advisable for ladies to mention in their cards of invitation, as a postscript, "stealing of hats and shawls positively prohibited." At any rate I would thank you, Mr. Evergreen, to discountenance the thing totally, by publishing in your paper that stealing a hat is no joke.

Your humble servant, WALTER WITHERS.

My correspondent is informed that the police have determined to take this matter into consideration, and have set apart Saturday mornings for the cognizance of fashionable larcenies.

MR. EVERGREEN—*Sir:* Do you think a married woman may lawfully put her husband right in a story, before strangers, when she knows him to be in the wrong; and can anything authorize a wife in the exclamation of—"Lord, my dear, how can you say so?" MARGARET TIMSON.

DEAR ANTHONY—Going down Broadway this morning in a great hurry, I ran full against an object which at first put me to a prodigious nonplus. Observing it to be dressed in a man's hat, a cloth overcoat and spatterdashes, I framed my apology accordingly, exclaiming, "My dear sir, I ask ten thousand pardons. I assure you, sir, it was entirely accidental. Pray excuse me, sir," etc. At every one of these excuses the thing answered me with a downright laugh; at which I was not a little surprised, until, on resorting to my pocket-glass, I discovered that it was no other than my old acquaintance, Clarinda Trollop. I never was more chagrined in my life; for, being an old bachelor, I like to appear as young as possible, and am always boasting of the goodness of my eyes. I beg of you, Mr. Evergreen, if you have any feeling for your contemporaries, to discourage this hermaphrodite mode of dress, for really, if the fashion take, we poor bachelors will be utterly at a loss to distinguish a woman from a man. Pray let me know your opinion, sir, whether a lady who wears a man's hat and spatterdashes before marriage may not be apt to usurp some other article of his dress afterward. Your humble servant,

RODERIC WORRY.

DEAR MR. EVERGREEN—The other night, at "Richard the Third," I sat behind three gentlemen who talked very loud on the subject of Richard's wooing Lady Ann directly

in the face of his crimes against that lady. One of them declared such an unnatural scene would be hooted at in China. Pray, sir, was that Mr. Wizard? SELINA BADGER.

P.S.—The gentleman I allude to had a pocket-glass, and wore his hair fastened behind by a tortoise-shell comb, with two teeth wanting.

MR. EVERGRIN—*Sir:* Being a little curious in the affairs of the toilet, I was much interested by the sage Mustapha's remarks, in your last number, concerning the art of manufacturing a modern fine lady. I would have you caution your fair readers, however, to be very careful in the management of their machinery; as a deplorable accident happened last assembly, in consequence of the architecture of a lady's figure not being sufficiently strong. In the middle of one of the cotilions, the company was suddenly alarmed by a tremendous crash at the lower end of the room, and, on crowding to the place, discovered that it was a fine figure which had unfortunately broken down from too great exertion in a pigeon wing. By great good luck I secured the corset, which I carried home in triumph; and the next morning had it publicly dissected, and a lecture read on it at Surgeon's Hall. I have since commenced a dissertation on the subject; in which I shall treat of the superiority of those figures manufactured by steel, stay-tape, and whale-bone, to those formed by Dame Nature. I shall show clearly that the Venus de' Medicis has no pretension to beauty of form, as she never wore stays, and her waist is in exact proportion to the rest of her body. I shall inquire into the mysteries of compression, and how tight a figure can be laced without danger of fainting; and whether it would not be advisable for a lady, when dressing for a ball, to be attended by the family physician, as culprits are when tortured on the rack, to know how much more nature will endure. I shall prove that ladies have discovered the secret of that notorious juggler, who offered to squeeze himself into a quart bottle; and

I shall demonstrate, to the satisfaction of every fashionable reader, that there is a degree of heroism in purchasing a preposterously slender waist at the expense of an old age of decrepitude and rheumatics. This dissertation shall be published as soon as finished, and distributed gratis among boarding-school madams and all worthy matrons who are ambitious that their daughters should sit straight, move like clock-work, and "do credit to their bringing up." In the meantime, I have hung up the skeleton of the corset in the museum, beside a dissected weasel and stuffed alligator, where it may be inspected by all those naturalists who are fond of studying the "human form divine."

Yours, etc. JULIAN COGNOUS.

P.S.—By accurate calculation I find it is dangerous for a fine figure, when full dressed, to pronounce a word of more than three syllables. Fine Figure, if in love, may indulge in a gentle sigh; but a sob is hazardous. Fine Figure may smile with safety, may even venture as far as a giggle, but must never risk a loud laugh. Figure must never play the part of a confidante; as at a tea-party, some fine evenings since, a young lady, whose unparalleled impalpability of waist was the envy of the drawing-room, burst with an important secret, and had three ribs—of her corset!—fractured on the spot.

MR. EVERGREEN—*Sir:* I am one of those industrious gemmen who labor hard to obtain currency in the fashionable world. I have went to great expense in little boots, short vests, and long breeches; my coat is regularly imported, per stage from Philadelphia, duly insured against all risks, and my boots are smuggled from Bond Street. I have lounged in Broadway with one of the most crooked walking-sticks I could procure, and have sported a pair of salmon-colored small-clothes and flame-colored stockings at every concert and ball to which I could purchase admission. Being affeared that I might possibly appear to less advantage

as a pedestrian, in consequence of my being rather short and a little bandy, I have lately hired a tall horse, with cropped ears and a cocked tail, on which I have joined the cavalcade of pretty gemmen who exhibit bright stirrups every fine morning in Broadway and take a canter of two miles per day, at the rate of three hundred dollars per annum. But, sir, all this expense has been laid out in vain, for I can scarcely get a partner at an assembly, or an invitation to a tea-party. Pray, sir, inform me what more I can do to acquire admission into the true stylish circles, and whether it would not be advisable to charter a curricle for a month and have my cipher put on it, as is done by certain dashers of my acquaintance.

Yours to serve, MALVOLIO DUBSTER.

TEA: A POEM

FROM THE MILL OF PINDAR COCKLOFT, ESQ.

And earnestly recommended to the attention of all Maidens of a certain age

OLD Time, my dear girls, is a knave who in truth
From the fairest of beauties will pilfer their youth;
Who, by constant attention and wily deceit,
Forever is coaxing some grace to retreat;
And, like crafty seducer, with subtle approach,
The further indulged, will still further encroach.
Since this "thief of the world" has made off with your bloom,
And left you some score of stale years in its room—
Has depriv'd you of all those gay dreams that would dance
In your brains at fifteen, and your bosoms entrance;
And has forc'd you almost to renounce, in despair,
The hope of a husband's affection and care—
Since such is the case, and a case rather hard!
Permit one who holds you in special regard

To furnish such hints in your loveless estate
As may shelter your names from distraction and hate.
Too often our maidens, grown aged, I ween,
Indulge to excess in the workings of spleen;
And at times, when annoy'd by the slights of mankind,
Work off their resentment—by speaking their mind:
Assemble together in snuff-taking clan,
And hold round the tea-urn a solemn divan.
A convention of tattling—a tea-party hight,
Which, like meeting of witches, is brew'd up at night:
Where each matron arrives, fraught with tales of surprise,
With knowing suspicion and doubtful surmise;
Like the broomstick whirl'd hags that appear in "Macbeth,"
Each bearing some relic of venom or death,
"To stir up the toil and to double the trouble,
That fire may burn, and that caldron may bubble."

When the party commences, all starch'd and all glum,
They talk of the weather, their corns, or sit mum:
They will tell you of cambric, of ribbons, of lace,
How cheap they were sold—and will name you the place.
They discourse of their colds, and they hem and they cough,
And complain of their servants to pass the time off;
Or list to the tale of some doting mamma
How her ten weeks' old baby will laugh and say taa!

But tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul—
More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl,
Soon unloosens the tongue and enlivens the mind,
And enlightens their eyes to the faults of mankind.

'Twas thus with the Pythia, who served at the fount
That flow'd near the far-famed Parnassian mount,
While the steam was inhal'd of the sulphuric spring,
Her vision expanded, her fancy took wing;
By its aid she pronounced the oracular will
That Apollo commanded his sons to fulfill.
But alas! the sad vestal, performing the rite,
Appear'd like a demon—terrific to sight.

E'en the priests of Apollo averted their eyes,
And the temple of Delphi resounded her cries.
But quitting the nymph of the tripod of yore,
We return to the dames of the teapot once more.
In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast;
Some gentle faux pas, or some female mistake,
Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as cake;
A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first
With a little affected good-nature, and cry,
"Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I."
Our young ladies nibble a good name in play
As for pastime they nibble a biscuit away:
While with shrugs and surmises, the toothless old dame,
As she mumbles a crust she will mumble a name.
And as the fell sisters astonished the Scot,
In predicting of Banquo's descendants the lot,
Making shadows of kings, amid flashes of light,
To appear in array and to frown in his sight,
So they conjure up specters all hideous in hue,
Which, as shades of their neighbors, are passed in review.
The wives of our cits of inferior degree
Will soak up repute in a little bohea;
The potion is vulgar, and vulgar the slang
With which on their neighbors' defects they harangue;
But the scandal improves, a refinement in wrong!
As our matrons are richer and rise to souchong.
With hyson—a beverage that's still more refin'd,
Our ladies of fashion enliven their mind,
And by nods, innuendoes, and hints, and what not,
Reputations and tea send together to pot.
While madam in cambrics and laces array'd,
With her plate and her liveries in splendid parade,
Will drink in imperial a friend at a sup,
Or in gunpowder blow them by dozens all up.
Ah me! how I groan when with full swelling sail

Wafted stately along by the favoring gale,
A China ship proudly arrives in our bay,
Displaying her streamers and blazing away.
Oh! more fell to our port is the cargo she bears
Than grenadoes, torpedoes, or warlike affairs:
Each chest is a bombshell thrown into our town
To shatter repute and bring character down.
Ye Samquas, ye Chinquas, Chouquas, so free,
Who discharge on our coast your cursed quantums of tea,
Oh think, as ye waft the sad weed from your strand,
Of the plagues and vexations ye deal to our land.
As the Upas' dread breath, o'er the plain where it flies,
Empoisons and blasts each green blade that may rise,
So, wherever the leaves of your shrub find their way,
The social affections soon suffer decay:
Like to Java's drear waste they embarren the heart,
Till the blossoms of love and of friendship depart.
Ah, ladies, and was it by Heaven design'd
That ye should be merciful, loving and kind!
Did it form you like angels, and send you below
To prophesy peace—to bid charity flow!
And have ye thus left your primeval estate,
And wandered so widely—so strangely of late?
Alas! the sad cause I too plainly can see—
These evils have all come upon you through tea!
Cursed weed, that can make our fair spirits resign
The character mild of their mission divine;
That can blot from their bosoms that tenderness true,
Which from female to female forever is due!
Oh, how nice is the texture—how fragile the frame
Of that delicate blossom, a female's fair fame!
'Tis the sensitive plant, it recoils from the breath
And shrinks from the touch as if pregnant with death.
How often, how often, has innocence sigh'd;
Has beauty been reft of its honor—its pride;
Has virtue, though pure as an angel of light,
Been painted as dark as a demon of night:

All offer'd up victims, an *auto-da-fé*,
At the gloomy cabals—the dark orgies of tea!
If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-whanger's claw,
Where the evil is open, and subject to law.
Not nibbled, and mumbled, and put to the rack
By the sly underminings of tea-party clack:
Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
But spare me! oh, spare me, a tea-table toasting!

No. XX.—MONDAY, JANUARY 25, 1808

FROM MY ELBOW-CHAIR

Extremum hunc mihi concede laborem.—VIRG.
"Soft you, a word or two before we part."

IN this season of festivity, when the gate of time swings open on its hinges, and an honest rosy-faced New Year comes waddling in, like a jolly fat-sided alderman, loaded with good wishes, good humor, and minced pies; at this joyous era it has been the custom, from time immemorial, in this ancient and respectable city, for periodical writers, from reverend, grave, and potent essayists like ourselves! down to the humble but industrious editors of magazines, reviews, and newspapers, to tender their subscribers the compliments of the season; and when they have slyly thawed their hearts with a little of the sunshine of flattery, to conclude by delicately dunning them for their arrears of subscription money. In like manner the carriers of newspapers, who undoubtedly belong to the ancient and honorable order of literati, do regularly, at the commencement of the year, salute their patrons with abundance of excellent advice, conveyed in exceeding good poetry, for which the aforesaid good-natured patrons

are well pleased to pay them exactly twenty-five cents. In walking the streets I am every day saluted with good wishes from old gray-headed negroes, whom I never recollect to have seen before; and it was but a few days ago that I was called to receive the compliments of an ugly old woman, who last spring was employed by Mrs. Cockloft to whitewash my room and put things in order; a phrase which, if rightly understood, means little else than huddling everything into holes and corners, so that if I want to find any particular article, it is, in the language of a humble but expressive saying, "Looking for a needle in a haystack." Not recognizing my visitor, I demanded by what authority she wished me a "Happy New Year"? Her claim was one of the weakest she could have urged, for I have an innate and mortal antipathy to this custom of putting things to rights; so giving the old witch a pistareen, I desired her forthwith to mount her broomstick and ride off as fast as possible.

Of all the various ranks of society, the bakers alone, to their immortal honor be it recorded, depart from this practice of making a market of congratulations; and, in addition to always allowing thirteen to the dozen, do with great liberality, instead of drawing on the purses of their customers at the New Year, present them with divers large, fair, spiced cakes; which, like the shield of Achilles, or an Egyptian obelisk, are adorned with figures of a variety of strange animals, that, in their conformation, outmarvel all the wild wonders of nature.

This honest graybeard custom of setting apart a certain portion of this good-for-nothing existence for the purposes of cordiality, social merriment, and good cheer, is one of the inestimable relics handed down to us from our worthy Dutch ancestors. In perusing one of the manuscripts from my worthy grandfather's mahogany chest of drawers, I find the new year was celebrated with great festivity during that golden age of our city when the reins of government were held by the renowned Rip Van Dam, who always did honor to the season by seeing out the old year; a ceremony which

consisted in plying his guests with bumpers until not one of them was capable of seeing. "Truly," observes my grandfather, who was generally of these parties—"Truly, he was a most stately and magnificent burgomaster! inasmuch as he did right lustily carouse it with his friends about New Year; roasting huge quantities of turkeys; baking innumerable minced pies; and smacking the lips of all fair ladies the which he did meet with such sturdy emphasis that the same might have been heard the distance of a stone's throw." In his days, according to my grandfather, were first invented these notable cakes, hight new year cookies, which originally were impressed on one side with the honest, burly countenance of the illustrious Rip, and on the other with that of the noted St. Nicholas, vulgarly called Santaclaus—of all the saints in the calendar the most venerated by true Hollanders and their unsophisticated descendants. These cakes are to this time given on the first of January to all visitors, together with a glass of cherry-bounce, or raspberry-brandy. It is with great regret, however, I observe that the simplicity of this venerable usage has been much violated by modern pretenders to style! and our respectable new year cookies and cherry-bounce elbowed aside by plum-cake and outlandish liqueurs, in the same way that our worthy old Dutch families are outdazzled by modern upstarts and mushroom cockneys.

In addition to this divine origin of new year festivity, there is something exquisitely grateful, to a good-natured mind, in seeing every face dressed in smiles; in hearing the oft-repeated salutations that flow spontaneously from the heart to the lips; in beholding the poor, for once, enjoying the smiles of plenty, and forgetting the cares which press hard upon them in the jovial revelry of the feelings; the young children decked out in their Sunday clothes and freed from their only cares, the cares of the school, tripping through the streets on errands of pleasure; and even the very negroes, those holiday-loving rogues, gorgeously arrayed in cast-off finery, collected in juntos, at corners, displaying their white teeth, and making the welkin ring with bursts of laughter—

loud enough to crack even the icy cheek of old winter. There is something so pleasant in all this that I confess it would give me real pain to behold the frigid influence of modern style cheating us of this jubilee of the heart; and converting it, as it does every other article of social intercourse, into an idle and unmeaning ceremony. 'Tis the annual festival of good-humor; it comes in the dead of winter, when nature is without a charm, when our pleasures are contracted to the fireside, and where everything that unlocks the icy fetters of the heart, and sets the genial current flowing, should be cherished, as a stray lamb found in the wilderness, or a flower blooming among thorns and briers.

Animated by these sentiments, it is with peculiar satisfaction I perceived that the last New Year was kept with more than ordinary enthusiasm. It seemed as if the good old times had rolled back again and brought with them all the honest, unceremonious intercourse of those golden days, when people were more open and sincere, more moral, and more hospitable than now; when every object carried about it a charm which the hand of time has stolen away or turned to a deformity; when the women were more simple, more domestic, more lovely, and more true; and when even the sun, like a hearty old blade as he is, shone with a genial luster unknown in these degenerate days. In short, those fairy times, when I was a madcap boy, crowding every enjoyment into the present moment; making of the past an oblivion, of the future a heaven, and careless of all that was "over the hills and far away." Only one thing was wanting to make every part of the celebration accord with its ancient simplicity. The ladies, who—I write it with the most piercing regret—are generally at the head of all domestic innovations, most fastidiously refused that mark of good-will, that chaste and holy salute which was so fashionable in the happy days of Governor Rip and the patriarchs. Even the Misses Cockloft, who belong to a family that is the last entrenchment behind which the manners of the good old school have retired, made violent opposition; and whenever

a gentleman entered the room immediately put themselves in a posture of defense. This, Will Wizard, with his usual shrewdness, insists was only to give the visitor a hint that they expected an attack; and declares he has uniformly observed that the resistance of those ladies who make the greatest noise and bustle is most easily overcome. This sad innovation originated with my good aunt Charity, who was as arrant a tabby as ever wore whiskers; and I am not a little afflicted to find that she has found so many followers, even among the young and beautiful.

In compliance with an ancient and venerable custom, sanctioned by time and our ancestors, and more especially by my own inclinations, I will take this opportunity to salute my readers with as many good wishes as I can possibly spare; for, in truth, I have been so prodigal of late that I have but few remaining. I should have offered my congratulations sooner; but, to be candid, having made the last New Year's campaign, according to custom, under Cousin Christopher, in which I have seen some pretty hard service, my head has been somewhat out of order of late, and my intellects rather cloudy for clear writing. Besides, I may allege as another reason that I have deferred my greetings until this day, which is exactly one year since we introduced ourselves to the public; and surely periodical writers have the same right of dating from the commencement of their works that monarchs have from the time of their coronation, or our most puissant republic from the declaration of its independence.

These good wishes are warmed into more than usual benevolence by the thought that I am now, perhaps, addressing my old friends for the last time. That we should thus cut off our work in the very vigor of its existence may excite some little matter of wonder in this enlightened community. Now, though we could give a variety of good reasons for so doing, yet it would be an ill-natured act to deprive the public of such an admirable opportunity to indulge in their favorite amusement of conjecture: so we generously leave them to flounder in the smooth ocean of glorious uncertainty. Besides,

we have ever considered it as beneath persons of our dignity to account for our movements or caprices. Thank Heaven, we are not, like the unhappy rulers of this enlightened land, accountable to the mob for our actions or dependent on their smiles for support! This much, however, we will say, it is not for want of subjects that we stop our career. We are not in the situation of poor Alexander the Great, who wept, as well indeed he might, because there were no more worlds to conquer; for, to do justice to this queer, odd, rantipole city and this whimsical country, there is matter enough in them to keep our risible muscles and our pens going until doomsday.

Most people, in taking a farewell which may, perhaps, be forever, are anxious to part on good terms; and it is usual, on such melancholy occasions, for even enemies to shake hands, forget their previous quarrels, and bury all former animosities in parting regrets. Now, because most people do this, I am determined to act in quite a different way; for, as I have lived, so I should wish to die in my own way, without imitating any person, whatever may be his rank, talents, or reputation. Besides, if I know our trio, we have no enmities to obliterate, no hatchet to bury, and as to all injuries—those we have long since forgiven. At this moment there is not an individual in the world, not even the Pope himself, to whom we have any personal hostility. But if, shutting their eyes to the many striking proofs of good-nature displayed through the whole course of this work, there should be any persons so singularly ridiculous as to take offense at our strictures, we heartily forgive their stupidity; earnestly entreating them to desist from all manifestations of ill-humor, lest they should, peradventure, be classed under some one of the denominations of recreants we have felt it our duty to hold up to public ridicule. Even at this moment we feel a glow of parting philanthropy stealing upon us; a sentiment of cordial good-will toward the numerous host of readers that have jogged on at our heels during the last year; and, in justice to ourselves, must seriously protest that, if at any

time we have treated them a little ungently, it was purely in that spirit of hearty affection with which a schoolmaster drubs an unlucky urchin, or a humane muleteer his recreant animal, at the very moment when his heart is brimful of loving-kindness. If this is not considered an ample justification, so much the worse; for in that case I fear we shall remain forever unjustified; a most desperate extremity, and worthy of every man's commiseration!

One circumstance in particular has tickled us mightily as we jogged along, and that is the astonishing secrecy with which we have been able to carry on our lucubrations! Fully aware of the profound sagacity of the public of Gotham, and their wonderful faculty of distinguishing a writer by his style, it is with great self-congratulation we find that suspicion has never pointed to us as the authors of Salmagundi. Our gray-beard speculations have been most bountifully attributed to sundry smart young gentlemen, who, for aught we know, have no beards at all; and we have often been highly amused, when they were charged with the sin of writing what their harmless minds never conceived, to see them affect all the blushing modesty and beautiful embarrassment of detected virgin authors. The profound and penetrating public, having so long been led away from truth and nature by a constant perusal of those delectable histories and romances from beyond seas, in which human nature is for the most part wickedly mangled and debauched, have never once imagined this work was a genuine and most authentic history; that the Cocklofts were a real family, dwelling in the city; paying scot and lot, entitled to the right of suffrage, and holding several respectable offices in the corporation. As little do they suspect that there is a knot of merry old bachelors seated snugly in the old-fashioned parlor of an old-fashioned Dutch house, with a weathercock on the top that came from Holland, who amuse themselves of an evening by laughing at their neighbors in an honest way, and who manage to jog on through the streets of our ancient and venerable city without elbowing or being elbowed by a living soul.

When we first adopted the idea of discontinuing this work, we determined, in order to give the critics a fair opportunity for dissection, to declare ourselves, one and all, absolutely defunct; for it is one of the rare and invaluable privileges of a periodical writer that by an act of innocent suicide he may lawfully consign himself to the grave and cheat the world of posthumous renown. But we abandoned this scheme for many substantial reasons. In the first place, we care but little for the opinion of critics, who we consider a kind of freebooters in the republic of letters; who, like deer, goats, and divers other graminivorous animals, gain subsistence by gorging upon the buds and leaves of the young shrubs of the forest, thereby robbing them of their verdure and retarding their progress to maturity. It also occurred to us that, though an author might lawfully in all countries kill himself outright, yet this privilege did not extend to the raising himself from the dead, if he was ever so anxious; and all that is left him in such a case is to take the benefit of the metempsychosis act and revive under a new name and form.

Far be it, therefore, from us to condemn ourselves to useless embarrassments, should we ever be disposed to resume the guardianship of this learned city of Gotham, and finish this invaluable work, which is yet but half completed. We hereby openly and seriously declare that we are not dead, but intend, if it pleases Providence, to live for many years to come; to enjoy life with the genuine relish of honest souls; careless of riches, honors, and everything but a good name, among good fellows; and with the full expectation of shuffling off the remnant of existence after the excellent fashion of that merry Grecian who died laughing.

TO THE LADIES

BY ANTHONY EVERGREEN, GENT.

NEXT to our being a knot of independent old bachelors, there is nothing on which we pride ourselves more highly

than upon possessing that true chivalric spirit of gallantry which distinguished the days of King Arthur and his valiant knights of the Round Table. We cannot, therefore, leave the lists where we have so long been tilting at folly, without giving a farewell salutation to those noble dames and beauteous damsels who have honored us with their presence at the tourney. Like true knights, the only recompense we crave is the smile of beauty, and the approbation of those gentle fair ones, whose smile and whose approbation far excels all the trophies of honor, and all the rewards of successful ambition. True it is, that we have suffered infinite perils in standing forth as their champions, from the sly attacks of sundry arch caitiffs, who, in the overflowings of their malignity, have even accused us of entering the lists as defenders of the very foibles and faults of the sex. Would that we could meet with these recreants hand to hand; they should receive no more quarter than giants and enchanters in romance.

Had we a spark of vanity in our natures, here is a glorious occasion to show our skill in refuting these illiberal insinuations; but there is something manly, and ingenuous, in making an honest confession of one's offenses when about retiring from the world; and so, without any more ado, we doff our helmets and thus publicly plead guilty to the deadly sin of *good nature;* hoping and expecting forgiveness from our good-natured readers—yet careless whether they bestow it or not. And in this we do but imitate sundry condemned criminals, who, finding themselves convicted of a capital crime, with great openness and candor do generally in their last dying speech make a confession of all their previous offenses, which confession is always read with great delight by all true lovers of biography.

Still, however, notwithstanding our notorious devotion to the gentle sex, and our indulgent partiality, we have endeavored, on divers occasions, with all the polite and becoming delicacy of true respect, to reclaim them from many of those delusive follies and unseemly peccadilloes in which they are unhappily too prone to indulge. We have warned

them against the sad consequences of encountering our midnight damps and withering wintry blasts; we have endeavored, with pious hand, to snatch them from the 'wildering mazes of the waltz, and thus rescuing them from the arms of strangers to restore them to the bosoms of their friends; to preserve them from the nakedness, the famine, the cobweb muslins, the vinegar cruet, the corset, the stay-tape, the buckram, and all the other miseries and racks of a fine figure. But, above all, we have endeavored to lure them from the mazes of a dissipated world, where they wander about, careless of their value, until they lose their original worth; and to restore them, before it is too late, to the sacred asylum of home, the soil most congenial to the opening blossom of female loveliness; where it blooms and expands in safety, in the fostering sunshine of maternal affection, and where its heavenly sweets are best known and appreciated.

Modern philosophers may determine the proper destination of the sex; they may assign to them an extensive and brilliant orbit, in which to revolve, to the delight of the million and the confusion of man's superior intellect; but when on this subject we disclaim philosophy, and appeal to the higher tribunal of the heart: and what heart that had not lost its better feelings would ever seek to repose its happiness on the bosom of one whose pleasures all lay without the threshold of home; who snatched enjoyment only in the whirlpool of dissipation, and amid the thoughtless and evanescent gayety of a ball-room? The fair one who is forever in the career of amusement may for a while dazzle, astonish, and entertain; but we are content with coldly admiring, and fondly turn from glitter and noise to seek the happy fireside of social life, there to confide our dearest and best affections.

Yet some there are, and we delight to mention them, who mingle freely with the world, unsullied by its contaminations; whose brilliant minds, like the stars of the firmament, are destined to shed their light abroad and gladden every beholder with their radiance: to withhold them from the

world would be doing it injustice; they are inestimable gems, which were never formed to be shut up in caskets, but to be the pride and ornament of elegant society.

We have endeavored always to discriminate between a female of this superior order and the thoughtless votary of pleasure; who, destitute of intellectual resources, is servilely dependent on others for every little pittance of enjoyment; who exhibits herself incessantly amid the noise, the giddy frolic, and capricious variety of fashionable assemblages; dissipating her languid affections on a crowd, lavishing her ready smiles with indiscriminate prodigality on the worthy or the undeserving, and listening with equal vacancy of mind to the conversation of the enlightened, the frivolity of the coxcomb, and the flourish of the fiddlestick.

There is a certain artificial polish, a commonplace vivacity, acquired by perpetually mingling in the *beau monde;* which, in the commerce of the world, supplies the place of natural suavity of good humor; but is purchased at the expense of all original and sterling traits of character. By a kind of fashionable discipline the eye is taught to brighten, the lip to smile, and the whole countenance to emanate with the semblance of friendly welcome, while the bosom is unwarmed by a single spark of genuine kindness or good-will. This elegant simulation may be admired by the connoisseur of human character as a perfection of art; but the heart is not to be deceived by the superficial illusion: it turns with delight to the timid retiring fair one, whose smile is the smile of nature; whose blush is the soft suffusion of delicate sensibility; and whose affections, unblighted by the chilling effects of dissipation, glow with all the tenderness and purity of artless youth. Hers is a singleness of mind, a native innocence of manners, and a sweet timidity, that steal insensibly upon the heart, and lead it a willing captive; though venturing occasionally among the fairy haunts of pleasure, she shrinks from the broad glare of notoriety, and seems to seek refuge among her friends, even from the admiration of the world.

These observations bring to mind a little allegory in one of the manuscripts of the sage Mustapha, which, being in some measure applicable to the subject of this essay, we transcribe for the benefit of our fair readers.

Among the numerous race of the Bedouins, who people the vast tracts of Arabia Deserta, is a small tribe, remarkable for their habits of solitude and love of independence. They are of a rambling disposition, roving from waste to waste, slaking their thirst at such scanty pools as are found in those cheerless plains, and glory in the unenvied liberty they enjoy. A youthful Arab of this tribe, a simple son of nature, at length growing weary of his precarious and unsettled mode of life, determined to set out in search of some permanent abode. "I will seek," said he, "some happy region, some generous clime, where the dews of heaven diffuse fertility. I will find out some unfailing stream; and, forsaking the joyless life of my forefathers, settle on its borders, dispose my mind to gentle pleasures and tranquil enjoyments, and never wander more."

Enchanted with this picture of pastoral felicity, he departed from the tents of his companions; and having journeyed during five days, on the sixth, as the sun was just rising in all the splendors of the east, he lifted up his eyes and beheld extended before him in smiling luxuriance the fertile regions of Arabia the Happy. Gently swelling hills, tufted with blooming groves, swept down into luxuriant vales, enameled with flowers of never-withering beauty. The sun, no longer darting his rays with torrid fervor, beamed with a genial warmth that gladdened and enriched the landscape. A pure and temperate serenity, an air of voluptuous repose, a smile of contented abundance, pervaded the face of nature; and every zephyr breathed a thousand delicious odors. The soul of the youthful wanderer expanded with delight. He raised his eyes to heaven and almost mingled with his tribute of gratitude a sigh of regret that he had lingered so long amid the sterile solitudes of the desert.

With fond impatience he hastened to make choice of a

stream where he might fix his habitation, and taste the promised sweets of this land of delight. But here commenced an unforeseen perplexity; for, though he beheld innumerable streams on every side, yet not one could he find which completely answered his high raised expectations. One abounded with wild and picturesque beauty, but it was capricious and unsteady in its course; sometimes dashing its angry billows against the rocks, and often raging and overflowing its banks. Another flowed smoothly along, without even a ripple or a murmur; but its bottom was soft and muddy, and its current dull and sluggish. A third was pure and transparent, but its waters were of a chilling coldness, and it had rocks and flints in its bosom. A fourth was dulcet in its tinklings and graceful in its meanderings, but it had a cloying sweetness that palled upon the taste; while a fifth possessed a sparkling vivacity and a pungency of flavor that deterred the wanderer from repeating his draught.

The youthful Bedouin began to weary with fruitless trials and repeated disappointments, when his attention was suddenly attracted by a lively brook, whose dancing waves glittered in the sunbeams, and whose prattling current communicated an air of bewitching gayety to the surrounding landscape. The heart of the wayworn traveler beat with expectation; but on regarding it attentively in its course, he found that it constantly avoided the embowering shade; loitering with equal fondness, whether gliding through the rich valley, or over the barren sand; that the fragrant flower, the fruitful shrub, and worthless bramble were alike fostered by its waves, and that its current was often interrupted by unprofitable weeds. With idle ambition it expanded itself beyond its proper bounds, and spread into a shallow waste of water, destitute of beauty or utility, and babbling along with uninteresting vivacity and vapid turbulence.

The wandering son of the desert turned away with a sigh of regret, and pitied a stream which, if content within its natural limits, might have been the pride of the valley and the object of all his wishes. Pensive, musing, and disap-

pointed, he slowly pursued his now almost hopeless pilgrimage, and had rambled for some time along the margin of a gentle rivulet before he became sensible of its beauties. It was a simple pastoral stream, which, shunning the noonday glare, pursued its unobtrusive course through retired and tranquil vales—now dimpling among flowery banks and tufted shrubbery; now winding among spicy groves, whose aromatic foliage fondly bent down to meet the limpid wave. Sometimes, but not often, it would venture from its covert to stray through a flowery meadow; but quickly, as if fearful of being seen, stole back again into its more congenial shade, and there lingered with sweet delay. Wherever it bent its course, the face of nature brightened into smiles, and a perennial spring reigned upon its borders. The warblers of the woodland delighted to quit their recesses and carol among its bowers; while the turtle-dove, the timid fawn, the soft-eyed gazelle, and all the rural populace who joy in the sequestered haunts of nature, resorted to its vicinity. Its pure, transparent waters rolled over snow-white sands, and heaven itself was reflected in its tranquil bosom.

The simple Arab threw himself upon its verdant margin. He tasted the silver tide, and it was like nectar to his lips. He bounded with transport, for he had found the object of his wayfaring. "Here," cried he, "will I pitch my tent. Here will I pass my days; for pure, oh, fair stream, is thy gentle current; beauteous are thy borders; and the grove must be a paradise that is refreshed by thy meanderings!"

Pendant opera interrupta.—Virg.
The work's all aback.—*Link. Fid.*

"How hard it is," exclaims the divine Con-futsé, better known among the illiterate by the name of Confucius, "for a man to bite off his own nose!" At this moment I, William Wizard, Esq., feel the full force of this remark, and cannot but give vent to my tribulation at being obliged,

through the whim of friend Langstaff, to stop short in my literary career when at the very point of astonishing my country and reaping the brightest laurels of literature. We daily hear of shipwrecks, of failures and bankruptcies; they are trifling mishaps which, from their frequency, excite but little astonishment or sympathy; but it is not often that we hear of a man's letting immortality slip through his fingers; and when he does meet with such a misfortune, who would deny him the comfort of bewailing his calamity?

Next to embargo laid upon our commerce the greatest public annoyance is the embargo laid upon our work; in consequence of which the produce of my wits, like that of my country, must remain at home; and my ideas, like so many merchantmen in port, or redoubtable frigates in the Potomac, moulder away in the mud of my own brain. I know of few things in this world more annoying than to be interrupted in the middle of a favorite story, at the most interesting part, where one expects to shine; or to have a conversation broken off just when you are about coming out with a score of excellent jokes, not one of which but was good enough to make every fine figure in corsets literally split her sides with laughter. In some such predicament am I placed at present; and I do protest to you, my good-looking and well-beloved readers, by the chop-sticks of the immortal Josh, I was on the very brink of treating you with a full broadside of the most ingenious and instructive essays that your precious noddles were ever bothered with.

In the first place, I had, with infinite labor and pains, and by consulting the divine Plato, Sanconiathon, Apollonius, Rhodius, Sir John Harrington, Noah Webster, Linkum Fidelius, and others, fully refuted all those wild theories respecting the first settlement of our venerable country; and proved, beyond contradiction, that America, so far from being, as the writers of upstart Europe denominate it, the new world, is at least as old as any country in existence, not excepting Egypt, China, or even the land of the Assiniboins; which, according to the traditions of that ancient

people, has already assisted at the funerals of thirteen suns and four hundred and seventy thousand moons!

I had likewise written a long dissertation on certain hieroglyphics discovered on these fragments of the moon, which have lately fallen, with singular propriety, in a neighboring State; and have thrown considerable light on the state of literature and the arts in that planet; showing that the universal language which prevails there is High Dutch; thereby proving it to be the most ancient and original tongue, and corroborating the opinion of a celebrated poet that it is the language in which the serpent tempted our grandmother Eve.

To support the theatric department, I had several very judicious critiques, ready written, wherein no quarter was shown either to authors or actors; and I was only waiting to determine at what plays or performances they should be leveled. As to the grand spectacle of Cinderella, which is to be represented this season, I had given it a most unmerciful handling; showing that it was neither tragedy, comedy, nor farce; that the incidents were highly improbable, that the prince played like a perfect harlequin, that the white mice were merely powdered for the occasion, and that the new moon had a most outrageous copper nose.

But my most profound and erudite essay in embryo is an analytical, hypercritical review of these "Salmagundi" lucubrations; which I had written partly in revenge for the many waggish jokes played off against me by my confederates, and partly for the purpose of saving much invaluable labor to the Zoiluses and Dennises of the age, by detecting and exposing all the similarities, resemblances, synonymies, analogies, coincidences, etc., which occur in this work.

I hold it downright plagiarism for any author to write, or even to think, in the same manner with any other writer that either did, doth, or may exist. It is a sage maxim of law—"*Ignorantia neminem excusat*"—and the same has been extended to literature: so that if an author shall publish an idea that has been ever hinted by another, it shall be no exculpation for him to plead ignorance of the fact. All,

therefore, that I had to do was to take a good pair of spectacles, or a magnifying glass, and with "Salmagundi" in hand, and a table full of books before me, to mouse over them alternately, in a corner of Cockloft library: carefully comparing and contrasting all odd ends and fragments of sentences. Little did honest Launce suspect, when he sat lounging and scribbling in his elbow-chair, with no other stock to draw upon than his own brain, and no other authority to consult than the sage Linkum Fidelius!—little did he think that his careless, unstudied effusions would receive such scrupulous investigation.

By laborious researches, and patiently collating words, where sentences and ideas did not correspond, I have detected sundry sly disguises and metamorphoses of which, I'll be bound, Langstaff himself is ignorant. Thus, for instance—The little man in black is evidently no less a personage than old Goody Blake, or goody something, filched from the "Spectator," who confessedly filched her from Otway's "wrinkled hag with age grown double." My friend Launce has taken the honest old woman, dressed her up in the cast-off suit worn by Twaits, in Lampedo, and endeavored to palm the imposture upon the enlightened inhabitants of Gotham. No further proof of the fact need be given than that Goody Blake was taken for a witch; and the little man in black for a conjurer; and that they both lived in villages, the inhabitants of which were distinguished by a most respectful abhorrence of hobgoblins and broomsticks. To be sure the astonishing similarity ends here, but surely that is enough to prove that the little man in black is no other than Goody Blake in the disguise of a white witch.

Thus, also, the sage Mustapha, in mistaking a brag party for a convention of magi studying hieroglyphics, may pretend to originality of idea, and to a familiar acquaintance with the black letter literati of the East; but this Tripolitan trick will not pass here. I refer those who wish to detect his larceny to one of those wholesale jumbles or hodge-podge collections of science which, like a tailor's pandemonium, or

a giblet-pie, are receptacles for scientific fragments of all sorts and sizes. The reader, learned in dictionary studies, will at once perceive I mean an encyclopedia. There, under the title of magi, Egypt, cards or hieroglyphics, I forget which, will be discovered an idea similar to that of Mustapha, as snugly concealed as truth at the bottom of a well, or the mistletoe amid the shady branches of an oak; and it may at any time be drawn from its lurking place, by those hewers of wood and drawers of water who labor in humbler walks of criticism. This is assuredly a most unpardonable error of the sage Mustapha, who had been the captain of a ketch, and, of course, as your nautical men are for the most part very learned, ought to have known better. But this is not the only blunder of the grave Mussulman, who swears by the head of Amrou, the beard of Barbarossa, and the sword of Khalid, as glibly as our good Christian soldiers anathematize body and soul, or a sailor his eyes and odd limbs. Now I solemnly pledge myself to the world, that in all my travels through the East, in Persia, Arabia, China and Egypt, I never heard man, woman, or child utter any of those preposterous and new-fangled asseverations; and that, so far from swearing by any man's head, it is considered, throughout the East, the greatest insult that can be offered to either the living or dead to meddle in any shape even with his beard. These are but two or three specimens of the exposures I would have made; but I should have descended still lower; nor would have spared the most insignificant; and, or but, or nevertheless, provided I could have found a ditto in the "Spectator" or the dictionary. But all these minutiæ I bequeath to the Lilliputian literati of this sagacious community, who are fond of hunting "such small deer," and I earnestly pray they may find full employment for a twelvemonth to come.

But the most outrageous plagiarisms of friend Launcelot are those made on sundry living personages. Thus: Tom Straddle has been evidently stolen from a distinguished Brummagem emigrant, since they both ride on horseback.

Dabble, the little great man, has his origin in a certain aspiring counselor, who is rising in the world as rapidly as the heaviness of his head will permit; mine uncle John will bear a tolerable comparison, particularly as it respects the sterling qualities of his heart, with a worthy yeoman of Westchester County. And to deck out Aunt Charity, and the amiable Misses Cockloft, he has rifled the charms of half the ancient vestals in the city. Nay he has taken unpardonable liberties with my own person!—elevating me on the substantial pedestals of a worthy gentleman from China, and tricking me out with claret coats, tight breeches, and silver-sprigged dickeys, in such sort that I can scarcely recognize my own resemblance; whereas I absolutely declare that I am an exceeding good-looking man, neither too tall nor too short, too old nor too young, with a person indifferently robust, a head rather inclining to be large, an easy swing in my walk; and that I wear my own hair, neither queued, nor cropped, nor turned up, but in a fair, pendulous, oscillating club, tied with a yard of ninepenny black ribbon.

And now having said all that occurs to me on the present pathetic occasion—having made my speech, wrote my eulogy, and drawn my portrait, I bid my readers an affectionate farewell; exhorting them to live honestly and soberly; paying their taxes, and reverencing the state, the church, and the corporation; reading diligently the Bible and almanac, the newspaper and "Salmagundi"—which is all the reading an honest citizen has occasion for—and eschewing all spirit of faction, discontent, irreligion, and criticism.

Which is all at present

From their departed friend,

WILLIAM WIZARD.

END OF "SALMAGUNDI"

VOYAGES AND DISCOVERIES

OF THE

COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS

"To declare my opinion herein, whatsoever hath heretofore been discovered by the famous travayles of Saturnus and Hercules, with such other whom the Antiquitie for their heroical acts honoured as gods, seemeth but little and obscure, if it be compared to the victorious labors of the Spanyards."

—*P. Martyr, Decad. III. c.* 4. *Lock's translation.*

INTRODUCTION

THE first discovery of the western hemisphere has already been related by the author in his "History of Columbus." It is proposed by him, in the present work, to narrate the enterprises of certain of the companions and disciples of the admiral, who, enkindled by his zeal, and instructed by his example, sallied forth separately in the vast region of adventure to which he had led the way. Many of them sought merely to skirt the continent which he had partially visited, and to secure the first fruits of the pearl fisheries of Paria and Cubaga, or to explore the coast of Veragua, which he had represented as the Aurea Chersonesus of the Ancients. Others aspired to accomplish a grand discovery which he had meditated toward the close of his career. In the course of his expeditions along the coast of Terra Firma, Columbus had repeatedly received information of the existence of a vast sea to the south. He supposed it to be the great Indian Ocean, the region of the Oriental spice islands, and that it must communicate by a strait with the Caribbean Sea. His last and most disastrous voyage was made for the express

purpose of discovering that imaginary strait, and making his way into this Southern Ocean. The illustrious navigator, however, was doomed to die, as it were, upon the threshold of his discoveries. It was reserved for one of his followers, Vasco Nunez de Balboa, to obtain the first view of the promised ocean, from the lofty mountains of Darien, some years after the eyes of the venerable admiral had been closed in death.

The expeditions herein narrated, therefore, may be considered as springing immediately out of the voyages of Columbus, and fulfilling some of his grand designs. They may be compared to the attempts of adventurous knights-errant to achieve the enterprise left unfinished by some illustrious predecessor. Neither is this comparison entirely fanciful. On the contrary, it is a curious fact, well worthy of notice, that the spirit of chivalry entered largely into the early expeditions of the Spanish discoverers, giving them a character wholly distinct from similar enterprises undertaken by other nations. It will not, perhaps, be considered far sought if we trace the cause of this peculiarity to the domestic history of the Spaniards during the Middle Ages.

Eight centuries of incessant warfare with the Moorish usurpers of the peninsula produced a deep and lasting effect upon the Spanish character and manners. The war being ever close at home, mingled itself with the domestic habits and concerns of the Spaniard. He was born a soldier. The wild and predatory nature of the war, also, made him a kind of chivalrous marauder. His horse and weapon were always ready for the field. His delight was in roving incursions and extravagant exploits, and no gain was so glorious in his eyes as the cavalgada of spoils and captives driven home in triumph from a plundered province. Religion, which has ever held great empire in the Spanish mind, lent its aid to sanctify these roving and ravaging propensities, and the Castilian cavalier, as he sacked the towns and laid waste the fields of his Moslem neighbor, piously believed he was doing God service.

The conquest of Granada put an end to the peninsular wars betweeen Christian and Infidel; the spirit of Spanish chivalry was thus suddenly deprived of its wonted sphere of action; but it had been too long fostered and excited to be as suddenly appeased. The youth of the nation, bred up to daring adventure and heroic achievement, could not brook the tranquil and regular pursuits of common life, but panted for some new field of romantic enterprise.

It was at this juncture that the grand project of Columbus was carried into effect. His treaty with the sovereigns was, in a manner, signed with the same pen that had subscribed the capitulation of the Moorish capital, and his first expedition may almost be said to have departed from beneath the walls of Granada. Many of the youthful cavaliers who had fleshed their swords in that memorable war, crowded the ships of the discoverers, thinking a new career of arms was to be opened to them—a kind of crusade into splendid and unknown regions of Infidels. The very weapons and armor that had been used against the Moors were drawn from the arsenals to equip the discoverers, and some of the most noted of the early commanders in the New World will be found to have made their first essay in arms under the banner of Ferdinand and Isabella, in their romantic campaigns among the mountains of Andalusia.

To these circumstances may, in a great measure, be ascribed that swelling chivalrous spirit which will be found continually mingling, or rather warring, with the technical habits of the seaman, and the sordid schemes of the mercenary adventurer; in these early Spanish discoveries, chivalry had left the land and launched upon the deep. The Spanish cavalier had embarked in the caravel of the discoverer; he carried among the trackless wildernesses of the new world the same contempt of danger and fortitude under suffering, the same restless roaming spirit, the same passion for inroad and ravage, and vainglorious exploit, and the same fervent, and often bigoted, zeal for the propagation of his faith that had distinguished him during his warfare with the Moors.

Instances in point will be found in the extravagant career of the daring Ojeda, particularly in his adventures along the coast of Terra Firma and the wild shores of Cuba. In the sad story of the "unfortunate Nicuesa," graced as it is with occasional touches of high-bred courtesy; in the singular cruise of that brave, but credulous, old cavalier, Juan Ponce de Leon, who fell upon the flowery coast of Florida, in his search after an imaginary fountain of youth; and above all in the checkered fortunes of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, whose discovery of the Pacific Ocean forms one of the most beautiful and striking incidents in the history of the New World, and whose fate might furnish a theme of wonderful interest for a poem or a drama.

The extraordinary actions and adventures of these men, while they rival the exploits recorded in chivalric tale have the additional interest of verity. They leave us in admiration of the bold and heroic qualities inherent in the Spanish character, which led that nation to so high a pitch of power and glory, and which are still discernible in the great mass of that gallant people, by those who have an opportunity of judging of them rightly.

Before concluding these prefatory remarks, the author would acknowledge how much he has been indebted to the third volume of the invaluable Historical collection of Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, wherein he has exhibited his usual industry, accuracy, and critical acumen. He has likewise profited greatly by the second volume of Oviedo's general history, which only exists in manuscript, and a copy of which he found in the Columbian library of the Cathedral of Seville.

He has had some assistance also from the documents of the law-case between Don Diego Columbus and the Crown, which exists in the archives of the Indies; and for an inspection of which he is much indebted to the permission of the Spanish Government and the kind attentions of Don Josef de La Higuera Lara, the keeper of the archives. These, with the historical works of Las Casas, Herrera Gomera,

and Peter Martyr, have been his authorities for the facts contained in the following work; though he has not thought proper to refer to them continually at the bottom of his page.

While his work was going through the press he received a volume of Spanish biography, written with great elegance and accuracy, by Don Manuel Josef Quintana, and containing a life of Vasco Nunez de Balboa. He was gratified to find that his arrangement of facts were generally corroborated by this work; though he was enabled to correct his dates in several instances, and to make a few other emendations from the volume of Senor Quintana, whose position in Spain gave him the means of attaining superior exactness on these points.

ALONZO DE OJEDA*

HIS FIRST VOYAGE, IN WHICH HE WAS ACCOMPANIED BY AMERIGO VESPUCCI†

CHAPTER ONE

SOME ACCOUNT OF OJEDA—OF JUAN DE LA COSA—OF AMERIGO VESPUCCI—PREPARATIONS FOR THE VOYAGE—(1499)

THOSE who have read the "History of Columbus" will, doubtless, remember the character and exploits of Alonzo de Ojeda. As some of the readers of the following pages, however, may not have perused that work, and as it is proposed at present to trace the subsequent fortunes of this youthful adventurer, a brief sketch of him may not be deemed superfluous.

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* Ojeda is pronounced in Spanish Oheda, with a strong aspiration of the *h*.

† Vespucci, Vespuchy.

Alonzo de Ojeda was a native of Cuenca, in New Castile, and of a respectable family. He was brought up as a page or esquire, in the service of Don Luis de Cerda, Duke of Medina Celi, one of the most powerful nobles of Spain; the same who for some time patronized Columbus during his application to the Spanish court.*

In those warlike days, when the peninsula was distracted by contests between the Christian kingdoms, by feuds between the nobles and the crown, and by the incessant and marauding warfare with the Moors, the household of a Spanish nobleman was a complete school of arms, where the youth of the country were sent to be trained up in all kinds of hardy exercises, and to be led to battle under an illustrious banner. Such was especially the case with the service of the Duke of Medina Celi, who possessed princely domains, whose household was a petty court, who led legions of armed retainers to the field, and who appeared in splendid state and with an immense retinue, more as an ally of Ferdinand and Isabella than as a subject. He engaged in many of the roughest expeditions of the memorable war of Granada, always insisting on leading his own troops in person, when the service was of peculiar difficulty and danger. Alonzo de Ojeda was formed to signalize himself in such a school. Though small of stature, he was well made and of wonderful force and activity, with a towering spirit and a daring eye that seemed to make up for deficiency of height. He was a bold and graceful horseman, an excellent foot soldier, dexterous with every weapon, and noted for his extraordinary skill and adroitness in all feats of strength and agility.

He must have been quite young when he followed the Duke of Medina Celi, as page, to the Moorish wars; for he was but about twenty-one years of age when he accompanied Columbus in his second voyage; he had already, however, distinguished himself by his enterprising spirit and headlong

* Varones Ilustres, por F. Pizarro y Orellana, p. 41. Las Casas Hist. Ind. l. i. c. 82.

valor; and his exploits during that voyage contributed to enhance his reputation. He returned to Spain with Columbus, but did not accompany him in his third voyage, in the spring of 1498. He was probably impatient of subordination, and ambitious of a separate employment or command, which the influence of his connections gave him a great chance of obtaining. He had a cousin-german of his own name, the Reverend Padre Alonzo de Ojeda, a Dominican friar, who was one of the first inquisitors of Spain, and a great favorite with the Catholic sovereigns.* This father inquisitor was, moreover, an intimate friend of the bishop Don Juan Rodriguez Fonseca, who had the chief management of the affairs of the Indies, under which general name were comprehended all the countries discovered in the new world. Through the good offices of his cousin inquisitor, therefore, Ojeda had been introduced to the notice of the bishop, who took him into his especial favor and patronage. Mention has already been made, in the "History of Columbus," of a present made by the bishop to Ojeda of a small Flemish painting of the Holy Virgin. This the young adventurer carried about with him as a protecting relic, invoking it at all times of peril, whether by sea or land; and to the special care of the Virgin he attributed the remarkable circumstance that he had never been wounded in any of the innumerable brawls and battles into which he was continually betrayed by his rash and fiery temperament.

While Ojeda was lingering about the court, letters were received from Columbus, giving an account of the events of his third voyage, especially of his discovery of the coast of Paria, which he described as abounding with drugs and spices, with gold and silver, and precious stones, and, above all, with Oriental pearls, and which he supposed to be the borders of that vast and unknown region of the East, wherein, according to certain learned theorists, was situated the terrestrial paradise. Specimens of the pearls, procured in

* Pizarro. Varones Ilustres.

considerable quantities from the natives, accompanied his epistle, together with charts descriptive of his route. These tidings caused a great sensation among the maritime adventurers of Spain; but no one was more excited by them than Alonzo de Ojeda, who, from his intimacy with the bishop, had full access to the charts and correspondence of Columbus. He immediately conceived the project of making a voyage in the route thus marked out by the admiral, and of seizing upon the first fruits of discovery which he had left ungathered. His scheme met with ready encouragement from Fonseca, who, as has heretofore been shown, was an implacable enemy to Columbus, and willing to promote any measure that might injure or molest him. The bishop accordingly granted a commission to Ojeda, authorizing him to fit out an armament and proceed on a voyage of discovery, with the proviso merely that he should not visit any territories appertaining to Portugal, or any of the lands discovered in the name of Spain previous to the year 1495. The latter part of this provision appears to have been craftily worded by the bishop, so as to leave the coast of Paria and its pearl fisheries open to Ojeda, they having been recently discovered by Columbus in 1498.

The commission was signed by Fonseca alone, in virtue of general powers vested in him for such purposes, but the signature of the sovereigns did not appear on the instrument, and it is doubtful whether their sanction was sought on the occasion. He knew that Columbus had recently remonstrated against a royal mandate issued in 1495, permitting voyages of discovery by private adventurers, and that the sovereigns had in consequence revoked their mandate wherever it might be deemed prejudicial to the stipulated privileges of the admiral.* It is probable, therefore, that the bishop avoided raising any question that might impede the enterprise; being confident of the ultimate approbation of Ferdinand, who would be well pleased to have his dominions

*Navarrete, t. ii. Document, cxiii.

in the New World extended by the discoveries of private adventurers, undertaken at their own expense. It was stipulated in this, as well as in subsequent licenses for private expeditions, that a certain proportion of the profits, generally a fourth or fifth, should be reserved for the crown.

Having thus obtained permission to make the voyage, the next consideration with Ojeda was to find the means. He was a young adventurer, a mere soldier of fortune, and destitute of wealth; but he had a high reputation for courage and enterprise, and with these, it was thought, would soon make his way to the richest parts of the newly discovered lands, and have the wealth of the Indies at his disposal. He had no difficulty, therefore, in finding moneyed associates among the rich merchants of Seville, who, in that age of discovery, were ever ready to stake their property upon the schemes of roving navigators. With such assistance he soon equipped a squadron of four vessels at Port St. Mary, opposite Cadiz. Among the seamen who engaged with him were several who had just returned from accompanying Columbus in his voyage to this very coast of Paria. The principal associate of Ojeda, and one on whom he placed great reliance, was Juan de la Cosa; who accompanied him as first mate, or, as it was termed, chief pilot. This was a bold Biscayan, who may be regarded as a disciple of Columbus, with whom he had sailed in his second voyage, when he coasted Cuba and Jamaica, and he had since accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in an expedition along the coast of Terra Firma. The hardy veteran was looked up to by his contemporaries as an oracle of the seas, and was pronounced one of the most able mariners of the day; he may be excused, therefore, if in his harmless vanity he considered himself on a par even with Columbus.*

Another conspicuous associate of Ojeda in this voyage was Amerigo Vespucci, a Florentine merchant, induced by broken fortunes and a rambling disposition to seek adventures in the new world. Whether he had any pecuniary in-

* Navarrete. Collec. Viag., t. iii., p. 4.

terest in the expedition, and in what capacity he sailed, does not appear. His importance has entirely arisen from subsequent circumstances; from his having written and published a narrative of his voyages, and from his name having eventually been given to the New World.

CHAPTER TWO

DEPARTURE FROM SPAIN—ARRIVAL ON THE COAST OF PARIA—CUSTOMS OF THE NATIVES

OJEDA sailed from Port St. Mary on the 20th of May, 1499, and, having touched for supplies at the Canaries, took a departure from Gomara, pursuing the route of Columbus in his third voyage, being guided by the chart he had sent home, as well as by the mariners who had accompanied him on that occasion. At the end of twenty-four days he reached the continent of the New World, about two hundred leagues further south than the part discovered by Columbus, being, as it is supposed, the coast of Surinam.*

From hence he ran along the coast of the Gulf of Paria, passing the mouths of many rivers, but especially those of the Esquivo and the Oronoko. These, to the astonishment of the Spaniards, unaccustomed as yet to the mighty rivers of the New World, poured forth such a prodigious volume of water as to freshen the sea for a great extent. They beheld none of the natives until they arrived at the Island of Trinidad, on which island they met with traces of the recent visit of Columbus.

Vespucci, in his letters, gives a long description of the people of this island and of the coast of Paria, who were of the Carib race, tall, well-made and vigorous, and expert with the bow, the lance, and the buckler. His description, in general, resembles those which have frequently been given of

* Navarrete, t. iii., p. 5.

the aboriginals of the New World; there are two or three particulars, however, worthy of citation.

They appeared, he said, to believe in no religious creed, to have no place of worship, and to make no prayers or sacrifices; but, he adds, from the voluptuousness of their lives, they might be considered Epicureans.* Their habitations were built in the shape of bells; of the trunks of trees, thatched with palm leaves, and were proof against wind and weather. They appeared to be in common, and some of them were of such magnitude as to contain six hundred persons: in one place there were eight principal houses capable of sheltering nearly ten thousand inhabitants. Every seven or eight years the natives were obliged to change their residence, from the maladies engendered by the heat of the climate in their crowded habitations.

Their riches consisted in beads and ornaments made from the bones of fishes; in small white and green stones strung like rosaries, with which they adorned their persons, and in the beautiful plumes of various colors for which the tropical birds are noted.

The Spaniards smiled at their simplicity in attaching an extraordinary value to such worthless trifles; while the savages, in all probability, were equally surprised at beholding the strangers so eager after gold, and pearls, and precious stones, which to themselves were objects of indifference.

Their manner of treating the dead was similar to that observed among the natives of some of the islands. Having deposited the corpse in a cavern or sepulcher, they placed a jar of water and a few eatables at its head, and then abandoned it without moan or lamentation. In some parts of the coast, when a person was considered near his end his nearest relatives bore him to the woods and laid him in a hammock suspended to the trees. They then danced round him until evening, when, having left within his reach sufficient meat and drink to sustain him for four days, they repaired

* Viages de Vespucci. Navarrete, t. iii., p. 211.

to their habitations. If he recovered and returned home, he was received with much ceremony and rejoicing; if he died of his malady or of famine nothing more was thought of him.

Their mode of treating a fever is also worthy of mention. In the height of the malady they plunged the patient in a bath of the coldest water, after which they obliged him to make many evolutions round a great fire, until he was in a violent heat, when they put him to bed that he might sleep: a treatment, adds Amerigo Vespucci, by which we saw many cured.

CHAPTER THREE

COASTING OF TERRA FIRMA—MILITARY EXPEDITION OF OJEDA

After touching at various parts of Trinidad and the Gulf of Paria, Ojeda passed through the strait of the Boca del Drago, or Dragon's Mouth, which Columbus had found so formidable, and then steered his course along the coast of Terra Firma, landing occasionally until he arrived at Curiana, or the Gulf of Pearls. From hence he stood to the opposite island of Margarita, previously discovered by Columbus, and since renowned for its pearl fishery. This, as well as several adjacent islands, he visited and explored; after which he returned to the mainland, and touched at Cumana and Maracapana, where he found the rivers infested with alligators resembling the crocodiles of the Nile.

Finding a convenient harbor at Maracapana he unloaded and careened his vessels there, and built a small brigantine. The natives came to him in great numbers, bringing abundance of venison, fish, and cassava bread, and aiding the seamen in their labors. Their hospitality was not certainly disinterested, for they sought to gain the protection of the Spaniards, whom they reverenced as superhuman beings. When they thought they had sufficiently secured their favor,

they represented to Ojeda that their coast was subject to invasion from a distant island, the inhabitants of which were cannibals, and carried their people into captivity, to be devoured at their unnatural banquets. They besought Ojeda, therefore, to avenge them upon these ferocious enemies.

The request was gratifying to the fighting propensities of Alonzo de Ojeda, and to his love of adventure, and was readily granted. Taking seven of the natives on board of his vessels, therefore, as guides, he set sail in quest of the cannibals. After sailing for seven days he came to a chain of islands, some of which were peopled, others uninhabited, and which are supposed to have been the Caribee islands. One of these was pointed out by his guides as the habitation of their foes. On running near the shore he beheld it thronged with savage warriors, decorated with coronets of gaudy plumes, their bodies painted with a variety of colors. They were armed with bows and arrows, with darts, lances, and bucklers, and seemed prepared to defend their island from invasion.

This show of war was calculated to rouse the martial spirit of Ojeda. He brought his ships to anchor, ordered out his boats, and provided each with a paterero or small cannon. Besides the oarsmen, each boat contained a number of soldiers, who were told to crouch out of sight in the bottom. The boats then pulled in steadily for the shore. As they approached, the Indians let fly a cloud of arrows, but without much effect. Seeing the boats continue to advance, the savages threw themselves into the sea, and brandished their lances to prevent their landing. Upon this, the soldiers sprang up in the boats and discharged the patereroes. At the sound and smoke of these unknown weapons the savages abandoned the water in affright, while Ojeda and his men leaped on shore and pursued them. The Carib warriors rallied on the banks, and fought for a long time with that courage peculiar to their race, but were at length driven to the woods, at the edge of the sword, leaving many killed and wounded on the field of battle.

On the following day the savages were seen on the shore in still greater numbers, armed and painted, and decorated with war plumes, and sounding defiance with their conchs and drums. Ojeda again landed with fifty-seven men, whom he separated into four companies, and ordered them to charge the enemy from different directions. The Caribs fought for a time hand to hand, displaying great dexterity in covering themselves with their bucklers, but were at length entirely routed and driven, with great slaughter, to the forests. The Spaniards had but one man killed and twenty-one wounded in these combats—such superior advantage did their armor give them over the naked savages. Having plundered and set fire to the houses, they returned triumphantly to their ships, with a number of Carib captives, and made sail for the mainland. Ojeda bestowed a part of the spoil upon the seven Indians who had accompanied him as guides, and sent them exulting to their homes, to relate to their countrymen the signal vengeance that had been wreaked upon their foes. He then anchored in a bay, where he remained for twenty days, until his men had recovered from their wounds.*

CHAPTER FOUR

DISCOVERY OF THE GULF OF VENEZUELA—TRANSACTIONS THERE—OJEDA EXPLORES THE GULF—PENETRATES TO MARACAIBO

His crew being refreshed, and the wounded sufficiently recovered, Ojeda made sail, and touched at the island of Curazao, which, according to the accounts of Vespucci, was inhabited by a race of giants, "every woman appearing a

* There is some discrepancy in the early accounts of this battle, as to the time and place of its occurrence. The author has collated the narratives of Vespucci, Las Casas, Herrera, and Peter Martyr, and the evidence given in the lawsuit of Diego Columbus, and has endeavored as much as possible to reconcile them.

Penthesilea, and every man an Antæus." * As Vespucci was a scholar, and as he supposed himself exploring the regions of the extreme East, the ancient realm of fable, it is probable his imagination deceived him, and construed the formidable accounts given by the Indians of their cannibal neighbors of the islands into something according with his recollections of classic fable. Certain it is, that the reports of subsequent voyagers proved the inhabitants of the island to be of the ordinary size.

Proceeding along the coast, he arrived at a vast deep gulf, resembling a tranquil lake; entering which, he beheld on the eastern side a village, the construction of which struck him with surprise. It consisted of twenty large houses, shaped like bells, and built on piles driven into the bottom of the lake, which, in this part, was limpid and of but little depth. Each house was provided with a drawbridge, and with canoes, by which the communication was carried on. From these resemblances to the Italian city, Ojeda gave to the bay the name of the Gulf of Venice: and it is called at the present day Venezuela, or little Venice: the Indian name was Coquibacoa.

When the inhabitants beheld the ships standing into the bay, looking like wonderful and unknown apparitions from the deep, they fled with terror to their houses, and raised the drawbridges. The Spaniards remained for a time gazing with admiration at this amphibious village, when a squadron of canoes entered the harbor from the sea. On beholding the ships they paused in mute amazement, and on the Spaniards attempting to approach them, paddled swiftly to shore, and plunged into the forest. They soon returned with sixteen young girls, whom they conveyed in their canoes to the ships, distributing four on board of each, either as peace-offerings or as tokens of amity and confidence. The best of understanding now seemed to be established; and the inhabitants of the village came swarming about the ships in their canoes, and others swimming in great numbers from the shores.

* Vespucci.—Letter to Lorenzo de Pier Francisco de Medicis.

The friendship of the savages, however, was all delusive. On a sudden, several old women at the doors of the houses uttered loud shrieks, tearing their hair in fury. It appeared to be a signal for hostility. The sixteen nymphs plunged into the sea and made for shore; the Indians in the canoes caught up their bows and discharged a flight of arrows, and even those who were swimming brandished darts and lances, which they had hitherto concealed beneath the water.

Ojeda was for a moment surprised at seeing war thus starting up on every side, and the very sea bristling with weapons. Manning his boats, he immediately charged among the thickest of the enemy, shattered and sunk several of their canoes, killed twenty Indians and wounded many more, and spread such a panic among them that most of the survivors flung themselves into the sea and swam to shore. Three of them were taken prisoners and two of the fugitive girls, and were conveyed on board of the ships, where the men were put in irons. One of them, however, and the two girls, succeeded in dexterously escaping the same night.

Ojeda had but five men wounded in the affray; all of whom recovered. He visited the houses, but found them abandoned and destitute of booty; notwithstanding the unprovoked hostility of the inhabitants, he spared the buildings, that he might not cause useless irritation along the coast.

Continuing to explore this gulf, Ojeda penetrated to a port or harbor, to which he gave the name of St. Bartholomew, but which is supposed to be the same at present known by the original Indian name of Maracaibo. Here, in compliance with the entreaties of the natives, he sent a detachment of twenty-seven Spaniards on a visit to the interior. For nine days they were conducted from town to town, and feasted and almost idolized by the Indians, who regarded them as angelic beings, performing their national dances and games, and chanting their traditional ballads, for their entertainment.

The natives of this part were distinguished for the sym-

metry of their forms; the females in particular appeared to the Spaniards to surpass all others that they had yet beheld in the New World for grace and beauty; neither did the men evince, in the least degree, that jealousy which prevailed in other parts of the coast; but, on the contrary, permitted the most frank and intimate intercourse with their wives and daughters.

By the time the Spaniards set out on their return to the ship, the whole country was aroused, pouring forth its population, male and female, to do them honor. Some bore them in litters or hammocks, that they might not be fatigued with the journey, and happy was the Indian who had the honor of bearing a Spaniard on his shoulders across a river. Others loaded themselves with the presents that had been bestowed on their guests, consisting of rich plumes, weapons of various kinds, and tropical birds and animals. In this way they returned in triumphant procession to the ships, the woods and shores resounding with their songs and shouts.

Many of the Indians crowded into the boats that took the detachment to the ships; others put off in canoes, or swam from shore, so that in a little while the vessels were thronged with upward of a thousand wondering natives. While gazing and marveling at the strange objects around them, Ojeda ordered the cannon to be discharged, at the sound of which, says Vespucci, the Indians "plunged into the water, like so many frogs from a bank." Perceiving, however, that it was done in harmless mirth, they returned on board, and passed the rest of the day in great festivity. The Spaniards brought away with them several of the beautiful and hospitable females from this place, one of whom, named by them Isabel, was much prized by Ojeda, and accompanied him in a subsequent voyage.*

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* Navarrete, t. iii., p. 8. Idem, pp. 107, 108.

It is worthy of particular mention that Ojeda, in his report of his voyage to the sovereigns, informed them of his having met with English voyagers in the vicinity of Coquibacoa, and that the Spanish government attached such importance to his information as to take meas-

CHAPTER FIVE

PROSECUTION OF THE VOYAGE—RETURN TO SPAIN

LEAVING the friendly port of Coquibacoa, Ojeda continued along the western shores of the gulf of Venezuela, and standing out to sea, and doubling Cape Maracaibo, he pursued his coasting voyage from port to port, and promontory to promontory, of this unknown continent, until he reached that long stretching headland called Cape de la Vela. There, the state of his vessels, and perhaps the disappointment of his hopes at not meeting with abundant sources of immediate wealth, induced him to abandon all further voyaging along the coast, and, changing his course, he stood across the Caribbean Sea for Hispaniola. The tenor of his commission forbade his visiting that island; but Ojeda was not a man to stand upon trifles when his interest or inclination prompted the contrary. He trusted to excuse the infraction of his orders by the alleged necessity of touching at the island to calk and refit his vessels, and to procure provisions. His true object, however, is supposed to have been to cut dye-wood, which abounds in the western part of Hispaniola.

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ures to prevent any intrusion into those parts by the English. It is singular that no record should exist of this early and extensive expedition of English navigators. If it was undertaken in the service of the Crown, some document might be found concerning it among the archives of the reign of Henry VII. The English had already discovered the continent of North America. This had been done in 1497, by John Cabot, a Venetian, accompanied by his son Sebastian, who was born in Bristol. They sailed under a license of Henry VII., who was to have a fifth of the profits of the voyage. On the 24th June they discovered Newfoundland, and afterward coasted the continent quite to Florida, bringing back to England a valuable cargo and several of the natives. *This was the first discovery of the mainland of America.* The success of this expedition may have prompted the one which Ojeda encountered in the neighborhood of Coquibacoa.

He accordingly anchored at Yaquimo in September, and landed with a large party of his men. Columbus at that time held command of the island, and, hearing of this unlicensed intrusion, dispatched Francesco Roldan, the quondam rebel, to call Ojeda to account. The contest of stratagem and management that took place between these two adroit and daring adventurers has already been detailed in the "History of Columbus." Roldan was eventually successful, and Ojeda, being obliged to leave Hispaniola, resumed his rambling voyage, visiting various islands, from whence he carried off numbers of the natives. He at length arrived at Cadiz, in June, 1500, with his ships crowded with captives, whom he sold as slaves. So meager, however, was the result of this expedition that, we are told, when all the expenses were deducted, but five hundred ducats remained to be divided between fifty-five adventurers. What made this result the more mortifying was that a petty armament which had sailed some time after that of Ojeda had returned two months before him, rich with the spoils of the New World. A brief account of this latter expedition is necessary to connect this series of minor discoveries.

PEDRO ALONZO NINO* AND CHRISTOVAL GUERRA—(1499)

THE permission granted by Bishop Fonseca to Alonzo de Ojeda, to undertake a private expedition to the New World, roused the emulation of others of the followers of Columbus. Among these was Pedro Alonzo Niño, a hardy seaman, native of Moguer in the vicinity of Palos, who had sailed with Columbus, as a pilot, in his first voyage, and also in his cruisings along the coasts of Cuba and Paria.† He soon

* Pronounced Ninyo. The Ñ in Spanish is always pronounced as if followed by the letter *y*.

† Testimony of Bastides in the lawsuit of Diego Columbus.

obtained from the bishop a similar license to that given to Ojeda, and, like the latter, sought for some moneyed confederate among the rich merchants of Seville. One of these, named Luis Guerra, offered to fit out a caravel for the expedition; but on condition that his brother, Christoval Guerra, should have the command. The poverty of Niño compelled him to assent to the stipulations of the man of wealth, and he sailed as subaltern in his own enterprise; but his nautical skill and knowledge soon gained him the ascendency, he became virtually the captain, and ultimately enjoyed the whole credit of the voyage.

The bark of these two adventurers was but of fifty tons burden, and the crew thirty-three souls all told. With this slender armament they undertook to traverse unknown and dangerous seas, and to explore the barbarous shores of that vast continent recently discovered by Columbus; such was the daring spirit of the Spanish voyagers of those days.

It was about the beginning of June, 1499, and but a few days after the departure of Ojeda, that they put to sea. They sailed from the little port of Palos, the original cradle of American discovery, whose brave and skillful mariners long continued foremost in all enterprises to the New World. Being guided by the chart of Columbus, they followed his route, and reached the southern continent, a little beyond Paria, about fifteen days after the same coast had been visited by Ojeda.

They then proceeded to the gulf of Paria, where they landed to cut dye-wood, and were amicably entertained by the natives. Shortly after, sallying from the gulf by the Boca del Drago, they encountered eighteen canoes of Caribs, the pirate-rovers of these seas and the terror of the bordering lands. This savage armada, instead of being daunted as usual by the sight of a European ship with swelling sails, resembling some winged monster of the deep, considered it only as an object of plunder or hostility and assailed it with showers of arrows. The sudden burst of artillery, however, from the sides of the caravel and the havoc made among the

Caribs by this seeming thunder, struck them with dismay and they fled in all directions. The Spaniards succeeded in capturing one of the canoes, with one of the warriors who had manned it. In the bottom of the canoe lay an Indian prisoner bound hand and foot. On being liberated he informed the Spaniards by signs that these Caribs had been on a marauding expedition along the neighboring coasts, shutting themselves up at night in a stockade which they carried with them, and issuing forth by day to plunder the villages and to make captives. He had been one of seven prisoners. His companions had been devoured before his eyes at the cannibal banquets of these savages, and he had been awaiting the same miserable fate. Honest Niño and his confederates were so indignant at this recital that, receiving it as established fact, they performed what they considered an act of equitable justice, by abandoning the Carib to the discretion of his late captive. The latter fell upon the defenseless warrior with fist and foot and cudgel; nor did his rage subside even after the breath had been mauled out of his victim, but, tearing the grim head from the body, he placed it on a pole as a trophy of his vengeance.

Niño and his fellow-adventurers now steered for the island of Margarita, where they obtained a considerable quantity of pearls by barter. They afterward skirted the opposite coast of Cumana, trading cautiously and shrewdly from port to port; sometimes remaining on board of their little bark, and obliging the savages to come off to them, when the latter appeared too numerous; at other times venturing on shore, and even into the interior. They were invariably treated with amity by the natives, who were perfectly naked, excepting that they were adorned with necklaces and bracelets of pearls. These they sometimes gave freely to the Spaniards, at other times they exchanged them for glass beads and other trinkets, and smiled at the folly of the strangers in making such silly bargains.*

* Las Casas. Hist. Ind. lib. i. c. 171.

The Spaniards were struck with the grandeur and density of the forests along this coast, for in these regions of heat and moisture vegetation appears in its utmost magnificence. They heard also the cries and roarings of wild and unknown animals in the woodlands, which, however, appeared not to be very dangerous, as the Indians went about the forest armed solely with bows and arrows. From meeting with deer and rabbits, they were convinced that that was a part of Terra Firma, not having found any animals of the kind on the islands.*

Niño and Guerra were so well pleased with the hospitality of the natives of Cumana, and with the profitable traffic for pearls, by which they obtained many of great size and beauty, that they remained upward of three months on the coast.

They then proceeded westward to a country called Cauchieto, trading as usual for pearls, and for the inferior kind of gold called guanin. At length they arrived at a place where there was a kind of fortress protecting a number of houses and gardens situated on a river, the whole forming to the eyes of the Spaniards one of the most delicious abodes imaginable. They were about to land and enjoy the pleasures of this fancied paradise, when they beheld upward of a thousand Indians, armed with bows and arrows and war-clubs, preparing to give them a warm reception; having been probably incensed by the recent visit of Ojeda. As Niño and Guerra had not the fighting propensities of Ojeda, and were in quest of profit rather than renown, having, moreover, in all probability, the fear of the rich merchant of Seville before their eyes, they prudently abstained from landing, and, abandoning this hostile coast, returned forthwith to Cumana to resume their trade for pearls. They soon amassed a great number, many of which were equal in size and beauty to the most celebrated of the East, though they had been injured in boring from a want of proper implements.

* Navarrete, t. iii., p. 14.

Satisfied with their success they now set sail for Spain and piloted their little bark safely to Bayonne in Gallicia, where they anchored about the middle of April, 1500, nearly two months before the arrival of Ojeda and his associates, La Cosa and Vespucci.*

The most successful voyagers to the New World were doomed to trouble from their very success. The ample amount of pearls paid to the treasury, as the royal portion of the profits of this expedition, drew suspicion instead of favor upon the two adventurers. They were accused of having concealed a great part of the pearls collected by them, thus defrauding their companions and the crown. Pedro Alonzo Niño was actually thrown into prison on this accusation, but, nothing being proved against him, was eventually set free, and enjoyed the enviable reputation of having performed the richest voyage that had yet been made to the New World.†

VICENTE YANEZ PINZON—(1499)

AMONG the maritime adventurers of renown who were roused to action by the licenses granted for private expeditions of discovery, we find conspicuous the name of Vicente Yañez Pinzon, of Palos, one of the three brave brothers who aided Columbus in his first voyage and risked life and fortune with him in his doubtful and perilous enterprise.

Of Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the eldest and most important of these three brothers, particular mention has been made in the "History of Columbus," and of the unfortunate error in conduct which severed him from the admiral, brought on him the displeasure of the sovereigns, and probably contributed to his premature and melancholy death.

* Peter Martyr. Other historians give a different date for their arrival. Herrera says Feb. 6.

† Navarrete. Collect. t. iii. p. 11. Herrera, d. i. l. iv. c. v.

Whatever cloud of disgrace may have overshadowed his family it was but temporary. The death of Martin Alonzo, as usual, atoned for his faults, and his good deeds lived after him. The merits and services of himself and his brothers were acknowledged, and the survivors of the family were restored to royal confidence. A feeling of jealous hostility prevented them from taking a part in the subsequent voyages of Columbus; but the moment the door was thrown open for individual enterprise they pressed forward for permission to engage in it at their own risk and expense—and it was readily granted. In fact, their supposed hostility to Columbus was one of the surest recommendations they could have to the favor of the Bishop Fonseca, by whom the license was issued for their expedition.

Vicente Yañez Pinzon was the leader of this new enterprise, and he was accompanied by two nephews named Arias Perez and Diego Fernandez, sons of his late brother, Martin Alonzo Pinzon. Several of his sailors had sailed with Columbus in his recent voyage to Paria, as had also his three principal pilots, Juan Quintero, Juan de Umbria, and Juan de Jerez. Thus these minor voyages seemed all to emanate from the great expeditions of Columbus, and to aim at realizing the ideas and speculations contained in the papers transmitted by him to Spain.

The armament consisted of four caravels, and was fitted out at the port of Palos. The funds of Vicente Yanez were completely exhausted before he had fitted out his little squadron; he was obliged, therefore, to purchase on credit the sea-stores and articles of traffic necessary for the enterprise. The merchants of Palos seem to have known how to profit by the careless nature of sailors and the sanguine spirit of discoverers. In their bargains they charged honest Pinzon eighty and a hundred per cent above the market value of their merchandise, and in the hurry and urgency of the moment he was obliged to submit to the imposition.*

* Navarrete, vol. iii. See Doc. No. 7 where Vicente Yañez Pinzon petitions for redress.

The squadron put to sea in the beginning of December, 1499, and, after passing the Canary and Cape de Verde islands, stood to the southwest. Having sailed about seven hundred leagues, they crossed the equator and lost sight of the north star. They had scarcely passed the equinoctial line when they encountered a terrible tempest, which had well-nigh swallowed up their slender barks. The storm passed away and the firmament was again serene; but the mariners remained tossing about in confusion, dismayed by the turbulence of the waves and the strange aspect of the heavens. They looked in vain to the south for some polar star by which to shape their course, and fancied that some swelling prominence of the globe concealed it from their view. They knew nothing as yet of the firmament of that hemisphere, nor of that beautiful constellation, the southern cross, but expected to find a guiding star at the opposite pole similar to the cynosure of the north.

Pinzon, however, who was of an intrepid spirit, pursued his couse resolutely to the west, and after sailing about two hundred and forty leagues, and being in the eighth degree of southern latitude, he beheld land afar off on the 28th of January, to which he gave the name of Santa Maria de la Consolacion, from the sight of it having consoled him in the midst of doubts and perplexities. It is now called Cape St. Augustine, and forms the most prominent part of the immense empire of Brazil.

The sea was turbid and discolored as in rivers, and on sounding they had sixteen fathoms of water. Pinzon landed, accompanied by a notary and witnesses, and took formal possession of the territory for the Castilian crown; no one appeared to dispute his pretensions, but he observed the print of footsteps on the beach which seemed of gigantic size.

At night there were fires lighted upon a neighboring part of the coast, which induced Pinzon on the following morning to send forty men well armed to the spot. A band of Indians, of about equal number, sallied forth to encounter them, armed with bows and arrows, and seemingly of ex-

traordinary stature. A still greater number were seen in the distance hastening to the support of their companions. The Indians arrayed themselves for combat, and the two parties remained for a short time eying each other with mutual curiosity and distrust. The Spaniards now displayed looking-glasses, beads, and other trinkets, and jingled strings of hawks' bells, in general so captivating to an Indian ear; but the haughty savages treated all their overtures with contempt, regarding these offerings carelessly for a short time, and then stalking off with stoic gravity. They were ferocious of feature, and apparently warlike in disposition, and are supposed to have been a wandering race of unusual size, who roamed about in the night, and were of the most fierce, intractable nature. By nightfall there was not an Indian to be seen in the neighborhood.

Discouraged by the inhospitable character of the coast, Pinzon made sail and stood to the northwest, until he came to the mouth of a river too shallow to receive his ships. Here he sent his boats on shore with a number of men well armed. They landed on the river banks, and beheld a multitude of naked Indians on a neighboring hill. A single Spaniard armed simply with sword and buckler was sent to invite them to friendly intercourse. He approached them with signs of amity, and threw to them a hawks' bell. They replied to him with similar signs, and threw to him a small gilded wand. The soldier stooped to pick it up, when suddenly a troop of savages rushed down to seize him; he threw himself immediately upon the defensive, with sword and target, and though but a small man, and far from robust, he handled his weapons with such dexterity and fierceness that he kept the savages at bay, making a clear circle round him, and wounding several who attempted to break it. His unlooked-for prowess surprised and confounded his assailants, and gave time for his comrades to come to his assistance. The Indians then made a general assault, with such a galling discharge of darts and arrows that almost immediately eight or ten Spaniards were slain, and many more wounded.

The latter were compelled to retreat to their boats disputing every inch of ground. The Indians pursued them even into the water, surrounding the boats and seizing hold of the oars. The Spaniards made a desperate defense, thrusting many through with their lances, and cutting down and ripping up others with their swords; but such was the ferocity of the survivors that they persisted in their attack until they overpowered the crew of one of the boats and bore it off in triumph. With this they retired from the combat, and the Spaniards returned, defeated and disheartened, to their ships, having met with the roughest reception that the Europeans had yet experienced in the New World.

Pinzon now stood forty leagues to the northwest, until he arrived in the neighborhood of the equinoctial line. Here he found the water of the sea so fresh that he was enabled to replenish his casks with it. Astonished at so singular a phenomenon he stood in for the land, and arrived among a number of fresh and verdant islands, inhabited by a gentle and hospitable race of people, gayly painted, who came off to the ships with the most frank and fearless confidence. Pinzon soon found that these islands lay in the mouth of an immense river, more than thirty leagues in breadth, the water of which entered upward of forty leagues into the sea before losing its sweetness. It was, in fact, the renowned Maranon, since known as the Orellana and the Amazon. While lying in the mouth of this river there was a sudden swelling of the stream, which, being opposed by the current of the sea, and straitened by the narrow channels of the islands, rose more than five fathoms, with mountain waves, and a tremendous noise, threatening the destruction of the ships. Pinzon extricated his little squadron with great difficulty from this perilous situation, and finding there was but little gold or anything else of value to be found among the simple natives, he requited their hospitality, in the mode too common among the early discoverers, by carrying off thirty-six of them captive.

Having regained the sight of the polar star, Pinzon pur

sued his course along the coast, passing the mouth of the Oronoko, and entering the gulf of Paria, where he landed and cut Brazil-wood. Sallying forth by the Boca del Drago, he reached the island of Hispaniola about the 23d of June, from whence he sailed for the Bahamas. Here, in the month of July, while at anchor, there came such a tremendous hurricane that two of the caravels were swallowed up with all their crews in the sight of their terrified companions; a third parted her cables and was driven out to sea, while the fourth was so furiously beaten by the tempest that the crew threw themselves into the boats and made for shore. Here they found a few naked Indians, who offered them no molestation; but, fearing that they might spread the tidings of a handful of shipwrecked Spaniards being upon the coast, and thus bring the savages of the neighboring islands upon them, a council of war was held whether it would not be a wise precaution to put these Indians to death. Fortunately for the latter, the vessel which had been driven from her anchors returned and put an end to the alarm, and to the council of war. The other caravel also rode out the storm uninjured, and the sea subsiding, the Spaniards returned on board, and made the best of their way to the island of Hispaniola. Having repaired the damages sustained in the gale, they again made sail for Spain, and came to anchor in the river before Palos, about the end of September.

Thus ended one of the most checkered and disastrous voyages that had yet been made to the New World. Yañez Pinzon had lost two of his ships, and many of his men; what made the loss of the latter more grievous was that they had been enlisted from among his neighbors, his friends, and relatives. In fact, the expeditions to the New World must have realized the terrors and apprehensions of the people of Palos by filling that little community with widows and orphans. When the rich merchants, who had sold goods to Pinzon at a hundred per cent advance, beheld him return in this sorry condition, with two shattered barks and a handful of poor, tattered, weather-beaten seamen, they began to trem-

ble for their money. No sooner, therefore, had he and his nephews departed to Granada, to give an account of their discoveries to the sovereigns, than the merchants seized upon their caravels and cargoes, and began to sell them to repay themselves. Honest Pinzon immediately addressed a petition to the government, stating the imposition that had been practiced upon him, and the danger he was in of imprisonment and utter ruin should his creditors be allowed to sacrifice his goods at a public sale. He petitioned that they might be compelled to return the property thus seized, and that he might be enabled to sell three hundred and fifty quintals of Brazil-wood, which he had brought back with him, and which would be sufficient to satisfy the demands of his creditors. The sovereigns granted his prayer. They issued an order to the civil authorities of Palos to interfere in the matter, with all possible promptness and brevity, allowing no vexatious delay, and administering justice so impartially that neither of the parties should have cause to complain.

Pinzon escaped from the fangs of his creditors, but, of course, must have suffered in purse from the expenses of the law; which, in Spain, is apt to bury even a successful client under an overwhelming mountain of documents and writings. We infer this in respect to Pinzon from a royal order issued in the following year, allowing him to export a quantity of grain, in consideration of the heavy losses he had sustained in his voyage of discovery. He did but share the usual lot of the Spanish discoverers, whose golden anticipations too frequently ended in penury; but he is distinguished from among the crowd of them by being the first European who crossed the equinoctial line, on the western ocean, and by discovering the great kingdom of Brazil.*

* On the 5th of September, 1501, a royal permission was given to Vicente Yañez Pinzon to colonize and govern the lands he had discovered, beginning a little north of the river Amazon, and extending to Cape St. Augustine. The object of the government in this permission was to establish an outpost and a resolute commander on this southern frontier, that should check any intrusions the Portuguese might make

DIEGO DE LEPE AND RODRIGO DE BASTIDES—(1500)

NOTWITHSTANDING the hardships and disasters that had beset the voyagers to the New World, and the penury in which their golden anticipations had too frequently terminated, adventurers continued to press forward, excited by fresh reports of newly-discovered regions, each of which, in its turn, was represented as the real land of promise. Scarcely had Vicente Yañez Pinzon departed on the voyage recently narrated, when his townsman, Diego de Lepe, likewise set sail with two vessels from the busy little port of Palos on a like expedition. No particulars of importance are known of this voyage, excepting that Lepe doubled Cape St. Augustine, and beheld the southern continent stretching far to the south-

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in consequence of the accidental discovery of a part of the coast of Brazil by Pedro Alvarez Cabral, in 1500. The subsequent arrangement of a partition line between the two countries prevented the necessity of this precaution, and it does not appear that Vicente Yañez Pinzon made any second voyage to those parts.

In 1506 he undertook an expedition in company with Juan Diaz de Solis, a native of Lebrija, the object of which was to endeavor to find the strait or passage supposed by Columbus to lead from the Atlantic to a southern ocean. It was necessarily without success, as was also another voyage made by them, for the same purpose, in 1508. As no such passage exists, no blame could attach to those able navigators for being foiled in the object of their search.

In consequence of the distinguished merits and services of the Pinzon family they were raised, by the Emperor Charles V., to the dignity of a Hidalguia, or nobility, without any express title, and a coat of arms was granted them, on which were emblazoned three caravels, with a hand at the stern pointing to an island covered with savages. This coat of arms is still maintained by the family, who have added to it the motto granted to Columbus, merely substituting the name of Pinzon for that of the Admiral,

A Castile y a Leon,
Nuevo Munde dio Pinzon.

west. On returning to Spain he drew a chart of the coast for the Bishop Fonseca, and enjoyed the reputation, for upward of ten years afterward, of having extended his discoveries further south than any other voyager.

Another contemporary adventurer to the New World was Rodrigo de Bastides, a wealthy notary of Triana, the suburb of Seville inhabited by the maritime part of its population. Being sanctioned by the sovereigns, to whom he engaged to yield a fourth of his profits, he fitted out two caravels in October, 1500, to go in quest of gold and pearls.

Prudently distrusting his own judgment in nautical matters, this adventurous notary associated with him the veteran pilot Juan de la Cosa, the same hardy Biscayan who had sailed with Columbus and Ojeda. A general outline of their voyage has already been given in the life of Columbus; it extended the discoveries of the coast of Terra Firma from Cape de la Vela, where Ojeda had left off, quite to the port of Nombre de Dios.

Bastides distinguished himself from the mass of discoverers by his kind treatment of the natives, and Juan de la Cosa by his sound discretion and his able seamanship. Their voyage had been extremely successful, and they had collected, by barter, a great amount of gold and pearls, when their prosperous career was checked by an unlooked-for evil. Their vessels, to their surprise, became leaky in every part, and they discovered, to their dismay, that the bottoms were pierced in innumerable places by the broma, or worm, which abounds in the waters of the torrid zone, but of which they, as yet, had scarcely any knowledge. It was with great difficulty they could keep afloat until they reached a small islet on the coast of Hispaniola. Here they repaired their ships as well as they were able, and again put to sea to return to Cadiz. A succession of gales drove them back to port; the ravages of the worms continued; the leaks broke out afresh; they landed the most portable and precious part of their wealthy cargoes, and the vessels foundered with the remainder. Bastides lost, moreover, the arms and ammunition saved

from the wreck, being obliged to destroy them lest they should fall into the hands of the Indians.

Distributing his men into three bands, two of them headed by La Cosa and himself, they set off for San Domingo by three several routes, as the country was not able to furnish provisions for so large a body. Each band was provided with a coffer stored with trinkets and other articles of Indian traffic, with which to buy provisions on the road.

Francisco de Bobadilla, the wrong-headed oppressor and superseder of Columbus, was at that time governor of San Domingo. The report reached him that a crew of adventurers had landed on the island, and were marching through the country in three bands, each provided with a coffer of gold, and carrying on illicit trade with the natives. The moment Bastides made his appearance, therefore, he was seized and thrown into prison, and an investigation commenced. In his defense he maintained that his only traffic with the natives was for the purpose of procuring provisions for his followers, or guides for his journey. It was determined, however, to send him to Spain for trial, with the written testimony and the other documents of his examination.

He was accordingly conveyed in the same fleet in which Bobadilla embarked for Spain, and which experienced such an awful shipwreck in the sight of Columbus. The ship "Rodrigo Bastides" was one of the few that outlived the tempest; it arrived safe at Cadiz in September, 1502. Bastides was ultimately acquitted of the charges advanced against him. So lucrative had been his voyage that, notwithstanding the losses sustained by the foundering of his vessels, he was enabled to pay a large sum to the crown as a fourth of his profits, and to retain a great amount for himself. In reward of his services and discoveries the sovereigns granted him an annual revenue for life, to arise from the proceeds of the province of Uraba, which he had discovered. An equal pension was likewise assigned to the hardy Juan de la Cosa, to result from the same territory, of which he was

appointed Alguazil Mayor.* Such was the economical generosity of King Ferdinand, who rewarded the past toils of his adventurous discoverers out of the expected produce of their future labors.

SECOND VOYAGE OF ALONZO DE OJEDA—(1502)

THE first voyage of Alonzo de Ojeda to the coast of Paria, and its meager termination in June, 1500, has been related. He gained nothing in wealth by that expedition, but he added to his celebrity as a bold and skillful adventurer. His youthful fire, his sanguine and swelling spirit, and the wonderful stories that were told of his activity and prowess, made him extremely popular, so that his patron, the Bishop Fonseca, found it an easy matter to secure for him the royal favor. In consideration of his past services and of others expected from him, a grant was made to him of six leagues of land on the southern part of Hispaniola, and the government of the province of Coquibacoa which he had discovered. He was, furthermore, authorized to fit out any number of ships, not exceeding ten, at his own expense, and to prosecute the discovery of the coast of Terra Firma. He was not to touch or traffic on the pearl coast of Paria; extending as far as a bay in the vicinity of the island of Margarita. Beyond this he had a right to trade in all kinds of merchandise, whether of pearls, jewels, metals, or precious stones; paying one-fifth of the profits to the crown, and abstaining from making slaves of the Indians without a special license from the sovereigns. He was to colonize Coquibacoa, and, as a recompense, was to enjoy one-half of the proceeds of his territory, provided the half did not exceed 300,000 maravedies; all beyond that amount was to go to the crown.

* Navarrete. Collec. t. iii.

A principal reason, however, for granting this government and those privileges to Ojeda, was that, in his previous voyage, he had met with English adventurers on a voyage of discovery in the neighborhood of Coquibacoa, at which the jealousy of the sovereigns had taken the alarm. They were anxious, therefore, to establish a resolute and fighting commander like Ojeda upon this outpost, and they instructed him to set up the arms of Castile and Leon in every place he visited, as a signal of discovery and possession, and to put a stop to the intrusions of the English.*

With this commission in his pocket and the government of an Indian territory in the perspective, Ojeda soon found associates to aid him in fitting out an armament. These were Juan de Vergara, a servant of a rich canon of the Cathedral of Seville, and Garcia de Campos, commonly called Ocampo. They made a contract of partnership to last for two years, according to which the expenses and profits of the expedition, and of the government of Coquibacoa, were to be shared equally between them. The purses of the confederates were not ample enough to afford ten ships, but they fitted out four. 1st, the "Santa Maria de la Antigua," commanded by Garcia del Campo; 2d, the "Santa Maria de la Granada," commanded by Juan de Vergara; 3d, the caravel "Magdalena," commanded by Pedro de Ojeda, nephew to Alonzo; and 4th, the caravel "Santa Ana," commanded by Hernando de Guevara. The whole was under the command of Alonzo de Ojeda. The expedition set sail in 1502, touched at the Canaries, according to custom, to take in provisions, and then proceeded westward for the shores of the New World.

After traversing the gulf of Paria, and before reaching the island of Margarita, the caravel "Santa Ana," commanded by Hernando de Guevara, was separated from them, and for several days the ships were mutually seeking each other in these silent and trackless seas. After they were all

* Navarrete, t. iii., document x.

reunited they found their provisions growing scanty; they landed therefore at a part of the coast called Cumana by the natives, but to which, from its beauty and fertility, Ojeda gave the name of Valfermoso. While foraging here for their immediate supplies, the idea occurred to Ojeda that he should want furniture and utensils of all kinds for his proposed colony, and that it would be better to pillage them from a country where he was a mere transient visitor than to wrest them from his neighbors in the territory where he was to set up his government. His companions were struck with the policy, if not the justice, of this idea, and they all set to work to carry it into execution. Dispersing themselves, therefore, in ambush in various directions, they at a concerted signal rushed forth from their concealment, and set upon the natives. Ojeda had issued orders to do as little injury and damage as possible, and on no account to destroy the habitations of the Indians. His followers, however, in their great zeal, transcended his orders. Seven or eight Indians were killed and many wounded in the skirmish which took place, and a number of their cabins were wrapped in flames. A great quantity of hammocks, of cotton, and of utensils of various kinds, fell into the hands of the conquerors; they also captured several female Indians, some of whom were ransomed with the kind of gold called guanin; some were retained by Vergara for himself and his friend Ocampo; others were distributed among the crews; the rest, probably the old and ugly, were set at liberty. As to Ojeda, he reserved nothing for himself of the spoil excepting a single hammock.

The ransom paid by the poor Indians for some of their effects and some of their women, yielded the Spaniards a trifling quantity of gold, but they found the place destitute of provisions, and Ojeda was obliged to dispatch Vergara in a caravel to the island of Jamaica to forage for supplies, with instructions to rejoin him at Maracaibo or Cape de la Vela.

Ojeda at length arrived at Coquibacoa, at the port destined for his seat of government. He found the country,

however, so poor and sterile that he proceeded along the coast to a bay which he named Santa Cruz, but which is supposed to be the same at present called Bahia Honda, where he found a Spaniard who had been left in the province of Citarma by Bastides in his late voyage about thirteen months before, and had remained ever since among the Indians, so that he had acquired their language.

Ojeda determined to form his settlement at this place; but the natives seemed disposed to defend their territory, for, the moment a party landed to procure water, they were assailed by a galling shower of arrows and driven back to the ships. Upon this Ojeda landed with all his force, and struck such terror into the Indians that they came forward with signs of amity, and brought a considerable quantity of gold as a peace-offering, which was graciously accepted.

Ojeda, with the concurrence of his associates, now set to work to establish a settlement, cutting down trees and commencing a fortress. They had scarce begun when they were attacked by a neighboring cacique, but Ojeda sallied forth upon him with such intrepidity and effect as not merely to defeat, but to drive him from the neighborhood. He then proceeded quietly to finish his fortress, which was defended by lombards, and contained the magazine of provisions and the treasure amassed in the expedition. The provisions were dealt out twice a day, under the inspection of proper officers; the treasure gained by barter, by ransom, or by plunder, was deposited in a strong box secured by two locks, one key being kept by the royal supervisor, the other by Ocampo.

In the meantime provisions became scarce. The Indians never appeared in the neighborhood of the fortress, except to harass it with repeated though ineffectual assaults. Vergara did not appear with the expected supplies from Jamaica, and a caravel was dispatched in search of him. The people, worn out with labor and privations of various kinds, and disgusted with the situation of a settlement which was in a poor and unhealthy country, grew discontented and factious. They began to fear that they should lose the means of depart-

ing, as their vessels were in danger of being destroyed by the broma or worms. Ojeda led them forth repeatedly upon foraging parties about the adjacent country, and collected some provisions and booty in the Indian villages. The provisions he deposited in the magazine, part of the spoils he divided among his followers, and the gold he locked up in the strong box, the keys of which he took possession of, to the great displeasure of the supervisor and his associate Ocampo. The murmurs of the people grew loud as their sufferings increased. They insinuated that Ojeda had no authority over this part of the coast, having passed the boundaries of his government, and formed his settlement in the country discovered by Bastides. By the time Vergara arrived from Jamaica, the factions of this petty colony had risen to an alarming height. Ocampo had a personal enmity to the governor, arising probably from some feud about the strong box; being a particular friend of Vergara, he held a private conference with him, and laid a plan to entrap the doughty Ojeda. In pursuance of this the latter was invited on board of the caravel of Vergara to see the provisions he had brought from Jamaica, but no sooner was he on board than they charged him with having transgressed the limits of his government, with having provoked the hostility of the Indians, and needlessly sacrificed the lives of his followers, and above all, with having taken possession of the strong box, in contempt of the authority of the royal supervisor, and with the intention of appropriating to himself all the gains of the enterprise; they informed him, therefore, of their intention to convey him a prisoner to Hispaniola, to answer to the governor for his offenses. Ojeda, finding himself thus entrapped, proposed to Vergara and Ocampo that they should return to Spain with such of the crews as chose to accompany them, leaving him with the remainder to prosecute his enterprise. The two recreant partners at first consented, for they were disgusted with the enterprise, which offered little profit and severe hardships. They agreed to leave Ojeda the smallest of the caravels, with a third of the

provisions and of their gains, and to build a rowboat for him. They actually began to labor upon the boat. Before ten days had elapsed, however, they repented of the arrangement, the ship-carpenters were ill, there were no calkers, and, moreover, they recollected that as Ojeda, according to their representations, was a defaulter to the crown, they would be liable as his sureties should they return to Spain without him. They concluded, therefore, that the wisest plan was to give him nothing, but to carry him off prisoner.

When Ojeda learned the determination of his wary partners, he attempted to make his escape and get off to St. Domingo, but he was seized, thrown in irons, and conveyed on board of the caravel. The two partners then set sail from Santa Cruz, bearing off the whole community, its captive governor, and the litigated strong box.

They put to sea about the beginning of September, and arrived at the western part of the island of Hispaniola. While at anchor within a stone's throw of the land, Ojeda, confident in his strength and skill as a swimmer, let himself quietly slide down the side of the ship into the water during the night, and attempted to swim for the shore. His arms were free, but his feet were shackled, and the weight of his irons threatened to sink him. He was obliged to shout for help; a boat was sent from the vessel to his relief, and the unfortunate governor was brought back half drowned to his unrelenting partners.*

The latter now landed and delivered their prisoner into the hands of Gallego, the commander of the place, to be put at the disposal of the governor of the island. In the meantime the strong box, which appears to have been at the bottom of all these feuds, remained in the possession of Vergara and Ocampo, who, Ojeda says, took from it whatever they thought proper, without regard to the royal dues or the consent of the royal supervisor. They were all together, prisoner and accusers, in the city of San Domingo, about

* Hist. Gen. de Viages. Herrera, Hist. Ind.

the end of September 1502, when the chief judge of the island, after hearing both parties, gave a verdict against Ojeda that stripped him of all his effects, and brought him into debt to the crown for the royal proportion of the profits of the voyage. Ojeda appealed to the sovereign, and, after some time, was honorably acquitted, by the royal council, from all the charges, and a mandate was issued in 1503, ordering a restitution of his property. It appears, however, that the costs of justice, or rather of the law, consumed his share of the treasure of the strong box, and that a royal order was necessary to liberate him from the hands of the governor; so that, like too many other litigants, he finally emerged from the labyrinths of the law a triumphant client, but a ruined man.

THIRD VOYAGE OF ALONZO DE OJEDA

CHAPTER ONE

OJEDA APPLIES FOR A COMMAND—HAS A RIVAL CANDIDATE IN DIEGO DE NICUESA—HIS SUCCESS

For several years after his ruinous though successful lawsuit we lose all traces of Alonzo de Ojeda, excepting that we are told he made another voyage to the vicinity of Coquibacoa, in 1505. No record remains of this expedition, which seems to have been equally unprofitable with the preceding, for we find him, in 1508, in the island of Hispaniola, as poor in purse, though as proud in spirit, as ever. In fact, however fortune might have favored him, he had a heedless, squandering disposition that would always have kept him poor.

About this time the cupidity of King Ferdinand was greatly excited by the accounts which had been given by Columbus of the gold mines of Veragua, in which the ad-

miral fancied he had discovered the Aurea Chersonesus of the ancients, from whence King Solomon procured the gold used in building the Temple of Jerusalem. Subsequent voyagers had corroborated the opinion of Columbus as to the general riches of the coast of Terra Firma. King Ferdinand resolved, therefore, to found regular colonies along that coast and to place the whole under some capable commander. A project of the kind had been conceived by Columbus when he discovered that region in the course of his last voyage, and the reader may remember the disasters experienced by his brother Don Bartholomew and himself, in endeavoring to establish a colony on the hostile shores of Veragua. The admiral being dead, the person who should naturally have presented himself to the mind of the sovereign for this particular service was Don Bartholomew; but the wary and selfish monarch knew the adelantado to be as lofty in his terms as his late brother, and preferred to accomplish his purposes by cheaper agents. He was unwilling, also, to increase the consequence of a family whose vast, but just, claims were already a cause of repining to his sordid and jealous spirit. He looked round, therefore, among the crowd of adventurers, who had sprung up in the school of Columbus, for some individual who might be ready to serve him on more accommodating terms. Among those, considered by their friends as most fitted for this purpose, was Alonzo de Ojeda; for his roving voyages and daring exploits had made him famous among the voyagers; and it was thought that an application on his part would be attended with success, for he was known to possess a stanch friend at court in the Bishop Fonseca. Unfortunately he was too far distant to urge his suit to the bishop, and, what was worse, he was destitute of money. At this juncture there happened to be at Hispaniola the veteran navigator and pilot, Juan de la Cosa, who was a kind of Nestor in all nautical affairs.* The

* Peter Martyr gives the following weighty testimony to the knowledge and skill of this excellent seaman: "Of the Spaniards, as many as thought themselves to have any knowledge of what pertained to meas-

hardy Biscayan had sailed with Ojeda, and had conceived a great opinion of the courage and talents of the youthful adventurer. He had contrived, also, to fill his purse in the course of his cruising, and now, in the generous spirit of a sailor, offered to aid Ojeda with it in the prosecution of his wishes.

His offer was gladly accepted; it was agreed that Juan de la Cosa should depart for Spain to promote the appointment of Ojeda to the command of Terra Firma, and, in case of success, should fit out, with his own funds, the necessary armament.

La Cosa departed on his embassy; he called on the Bishop Fonseca, who, as had been expected, entered warmly into the views of his favorite, Ojeda, and recommended him to the ambitious and bigot king, as a man well fitted to promote his empire in the wilderness and to dispense the blessings of Christianity among the savages.

The recommendation of the bishop was usually effectual in the affairs of the New World, and the opinion of the veteran De la Cosa had great weight even with the sovereign; but a rival candidate to Ojeda had presented himself, and one who had the advantage of higher connections and greater pecuniary means. This was Diego de Nicuesa, an accomplished courtier of noble birth, who had filled the post of grand carver to Don Enrique Enriquez, uncle of the king. Nature, education, and habit seemed to have combined to form Nicuesa as a complete rival of Ojeda. Like him he was small of stature, but remarkable for symmetry and compactness of form and for bodily strength and activity; like

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ure the land and sea, drew cardes (charts) on parchment as concerning these navigations. Of all others they most esteem them which Juan de la Cosa, the companion of Ojeda, and another pilot, called Andres Morales, had set forth, and this, as well for the great experience which both had (*to whom these tracks were as well known as the chambers of their own houses*), as also that they were thought to be cunninger in that part of cosmography which teacheth the description and measuring of the sea."—*P. Martyr*, Decad. ii. c. 10.

him he was master at all kinds of weapons, and skilled, not merely in feats of agility, but in those graceful and chivalrous exercises which the Spanish cavaliers of those days had inherited from the Moors; being noted for his vigor and address in the jousts or tilting matches after the Morisco fashion. Ojeda himself could not surpass him in feats of horsemanship, and particular mention is made of a favorite mare, which he could make caper and caracole in strict cadence to the sound of a viol; besides all this, he was versed in the legendary ballads or romances of his country, and was renowned as a capital performer on the guitar! Such were the qualifications of this candidate for a command in the wilderness, as enumerated by the reverend Bishop Las Casas. It is probable, however, that he had given evidence of qualities more adapted to the desired post; having already been out to Hispaniola in the military train of the late Governor Ovando.

Where merits were so singularly balanced as those of Ojeda and Nicuesa, it might have been difficult to decide. King Ferdinand avoided the dilemma by favoring both of the candidates; not indeed by furnishing them with ships and money, but by granting patents and dignities which cost nothing, and might bring rich returns.

He divided that part of the continent which lies along the Isthmus of Darien into two provinces, the boundary line running through the Gulf of Uraba. The eastern part, extending to Cape de la Vela, was called New Andalusia, and the government of it given to Ojeda. The other, to the west, including Veragua, and reaching to Cape Gracias a Dios, was assigned to Nicuesa. The island of Jamaica was given to the two governors in common, as a place from whence to draw supplies of provisions. Each of the governors was to erect two fortresses in his district, and to enjoy for ten years the profits of all the mines he should discover, paying to the crown one-tenth part the first year, one-ninth the second, one-eighth the third, one-seventh the fourth, and one-fifth part in each of the remaining years.

Juan de la Cosa, who had been indefatigable in promoting the suit of Ojeda, was appointed his lieutenant in the government, with the post of Alguazil Mayor of the province. He immediately freighted a ship and two brigantines, in which he embarked with about two hundred men. It was a slender armament, but the purse of the honest voyager was not very deep, and that of Ojeda was empty. Nicuesa, having ampler means, armed four large vessels and two brigantines, furnished them with abundant munitions and supplies, both for the voyage and the projected colony, enlisted a much greater force, and set sail in gay and vaunting style for the golden shores of Veragua, the Aurea Chersonesus of his imagination.

CHAPTER TWO

FEUD BETWEEN THE RIVAL GOVERNORS, OJEDA AND NICUESA—A CHALLENGE—(1509)

THE two rival armaments arrived at San Domingo about the same time. Nicuesa had experienced what was doubtless considered a pleasant little turn of fortune by the way. Touching at Santa Cruz, one of the Caribee islands, he had succeeded in capturing a hundred of the natives, whom he had borne off in his ships to be sold as slaves at Hispaniola. This was deemed justifiable in those days, even by the most scrupulous divines, from the belief that the Caribs were all anthropophagi, or man-eaters; fortunately the opinion of mankind, in this more enlightened age, makes but little difference in atrocity between the cannibal and the kidnaper.

Alonzo de Ojeda welcomed with joy the arrival of his nautical friend and future lieutenant in the government, the worthy Juan de la Cosa; still he could not but feel some mortification at the inferiority of his armament to that of his rival Nicuesa, whose stately ships rode proudly at anchor in the harbor of San Domingo. He felt, too, that his means

were inadequate to the establishment of his intended colony. Ojeda, however, was not long at a loss for pecuniary assistance. Like many free-spirited men, who are careless and squandering of their own purses, he had a facility at commanding the purses of his neighbors. Among the motley population of San Domingo there was a lawyer of some abilities, the Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who had made two thousand castillanos by his pleading;* for it would appear that the spirit of litigation was one of the first fruits of civilized life transplanted to the New World, and flourished surprisingly among the Spanish colonists.

Alonzo de Ojeda became acquainted with the bachelor, and finding him to be of a restless and speculative character, soon succeeded in inspiring him with a contempt for the dull but secure and profitable routine of his office in San Domingo, and imbuing him with his own passion for adventure. Above all, he dazzled him with the offer to make him alcalde mayor or chief judge of the provincial government he was about to establish in the wilderness.

In an evil hour the aspiring bachelor yielded to the temptation, and agreed to invest all his money in the enterprise. It was agreed that Ojeda should depart with the armanent which had arrived from Spain, while the bachelor should remain at Hispaniola to beat up for recruits and provide supplies; with these he was to embark in a ship purchased by himself, and proceed to join his high-mettled friend at the seat of his intended colony. Two rival governors, so well matched as Ojeda and Nicuesa, and both possessed of swelling spirits, pent up in small but active bodies, could not remain long in a little place like San Domingo without some collision. The island of Jamaica, which had been assigned to them in common, furnished the first ground of contention; the province of Darien furnished another, each pretending to include it within the limits of his jurisdiction. Their disputes on these points ran so high that the whole place re-

* Equivalent to 10,650 dollars of the present day.

sounded with them. In talking, however, Nicuesa had the advantage; having been brought up in court, he was more polished and ceremonious, had greater self-command, and probably perplexed his rival governor in argument. Ojeda was no great casuist, but he was an excellent swordsman, and always ready to fight his way through any question of right or dignity which he could not clearly argue with the tongue; so he proposed to settle the dispute by single combat. Nicuesa, though equally brave, was more a man of the world, and saw the folly of such arbitrament. Secretly smiling at the heat of his antagonist, he proposed, as a preliminary to the duel, and to furnish something worth fighting for, that each should deposit five thousand castillanos, to be the prize of the victor. This, as he foresaw, was a temporary check upon the fiery valor of his rival, who did not possess a pistole in his treasury; but probably was too proud to confess it.

It is not likely, however, that the impetuous spirit of Ojeda would long have remained in check, had not the discreet Juan de la Cosa interposed to calm it. It is interesting to notice the great ascendency possessed by this veteran navigator over his fiery associate. Juan de la Cosa was a man whose strong natural good sense had been quickened by long and hard experience; whose courage was above all question, but tempered by time and trial. He seems to have been personally attached to Ojeda, as veterans who have outlived the rash impulse of youthful valor are apt to love the fiery quality in their younger associates. So long as he accompanied Ojeda in his enterprises, he stood by him as a mentor in council and a devoted partisan in danger.

In the present instance the interference of this veteran of the seas had the most salutary effect; he prevented the impending duel of the rival governors, and persuaded them to agree that the river Darien should be the boundary line between their respective jurisdictions.

The dispute relative to Jamaica was settled by the Admiral Don Diego Columbus himself. He had already felt

aggrieved by the distribution of these governments by the king, without his consent or even knowledge, being contrary to the privileges which he inherited from his father, the discoverer. It was in vain to contend, however, when the matter was beyond his reach and involved in technical disputes. But as to the island of Jamaica, it in a manner lay at his own door, and he could not brook its being made a matter of gift to these brawling governors. Without waiting the slow and uncertain course of making remonstrances to the king, he took the affair, as a matter of plain right, into his own hands and ordered a brave officer, Juan de Esquibel, the same who had subjugated the province of Higuey, to take possession of that island, with seventy men, and to hold it subject to his command.

Ojeda did not hear of this arrangement until he was on the point of embarking to make sail. In the heat of the moment he loudly defied the power of the admiral, and swore that if he ever found Juan de Esquibel on the island of Jamaica he would strike off his head. The populace present heard this menace, and had too thorough an idea of the fiery and daring character of Ojeda to doubt that he would carry it into effect. Notwithstanding his bravado, however, Juan de Esquibel proceeded according to his orders to take possession of the island of Jamaica.

The squadron of Nicuesa lingered for some time after the sailing of his rival. His courteous and engaging manners, aided by the rumor of great riches in the province of Veragua, where he intended to found his colony, had drawn numerous volunteers to his standard, insomuch that he had to purchase another ship to convey them.

Nicuesa was more of the courtier and the cavalier than the man of business, and had no skill in managing his pecuniary affairs. He had expended his funds with a free and lavish hand, and involved himself in debts which he had not the immediate means of paying. Many of his creditors knew that his expedition was regarded with an evil eye by the admiral, Don Diego Columbus; to gain favor with the

latter, therefore, they threw all kinds of impediments in the way of Nicuesa. Never was an unfortunate gentleman more harassed and distracted by duns and demands, one plucking at his skirts as soon as the other was satisfied. He succeeded, however, in getting all his forces embarked. He had seven hundred men, well chosen and well armed, together with six horses. He chose Lope de Olano to be his captain-general, a seemingly impolitic appointment, as this Olano had been concerned with the notorious Roldan in his rebellion against Columbus.

The squadron sailed out of the harbor and put to sea, excepting one ship, which, with anchor a-trip and sails unfurled, waited to receive Nicuesa, who was detained on shore until the last moment by the perplexities which had been artfully multiplied around him.

Just as he was on the point of stepping into his boat he was arrested by the harpies of the law, and carried before the alcalde mayor, to answer a demand for five hundred ducats, which he was ordered to pay on the spot or prepare to go to prison.

This was a thunderstroke to the unfortunate cavalier. In vain he represented his utter incapacity to furnish such a sum at the moment; in vain he represented the ruin that would accrue to himself and the vast injury to the public service, should he be prevented from joining his expedition. The alcalde mayor was inflexible, and Nicuesa was reduced to despair. At this critical moment relief came from a most unexpected quarter. The heart of a public notary was melted by his distress! He stepped forward in court and declared that rather than see so gallant a gentleman reduced to extremity he himself would pay down the money. Nicuesa gazed at him with astonishment, and could scarcely believe his senses; but when he saw him actually pay off the debt, and found himself suddenly released from this dreadful embarrassment, he embraced his deliverer with tears of gratitude, and hastened with all speed to embark, lest some other legal spell should be laid upon his person.

CHAPTER THREE

EXPLOITS AND DISASTERS OF OJEDA ON THE COAST OF CARTHAGENA—FATE OF THE VETERAN JUAN DE LA COSA—(1509)

It was on the 10th of November, 1509, that Alonzo de Ojeda set sail from San Domingo with two ships, two brigantines, and three hundred men. He took with him also twelve brood mares. Among the remarkable adventurers who embarked with him was Francisco Pizarro, who was afterward renowned as the conqueror of Peru.* Hernando Cortez had likewise intended to sail in the expedition, but was prevented by an inflammation in one of his knees.

The voyage was speedy and prosperous, and they arrived late in the autumn in the harbor of Carthagena. The veteran Juan de la Cosa was well acquainted with this place, having sailed as pilot with Rodrigo de Bastides, at the time he discovered it in 1501. He warned Alonzo de Ojeda to be upon his guard, as the natives were a brave and warlike

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* Francisco Pizarro was a native of Truxillo in Estremadura. He was the illegitimate fruit of an amour between Gonsalvo Pizarro, a veteran captain of infantry, and a damsel in low life. His childhood was passed in groveling occupations incident to the humble condition of his mother, and he is said to have been a swineherd. When he had sufficiently increased in years and stature, he enlisted as a soldier. His first campaigns may have been against the Moors in the war of Granada. He certainly served in Italy under the banner of the Great Captain, Gonsalvo of Cordova. His roving spirit then induced him to join the bands of adventurers to the New World. He was of ferocious courage, and, when engaged in any enterprise, possessed an obstinate perseverance that was neither to be deterred by danger, weakened by fatigue and hardship, nor checked by repeated disappointment. After having conquered the great kingdom of Peru, he was assassinated, at an advanced age, in 1541, defending himself bravely to the last.

race, of Carib origin, far different from the soft and gentle inhabitants of the islands. They wielded great swords of palm-wood, defended themselves with osier targets, and dipped their arrows in a subtle poison. The women, as well as the men, mingled in battle, being expert in drawing the bow and throwing a species of lance called the azagay. The warning was well timed, for the Indians of these parts had been irritated by the misconduct of previous adventurers, and flew to arms on the first appearance of the ships.

Juan de la Cosa now feared for the safety of the enterprise in which he had person, fortune, and official dignity at stake. He earnestly advised Ojeda to abandon this dangerous neighborhood, and to commence a settlement in the Gulf of Uraba, where the people were less ferocious and did not use poisoned weapons. Ojeda was too proud of spirit to alter his plans through fear of a naked foe. It is thought, too, that he had no objection to a skirmish, being desirous of a pretext to make slaves to be sent to Hispaniola in discharge of the debts he had left unpaid.* He landed, therefore, with a considerable part of his force, and a number of friars, who had been sent out to convert the Indians. His faithful lieutenant, being unable to keep him out of danger, stood by to second him.

Ojeda advanced toward the savages, and ordered the friars to read aloud a certain formula which had recently been digested by profound jurists and divines in Spain. It began in stately form. "I, Alonzo de Ojeda, servant of the most high and mighty sovereigns of Castile and Leon, conquerors of barbarous nations, their messenger and captain, do notify unto you, and make you know, in the best way I can, that God our Lord, one and eternal, created the heaven and the earth, and one man and one woman, from whom you and we, and all the people of the earth proceeded, and are descendants, as well as those who shall come hereafter." The formula then went on to declare the fundamental prin-

* Las Casas. Hist. Ind. l. ii. c. 57. MS.

ciples of the Catholic faith; the supreme power given to St. Peter over the world and all the human race, and exercised by his representative the Pope; the donation made by a late Pope of all this part of the world and all its inhabitants to the Catholic sovereigns of Castile; and the ready obedience which had already been paid by many of its lands and islands and people to the agents and representatives of those sovereigns. It called upon those savages present, therefore, to do the same, to acknowledge the truth of the Christian doctrines, the supremacy of the Pope, and the sovereignty of the Catholic king, but, in case of refusal, it denounced upon them all the horrors of war, the desolation of their dwellings, the seizure of their property, and the slavery of their wives and children. Such was the extraordinary document, which, from this time forward, was read by the Spanish discoverers to the wondering savages of any newly-found country as a prelude to sanctify the violence about to be inflicted on them.*

When the friars had read this pious manifesto, Ojeda made signs of amity to the natives, and held up glittering presents; they had already suffered, however, from the cruelties of the white men, and were not to be won by kindness. On the contrary, they brandished their weapons, sounded their conchs, and prepared to make battle.

Juan de la Cosa saw the rising choler of Ojeda and knew his fiery impatience. He again entreated him to abandon these hostile shores, and reminded him of the venomous weapons of the enemy. It was all in vain: Ojeda confided blindly in the protection of the Virgin. Putting up, as usual, a short prayer to his patroness, he drew his weapon, braced his buckler, and charged furiously upon the savages. Juan de la Cosa followed as heartily as if the battle had been of his own seeking. The Indians were soon routed, a number killed, and several taken prisoners; on their persons were found plates of gold, but of an inferior quality. Flushed by

* The reader will find the complete form of this curious manifesto in the Appendix.

this triumph, Ojeda took several of the prisoners as guides, and pursued the flying enemy four leagues into the interior. He was followed, as usual, by his faithful lieutenant, the veteran La Cosa, continually remonstrating against his useless temerity, but hardily seconding him in the most harebrained perils. Having penetrated far into the forest, they came to a stronghold of the enemy, where a numerous force was ready to receive them, armed with clubs, lances, arrows, and bucklers. Ojeda led his men to the charge with the old Castilian war cry, "Santiago!" The savages soon took to flight. Eight of their bravest warriors threw themselves into a cabin, and plied their bows and arrows so vigorously that the Spaniards were kept at bay. Ojeda cried shame upon his followers to be daunted by eight naked men. Stung by this reproach, an old Castilian soldier rushed through a shower of arrows, and forced the door of the cabin; but received a shaft through the heart, and fell dead on the threshold. Ojeda, furious at the sight, ordered fire to be set to the combustible edifice; in a moment it was in a blaze, and the eight warriors perished in the flames.

Seventy Indians were made captive and sent to the ships, and Ojeda, regardless of the remonstrances of Juan de la Cosa, continued his rash pursuit of the fugitives through the forest. In the dusk of the evening they arrived at a village called Yurbaco; the inhabitants of which had fled to the mountains with their wives and children and principal effects. The Spaniards, imagining that the Indians were completely terrified and dispersed, now roved in quest of booty among the deserted houses, which stood distant from each other, buried among the trees. While they were thus scattered, troops of savages rushed forth, with furious yells, from all parts of the forest. The Spaniards endeavored to gather together and support each other, but every little party was surrounded by a host of foes. They fought with desperate bravery, but for once their valor and their iron armor were of no avail; they were overwhelmed by numbers, and sank beneath war-clubs and poisoned arrows.

Ojeda on the first alarm collected a few soldiers and ensconced himself within a small inclosure, surrounded by palisades. Here he was closely besieged and galled by flights of arrows. He threw himself on his knees, covered himself with his buckler, and, being small and active, managed to protect himself from the deadly shower, but all his companions were slain by his side, some of them perishing in frightful agonies. At this fearful moment the veteran La Cosa, having heard of the peril of his commander, arrived, with a few followers, to his assistance. Stationing himself at the gate of the palisades, the brave Biscayan kept the savages at bay until most of his men were slain and he himself was severely wounded. Just then Ojeda sprang forth like a tiger into the midst of the enemy, dealing his blows on every side. La Cosa would have seconded him, but was crippled by his wounds. He took refuge with the remnant of his men in an Indian cabin; the straw roof of which he aided them to throw off, lest the enemy should set it on fire. Here he defended himself until all his comrades but one were destroyed. The subtle poison of his wounds at length overpowered him, and he sank to the ground. Feeling death at hand, he called to his only surviving companion. "Brother," said he, "since God hath protected thee from harm, sally forth and fly, and if ever thou shouldst see Alonzo de Ojeda, tell him of my fate!"

Thus fell the hardy Juan de la Cosa, faithful and devoted to the very last; nor can we refrain from pausing to pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was acknowledged by his contemporaries to be one of the ablest of those gallant Spanish navigators who first explored the way to the New World. But it is by the honest and kindly qualities of his heart that his memory is most endeared to us; it is, above all, by that loyalty in friendship displayed in this his last and fatal expedition. Warmed by his attachment for a more youthful and a hot-headed adventurer, we see this wary veteran of the seas forgetting his usual prudence and the lessons of his experience, and embarking, heart and hand, purse and person, in the wild enterprises of his favorite. We behold

him watching over him as a parent, remonstrating with him as a counselor, but fighting by him as a partisan; following him, without hesitation, into known and needless danger, to certain death itself, and showing no other solicitude in his dying moments but to be remembered by his friend.

The histories of these Spanish discoveries abound in noble and generous traits of character, but few nave charmed us more than this instance of loyalty to the last gasp, in the death of the stanch Juan de la Cosa. The Spaniard who escaped to tell the story of his end was the only survivor of seventy that had followed Ojeda in this rash and headlong inroad.

CHAPTER FOUR

ARRIVAL OF NICUESA—VENGEANCE TAKEN ON THE INDIANS

WHILE these disastrous occurrences happened on shore, great alarm began to be felt on board of the ships. Days had elapsed since the party had adventured so rashly into the wilderness; yet nothing had been seen or heard of them, and the forest spread a mystery over their fate. Some of the Spaniards ventured a little distance into the woods, but were deterred by the distant shouts and yells of the savages, and the noise of their conchs and drums. Armed detachments then coasted the shore in boats, landing occasionally, climbing the rocks and promontories, firing signal-guns, and sounding trumpets. It was all in vain; they heard nothing but the echoes of their own noises, or perhaps the wild whoop of an Indian from the bosom of the forest. At length, when they were about to give up the search in despair, they came to a great thicket of mangrove trees on the margin of the sea. These trees grow within the water, but their roots rise, and are intertwined, above the surface. In this entangled and almost impervious grove they caught a glimpse of a man in Spanish attire. They entered, and, to their astonishment, found it to be Alonzo de Ojeda. He was lying on the matted

roots of the mangroves, his buckler on his shoulder and his sword in his hand; but so wasted with hunger and fatigue that he could not speak. They bore him to the firm land; made a fire on the shore to warm him, for he was chilled with the damp and cold of his hiding-place, and when he was a little revived they gave him food and wine. In this way he gradually recovered strength to tell his doleful story.*

He had succeeded in cutting his way through the host of savages, and attaining the woody skirts of the mountains; but when he found himself alone, and that all his brave men had been cut off, he was ready to yield up in despair. Bitterly did he reproach himself for having disregarded the advice of the veteran La Cosa, and deeply did he deplore the loss of that loyal follower, who had fallen a victim to his devotion. He scarce knew which way to bend his course, but continued on, in the darkness of the night and of the forest, until out of hearing of the yells of triumph uttered by the savages over the bodies of his men. When the day broke, he sought the rudest parts of the mountains, and hid himself until the night; then struggling forward among rocks, and precipices, and matted forests, he made his way to the seaside, but was too much exhausted to reach the ships. Indeed it was wonderful that one so small of frame should have been able to endure such great hardships; but he was of admirable strength and hardihood. His followers considered his escape from death as little less than miraculous, and he himself regarded it as another proof of the special protection of the Virgin; for, though he had, as usual, received no

* The picture here given is so much like romance that the author quotes his authority at length.—"Llegaron adonde havia, junto al agua de la mar, unos Manglares, que son arboles, que siempre nacen, i crecen i permanecen dentro del agua de la mar, con grandes raices, asidas, i enmarañadas unas con otras, i alli metido, i escondido hallaron à Alonzo de Ojeda, con su espada en la mano, i la rodela en las espaldas, i en ella sobre trecientas señales de flechazos. Estabo descaido de hambre, que no podia hechar de si la habla; i si no fuera tan robusto, aunque chico de cuerpo, fuera muerto."

Las Casas, l. ii. c. 58, MS. Herrera, Hist. Ind D. i. l. vii. c. 15.

wound, yet it is said his buckler bore the dints of upward of three hundred arrows.*

While the Spaniards were yet on the shore, administering to the recovery of their commander, they beheld a squadron of ships standing toward the harbor of Carthagena, and soon perceived them to be the ships of Nicuesa. Ojeda was troubled in mind at the sight, recollecting his late intemperate defiance of that cavalier; and reflecting that, should he seek him in enmity, he was in no situation to maintain his challenge or defend himself. He ordered his men, therefore, to return on board the ships and leave him alone on the shore, and not to reveal the place of his retreat while Nicuesa should remain in the harbor.

As the squadron entered the harbor, the boats sallied forth to meet it. The first inquiry of Nicuesa was concerning Ojeda. The followers of the latter replied, mournfully, that their commander had gone on a warlike expedition into the country, but days had elapsed without his return, so that they feared some misfortune had befallen him. They entreated Nicuesa, therefore, to give his word, as a cavalier, that should Ojeda really be in distress, he would not take advantage of his misfortunes to revenge himself for their late disputes.

Nicuesa, who was a gentleman of noble and generous spirit, blushed with indignation at such a request. "Seek your commander instantly," said he; "bring him to me if he be alive; and I pledge myself not merely to forget the past, but to aid him as if he were a brother." †

When they met, Nicuesa received his late foe with open arms. "It is not," said he, "for hidalgos, like men of vulgar souls, to remember past differences when they behold one another in distress. Henceforth, let all that has occurred between us be forgotten. Command me as a brother. Myself and my men are at your orders, to follow you wherever you please, until the deaths of Juan de la Cosa and his comrades are revenged."

The spirits of Ojeda were once more lifted up by this gal-

* Las Casas, ubi. sup.

† Las Casas, ubi. sup.

lant and generous offer. The two governors, no longer rivals, landed four hundred of their men and several horses, and set off with all speed for the fatal village. They approached it in the night, and, dividing their forces into two parties, gave orders that not an Indian should be taken alive.

The village was buried in deep sleep, but the woods were filled with large parrots, which, being awakened, made a prodigious clamor. The Indians, however, thinking the Spaniards all destroyed, paid no attention to these noises. It was not until their houses were assailed, and wrapped in flames, that they took the alarm. They rushed forth, some with arms, some weaponless, but were received at their doors by the exasperated Spaniards, and either slain on the spot or driven back into the fire. Women fled wildly forth with children in their arms, but at sight of the Spaniards glittering in steel, and of the horses, which they supposed ravenous monsters, they ran back, shrieking with horror, into their burning habitations. Great was the carnage, for no quarter was shown to age or sex. Many perished by the fire, and many by the sword.

When they had fully glutted their vengeance, the Spaniards ranged about for booty. While thus employed, they found the body of the unfortunate Juan de la Cosa. It was tied to a tree, but swollen and discolored in a hideous manner by the poison of the arrows with which he had been slain. This dismal spectacle had such an effect upon the common men that not one would remain in that place during the night. Having sacked the village, therefore, they left it a smoking ruin, and returned in triumph to their ships. The spoil in gold and other articles of value must have been great, for the share of Nicuesa and his men amounted to the value of seven thousand castillanos.* The two governors, now faithful confederates, parted with many expressions of friendship, and with mutual admiration of each other's prowess, and Nicuesa continued his voyage for the coast of Veragua.

* Equivalent to 37,281 dollars of the present day.

CHAPTER FIVE

OJEDA FOUNDS THE COLONY OF SAN SEBASTIAN—BELEAGUERED BY THE INDIANS

OJEDA now adopted, though tardily, the advice of his unfortunate lieutenant, Juan de la Cosa, and, giving up all thoughts of colonizing this disastrous part of the coast, steered his course for the Gulf of Uraba. He sought for some time the river Darien, famed among the Indians as abounding in gold, but not finding it, landed in various places, seeking a favorable site for his intended colony. His people were disheartened by the disasters they had already undergone, and the appearance of surrounding objects was not calculated to reassure them. The country, though fertile and covered with rich and beautiful vegetation, was in their eyes a land of cannibals and monsters. They began to dread the strength as well as fierceness of the savages, who could transfix a man with their arrows even when covered with armor, and whose shafts were tipped with deadly poison. They heard the howlings of tigers, panthers, and, as they thought, lions in the forests, and encountered large and venomous serpents among the rocks and thickets. As they were passing along the banks of a river, one of their horses was seized by the leg by an enormous alligator, and dragged beneath the waves.*

At length Ojeda fixed upon a place for his town on a height at the east side of the gulf. Here, landing all that could be spared from the ships, he began with all diligence to erect houses, giving this embryo capital of his province the name of San Sebastian, in honor of that sainted martyr, who was slain by arrows; hoping he might protect the in-

* Herrera. Hist. Ind. D. i. l. vii. c. 16.

habitants from the empoisoned shafts of the savages. As a further protection he erected a large wooden fortress, and surrounded the place with a stockade. Feeling, however, the inadequacy of his handful of men to contend with the hostile tribes around him, he dispatched a ship to Hispaniola, with a letter to the Bachelor, Martin Fernandez de Enciso, his alcalde mayor, informing him of his having established his seat of government, and urging him to lose no time in joining him with all the recruits, arms, and provisions he could command. By the same ship he transmitted to San Domingo all the captives and gold he had collected.

His capital being placed in a posture of defense, Ojeda now thought of making a progress through his wild territory, and set out, accordingly, with an armed band, to pay a friendly visit to a neighboring cacique, reputed as possessing great treasures of gold. The natives, however, had by this time learned the nature of these friendly visits, and were prepared to resist them. Scarcely had the Spaniards entered into the defiles of the surrounding forest when they were assailed by flights of arrows from the close coverts of the thickets. Some were shot dead on the spot; others, less fortunate, expired raving with the torments of the poison; the survivors, filled with horror at the sight, and losing all presence of mind, retreated in confusion to the fortress.

It was some time before Ojeda could again persuade his men to take the field, so great was their dread of the poisoned weapons of the Indians. At length their provisions began to fail, and they were compelled to forage among the villages in search, not of gold, but of food.

In one of their expeditions they were surprised by an ambuscade of savages in a gorge of the mountains, and attacked with such fury and effect that they were completely routed and pursued with yells and howlings to the very gates of San Sebastian. Many died in excruciating agony of their wounds, and others recovered with extreme difficulty. Those who were well no longer dared to venture forth in search of food; for the whole forest teemed with lurking foes. They de-

voured such herbs and roots as they could find without regard to their quality. The humors of their bodies became corrupted, and various diseases, combined with the ravages of famine, daily thinned their numbers. The sentinel who feebly mounted guard at night was often found dead at his post in the morning. Some stretched themselves on the ground and expired of mere famine and debility; nor was death any longer regarded as an evil, but rather as a welcome relief from a life of horror and despair.

CHAPTER SIX

ALONZO DE OJEDA SUPPOSED BY THE SAVAGES TO HAVE A CHARMED LIFE—THEIR EXPERIMENT TO TRY THE FACT

In the meantime the Indians continued to harass the garrison, lying in wait to surprise the foraging parties, cutting off all stragglers, and sometimes approaching the walls in open defiance. On such occasions Ojeda sallied forth at the head of his men, and, from his great agility, was the first to overtake the retreating foe. He slew more of their warriors with his single arm than all his followers together. Though often exposed to showers of arrows, none had ever wounded him, and the Indians began to think he had a charmed life. Perhaps they had heard from fugitive prisoners the idea entertained by himself and his followers of his being under supernatural protection. Determined to ascertain the fact, they placed four of their most dexterous archers in ambush with orders to single him out. A number of them advanced toward the fort sounding their conchs and drums and uttering yells of defiance. As they expected, the impetuous Ojeda sallied forth immediately at the head of his men. The Indians fled toward the ambuscade, drawing him in furious pursuit. The archers waited until he was full in front, and then lanched their deadly shafts. Three struck his buckler

and glanced harmlessly off, but the fourth pierced his thigh. Satisfied that he was wounded beyond the possibility of cure, the savages retreated with shouts of triumph.

Ojeda was borne back to the fortress in great anguish of body and despondency of spirit. For the first time in his life he had lost blood in battle. The charm in which he had hitherto confided was broken; or, rather, the Holy Virgin appeared to have withdrawn her protection. He had the horrible death of his followers before his eyes, who had perished of their wounds in raving frenzy.

One of the symptoms of the poison was to shoot a thrilling chill through the wounded part; from this circumstance, perhaps, a remedy suggested itself to the imagination of Ojeda, which few but himself could have had the courage to undergo. He caused two plates of iron to be made red hot, and ordered a surgeon to apply them to each orifice of the wound. The surgeon shuddered and refused, saying he would not be the murderer of his general.* Upon this Ojeda made a solemn vow that he would hang him unless he obeyed. To avoid the gallows, the surgeon applied the glowing plates. Ojeda refused to be tied down, or that any one should hold him during this frightful operation. He endured it without shrinking or uttering a murmur, although it so inflamed his whole system that they had to wrap him in sheets steeped in vinegar to allay the burning heat which raged throughout his body; and we are assured that a barrel of vinegar was exhausted for the purpose. The desperate remedy succeeded: the cold poison, says Bishop Las Casas, was consumed by the vivid fire.† How far the venerable historian is correct in his postulate surgeons may decide; but many incredulous persons will be apt to account for the cure by surmising that the arrow was not envenomed.

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* Charlevoix, ut sup., p. 293.

† Las Casas, Hist. Ind. lib. ii. c. 59, MS.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ARRIVAL OF A STRANGE SHIP AT SAN SEBASTIAN

ALONZO DE OJEDA, though pronounced out of danger, was still disabled by his wound, and his helpless situation completed the despair of his companions; for, while he was in health and vigor, his buoyant and mercurial spirit, his active, restless, and enterprising habits, imparted animation, if not confidence, to every one around him. The only hope of relief was from the sea, and that was nearly extinct, when, one day, to the unspeakable joy of the Spaniards, a sail appeared on the horizon. It made for the port and dropped anchor at the foot of the height of San Sebastian, and there was no longer a doubt that it was the promised succor from San Domingo.

The ship came indeed from the island of Hispaniola, but it had not been fitted out by the Bachelor Enciso. The commander's name was Bernardino de Talavera. This man was one of the loose, heedless adventurers who abounded in San Domingo. His carelessness and extravagance had involved him in debt, and he was threatened with a prison. In the height of his difficulties the ship arrived which Ojeda had sent to San Domingo, freighted with slaves and gold, an earnest of the riches to be found at San Sebastian. Bernardino de Talavera immediately conceived the project of giving his creditors the slip and escaping to this new settlement. He understood that Ojeda was in need of recruits, and felt assured that, from his own reckless conduct in money-matters, he would sympathize with any one harassed by debt. He drew into his schemes a number of desperate debtors like himself, nor was he scrupulous about filling his ranks with recruits whose legal embarrassments arose from more criminal causes. Never did a more vagabond crew engage in a project of colonization.

How to provide themselves with a vessel was now the question. They had neither money nor credit; but then they had cunning and courage, and were troubled by no scruples of conscience; thus qualified, a knave will often succeed better for a time than an honest man; it is in the long run that he fails, as will be illustrated in the case of Talavera and his hopeful associates. While casting about for means to escape to San Sebastian, they heard of a vessel belonging to certain Genoese, which was at Cape Tiburon, at the western extremity of the island, taking in a cargo of bacon and cassava bread for San Domingo. Nothing could have happened more opportunely: here was a ship amply stored with provisions and ready to their hand; they had nothing to do but seize it and embark.

The gang, accordingly, seventy in number, made their way separately and secretly to Cape Tiburon, where, assembling at an appointed time and place, they boarded the vessel, overpowered the crew, weighed anchor, and set sail. They were heedless, haphazard mariners, and knew little of the management of a vessel; the historian Charlevoix thinks, therefore, that it was a special providence that guided them to San Sebastian. Whether or not the good father is right in his opinion, it is certain that the arrival of the ship rescued the garrison from the very brink of destruction.*

Talavera and his gang, though they had come lightly by their prize, were not disposed to part with it as frankly, but demanded to be paid down in gold for the provisions furnished to the starving colonists. Ojeda agreed to their terms, and, taking the supplies into his possession, dealt them out sparingly to his companions. Several of his hungry followers were dissatisfied with their portions, and even accused Ojeda of unfairness in reserving an undue share for himself. Perhaps there may have been some ground for this charge, arising, not from any selfishness in the character of Ojeda, but from one of those superstitious fancies with which his mind

* Hist. S. Domingo, lib. iv.

was tinged; for we are told that, for many years, he had been haunted by a presentiment that he should eventually die of hunger.*

This lurking horror of the mind may have made him depart from his usual free and lavish spirit in doling out these providential supplies, and may have induced him to set by an extra portion for himself, as a precaution against his anticipated fate; certain it is that great clamors rose among his people, some of whom threatened to return in the pirate vessel to Hispaniola. He succeeded, however, in pacifying them for the present, by representing the necessity of husbanding their supplies, and by assuring them that the Bachelor Enciso could not fail soon to arrive, when there would be provisions in abundance.

CHAPTER EIGHT

FACTIONS IN THE COLONY—A CONVENTION MADE

Days and days elapsed, but no relief arrived at San Sebastian. The Spaniards kept a ceaseless watch upon the sea, but the promised ship failed to appear. With all the husbandry of Ojeda the stock of provisions was nearly consumed; famine again prevailed, and several of the garrison perished through their various sufferings and their lack of sufficient nourishment. The survivors now became factious in their misery, and a plot was formed among them to seize upon one of the vessels in the harbor and make sail for Hispaniola.

Ojeda discovered their intentions, and was reduced to great perplexity. He saw that to remain here without relief from abroad was certain destruction, yet he clung to his desperate enterprise. It was his only chance for fortune or command; for should this settlement be broken up he might try in vain, with his exhausted means and broken credit, to ob-

* Herrera, Decad. i. l. viii. c. 3.

tain another post or to set on foot another expedition. Ruin in fact would overwhelm him should he return without success.

He exerted himself, therefore, to the utmost to pacify his men; representing the folly of abandoning a place where they had established a foothold, and where they only needed a re-enforcement to enable them to control the surrounding country, and to make themselves masters of its riches. Finding they still demurred, he offered, now that he was sufficiently recovered from his wound, to go himself to San Domingo in quest of re-enforcements and supplies.

This offer had the desired effect. Such confidence had the people in the energy, ability, and influence of Ojeda, that they felt assured of relief should he seek it in person. They made a kind of convention with him, therefore, in which it was agreed that they should remain quietly at San Sebastian for the space of fifty days. At the end of this time, in case no tidings had been received of Ojeda, they were to be at liberty to abandon the settlement and return in the brigantines to Hispaniola. In the meantime Francisco Pizarro was to command the colony as lieutenant of Ojeda, until the arrival of his alcalde mayor, the Bachelor Enciso. This convention being made, Ojeda embarked in the ship of Bernardino de Talavera. That cut-purse of the ocean and his loose-handed crew were effectually cured of their ambition to colonize. Disappointed in the hope of finding abundant wealth at San Sebastian, and dismayed at the perils and horrors of the surrounding wilderness, they preferred returning to Hispaniola, even at the risk of chains and dungeons. Doubtless they thought that the influence of Ojeda would be sufficient to obtain their pardon, especially as their timely succor had been the salvation of the colony.

CHAPTER NINE

DISASTROUS VOYAGE OF OJEDA IN THE PIRATE SHIP

OJEDA had scarce put to sea in the ship of these freebooters when a fierce quarrel arose between him and Talavera. Accustomed to take the lead among his companions, still feeling himself governor, and naturally of a domineering spirit, Ojeda, on coming on board, had assumed the command as a matter of course. Talavera, who claimed dominion over the ship, by the right no doubt of trover and conversion, or, in other words, of downright piracy, resisted this usurpation.

Ojeda, as usual, would speedily have settled the question by the sword, but he had the whole vagabond crew against him, who overpowered him with numbers and threw him in irons. Still his swelling spirit was unsubdued. He reviled Talavera and his gang as recreants, traitors, pirates, and offered to fight the whole of them successively, provided they would give him a clear deck and come on two at a time. Notwithstanding his diminutive size, they had too high an idea of his prowess, and had heard too much of his exploits, to accept his challenge; so they kept him raging in his chains while they pursued their voyage.

They had not proceeded for, however, when a violent storm arose. Talavera and his crew knew little of navigation, and were totally ignorant of those seas. The raging of the elements, the baffling winds and currents, and the danger of unknown rocks and shoals, filled them with confusion and alarm. They knew not whither they were driving before the storm, or where to seek for shelter. In this hour of peril they called to mind that Ojeda was a sailor as well as soldier, and that he had repeatedly navigated these seas. Making a truce, therefore, for the common safety, they took

off his irons, on condition that he would pilot the vessel during the remainder of her voyage.

Ojeda acquitted himself with his accustomed spirit and intrepidity; but the vessel had been already swept so far to the westward that all his skill was ineffectual in endeavoring to work up to Hispaniola against storms and adverse currents. Borne away by the Gulf Stream, and tempest-tossed for many days, until the shattered vessel was almost in a foundering condition, he saw no alternative but to run it on shore on the southern coast of Cuba.

Here then the crew of freebooters landed from their prize in more desperate plight than when they first took possession of it. They were on a wild and unfrequented coast, their vessel lay a wreck upon the sands, and their only chance was to travel on foot to the eastern extremity of the island, and seek some means of crossing to Hispaniola, where, after their toils, they might perhaps only arrive to be thrown into a dungeon. Such, however, is the yearning of civilized men after the haunts of cultivated society that they set out, at every risk, upon their long and painful journey.

CHAPTER TEN

TOILSOME MARCH OF OJEDA AND HIS COMPANIONS THROUGH THE MORASSES OF CUBA

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent services of Ojeda, the crew of Talavera still regarded him with hostility; but, if they had felt the value of his skill and courage at sea, they were no less sensible of their importance on shore, and he soon acquired that ascendency over them which belongs to a master spirit in time of trouble.

Cuba was as yet uncolonized. It was a place of refuge to the unhappy natives of Hayti, who fled hither from the whips and chains of their European task-masters. The forests abounded with these wretched fugitives, who often op-

posed themselves to the shipwrecked party, supposing them to be sent by their late masters to drag them back to captivity.

Ojeda easily repulsed these attacks; but found that these fugitives had likewise inspired the villagers with hostility to all European strangers. Seeing that his companions were too feeble and disheartened to fight their way through the populous parts of the island, or to climb the rugged mountains of the interior, he avoided all towns and villages, and led them through the close forests and broad green savannas which extended between the mountains and the sea.

He had only made choice of evils. The forests gradually retired from the coast. The savannas, where the Spaniards at first had to contend merely with long rank grass and creeping vines, soon ended in salt marshes, where the oozy bottom yielded no firm foothold and the mud and water reached to their knees. Still they pressed forward, continually hoping in a little while to arrive at a firmer soil, and flattering themselves they beheld fresh meadowland before them, but continually deceived. The further they proceeded the deeper grew the mire, until, after they had been eight days on this dismal journey, they found themselves in the center of a vast morass where the water reached to their girdles. Though thus almost drowned, they were tormented with incessant thirst, for all the water around them was as briny as the ocean. They suffered too the cravings of extreme hunger, having but a scanty supply of cassava bread and cheese, and a few potatoes and other roots, which they devoured raw. When they wished to sleep they had to climb among the twisted roots of mangrove trees, which grew in clusters in the waters. Still the dreary marsh widened and deepened. In many places they had to cross rivers and inlets; where some, who could not swim, were drowned, and others were smothered in the mire.

Their situation became wild and desperate. Their cassava bread was spoiled by the water and their stock of roots nearly exhausted. The interminable morass still extended before them, while, to return, after the distance they had

come, was hopeless. Ojeda alone kept up a resolute spirit, and cheered and urged them forward. He had the little Flemish painting of the Madonna, which had been given him by the Bishop Fonseca, carefully stored among the provisions in his knapsack. Whenever he stopped to repose among the roots of the mangrove trees he took out this picture, placed it among the branches, and kneeling, prayed devoutly to the Virgin for protection. This he did repeatedly in the course of the day, and prevailed upon his companions to follow his example. Nay, more, at a moment of great despondency, he made a solemn vow to his patroness that, if she conducted him alive through this peril, he would erect a chapel in the first Indian village he should arrive at; and leave her picture there to remain an object of adoration to the Gentiles.*

This frightful morass extended for the distance of thirty leagues, and was so deep and difficult, so entangled by roots and creeping vines, so cut up by creeks and rivers, and so beset by quagmires, that they were thirty days in traversing it. Out of the number of seventy men that set out from the ship but thirty-five remained. "Certain it is," observes the venerable Las Casas, "the sufferings of the Spaniards in the New World, in search of wealth, have been more cruel and severe than ever nation in the world endured; but those experienced by Ojeda and his men have surpassed all others."

They were at length so overcome by hunger and fatigue that some lay down and yielded up the ghost, and others, seating themselves among the mangrove trees, waited in despair for death to put an end to their miseries. Ojeda, with a few of the lightest and most vigorous, continued to struggle forward, and, to their unutterable joy, at length arrived to where the land was firm and dry. They soon descried a footpath, and, following it, arrived at an Indian village, commanded by a cacique called Cueybas. No sooner did they reach the village than they sank to the earth exhausted.

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind. l. ii. c. 60, MS.

The Indians gathered round and gazed at them with wonder; but when they learned their story, they exhibited a humanity that would have done honor to the most professing Christians. They bore them to their dwellings, set meat and drink before them, and vied with each other in discharging the offices of the kindest humanity. Finding that a number of their companions were still in the morass, the cacique sent a large party of Indians with provisions for their relief, with orders to bring on their shoulders such as were too feeble to walk. "The Indians," says the Bishop Las Casas, "did more than they were ordered; for so they always do, when they are not exasperated by ill treatment. The Spaniards were brought to the village, succored, cherished, consoled, and almost worshiped as if they had been angels."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

OJEDA PERFORMS HIS VOW TO THE VIRGIN

BEING recovered from his sufferings, Alonzo de Ojeda prepared to perform his vow concerning the picture of the Virgin, though sorely must it have grieved him to part with a relic to which he attributed his deliverance from so many perils. He built a little hermitage or oratory in the village, and furnished it with an altar, above which he placed the picture. He then summoned the benevolent cacique, and explained to him as well as his limited knowledge of the language or the aid of interpreters would permit, the main points of the Catholic faith, and especially the history of the Virgin, whom he represented as the mother of the Deity that reigned in the skies, and the great advocate for mortal man.

The worthy cacique listened to him with mute attention, and though he might not clearly comprehend the doctrine, yet he conceived a profound veneration for the picture. The sentiment was shared by his subjects. They kept the little

oratory always swept clean, and decorated it with cotton hangings, labored by their own hands, and with various votive offerings. They composed couplets or areytos in honor of the Virgin, which they sang to the accompaniment of rude musical instruments, dancing to the sound under the groves which surrounded the hermitage.

A further anecdote concerning this relic may not be unacceptable. The venerable Las Casas, who records these facts, informs us that he arrived at the village of Cuebas some time after the departure of Ojeda. He found the oratory preserved with the most religious care, as a sacred place, and the picture of the Virgin regarded with fond adoration. The poor Indians crowded to attend mass, which he performed at the altar; they listened attentively to his paternal instructions, and at his request brought their children to be baptized. The good Las Casas, having heard much of this famous relic of Ojeda, was desirous of obtaining possession of it, and offered to give the cacique in exchange an image of the Virgin which he had brought with him. The chieftain made an evasive answer, and seemed much troubled in mind. The next morning he did not make his appearance.

Las Casas went to the oratory to perform mass, but found the altar stripped of its precious relic. On inquiring, he learned that in the night the cacique had fled to the woods, bearing off with him his beloved picture of the Virgin. It was in vain that Las Casas sent messengers after him, assuring him that he should not be deprived of the relic, but on the contrary, that the image should likewise be presented to him. The cacique refused to venture from the fastnesses of the forest, nor did he return to his village and replace the picture in the oratory until after the departure of the Spaniards.*

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind. c. 61, MS. Herrera, Hist. Ind. d. i. l. ix. c. 15.

CHAPTER TWELVE

ARRIVAL OF OJEDA AT JAMAICA—HIS RECEPTION BY JUAN DE ESQUIBEL

When the Spaniards were completely restored to health and strength they resumed their journey. The cacique sent a large body of his subjects to carry their provisions and knapsacks, and to guide them across a desert tract of country to the province of Macaca, where Christopher Columbus had been hospitably entertained on his voyage along this coast. They experienced equal kindness from its cacique and his people, for such seems to have been almost invariably the case with the natives of these islands, before they had held much intercourse with the Europeans.

The province of Macaca was situated at Cape de la Cruz, the nearest point to the island of Jamaica. Here Ojeda learned that there were Spaniards settled on that island, being in fact the party commanded by the very Juan de Esquibel whose head he had threatened to strike off, when departing in swelling style from San Domingo. It seemed to be the fortune of Ojeda to have his bravadoes visited on his head in times of trouble and humiliation. He found himself compelled to apply for succor to the very man he had so vainGloriously menaced. This was no time, however, to stand on points of pride; he procured a canoe and Indians from the cacique of Macaca, and one Pedro de Ordas undertook the perilous voyage of twenty leagues in the frail bark, and arrived safe at Jamaica.

No sooner did Esquibel receive the message of Ojeda than, forgetting past menaces, he instantly dispatched a caravel to bring to him the unfortunate discoverer and his companions. He received him with the utmost kindness, lodged him in his own house, and treated him in all things

with the most delicate attention. He was a gentleman who had seen prosperous days, but had fallen into adversity and been buffeted about the world, and had learned how to respect the feelings of a proud spirit in distress. Ojeda had the warm, touchy heart to feel such conduct; he remained several days with Esquibel in frank communion, and when he sailed for San Domingo they parted the best of friends.

And here we cannot but remark the singular difference in character and conduct of these Spanish adventurers when dealing with each other, or with the unhappy natives. Nothing could be more chivalrous, urbane, and charitable; nothing more pregnant with noble sacrifices of passion and interest, with magnanimous instances of forgiveness of injuries and noble contests of generosity, than the transactions of the discoverers with each other; but the moment they turned to treat with the Indians, even with brave and high-minded caciques, they were vindictive, bloodthirsty, and implacable. The very Juan de Esquibel, who could requite the recent hostility of Ojeda with such humanity and friendship was the same who, under the government of Ovando, laid desolate the province of Higuey in Hispaniola, and inflicted atrocious cruelties upon its inhabitants.

When Alonzo de Ojeda set sail for San Domingo, Bernardino de Talavera and his rabble adherents remained at Jamaica. They feared to be brought to account for their piratical exploit in stealing the Genoese vessel, and that, in consequence of their recent violence to Ojeda, they would find in him an accuser rather than an advocate. The latter, however, in the opinion of Las Casas, who knew him well, was not a man to make accusations. With all his faults he did not harbor malice. He was quick and fiery, it is true, and his sword was too apt to leap from its scabbard on the least provocation; but after the first flash all was over, and, if he cooled upon an injury, he never sought for vengeance.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

ARRIVAL OF ALONZO DE OJEDA AT SAN DOMINGO—CONCLUSION OF HIS STORY

On arriving at San Domingo the first inquiry of Alonzo de Ojeda was after the Bachelor Enciso. He was told that he had departed long before with abundant supplies for the colony, and that nothing had been heard of him since his departure. Ojeda waited for a time, in hopes of hearing, by some return ship, of the safe arrival of the Bachelor at San Sebastian. No tidings, however, arrived, and he began to fear that he had been lost in those storms which had beset himself on his return voyage.

Anxious for the relief of his settlement, and fearing that, by delay, his whole scheme of colonization would be defeated, he now endeavored to set on foot another armament, and to enlist a new set of adventurers. His efforts, however, were all ineffectual. The disasters of his colony were known, and his own circumstances were considered desperate. He was doomed to experience the fate that too often attends sanguine and brilliant projectors. The world is dazzled by them for a time, and hails them as heroes while successful; but misfortune dissipates the charm, and they become stigmatized with the appellation of adventurers. When Ojeda figured in San Domingo as the conqueror of Caonabo, as the commander of a squadron, as the governor of a province, his prowess and exploits were the theme of every tongue. When he set sail, in vaunting style, for his seat of government, setting the viceroy at defiance, and threatening the life of Esquibel, every one thought that fortune was at his beck, and he was about to accomplish wonders. A few months had elapsed, and he walked the streets of San Domingo a needy man, shipwrecked in hope and fortune. His former friends,

dreading some new demand upon their purses, looked coldly on him; his schemes, once so extolled, were now pronounced wild and chimerical, and he was subjected to all kinds of slights and humiliations in the very place which had been the scene of his greatest vainglory.

While Ojeda was thus lingering at San Domingo, the admiral, Don Diego Columbus, sent a party of soldiers to Jamaica to arrest Talavera and his pirate crew. They were brought in chains to San Domingo, thrown into dungeons, and tried for the robbery of the Genoese vessel. Their crime was too notorious to admit of doubt, and, being convicted, Talavera and several of his principal accomplices were hanged. Such was the end of their frightful journey by sea and land. Never had vagabonds traveled further or toiled harder to arrive at a gallows!

In the course of the trial Ojeda had naturally been summoned as a witness, and his testimony must have tended greatly to the conviction of the culprits. This drew upon him the vengeance of the surviving comrades of Talavera, who still lurked about San Domingo. As he was returning home one night at a late hour he was waylaid and set upon by a number of these miscreants. He displayed his usual spirit. Setting his back against a wall, and drawing his sword, he defended himself admirably against the whole gang; nor was he content with beating them off, but pursued them for some distance through the streets; and having thus put them to utter rout, returned tranquil and unharmed to his lodgings.

This is the last achievement recorded of the gallant but reckless Ojeda; for here his bustling career terminated, and he sank into the obscurity that gathers round a ruined man. His health was broken by the various hardships he had sustained, and by the lurking effects of the wound received at San Sebastian, which had been but imperfectly cured. Poverty and neglect, and the corroding sickness of the heart, contributed, no less than the maladies of the body, to quench that sanguine and fiery temper, which had hitherto been the

secret of his success, and to render him the mere wreck of his former self; for there is no ruin so hopeless and complete as that of a towering spirit humiliated and broken down. He appears to have lingered some time at San Domingo. Gomara, in his history of the Indies, affirms that he turned monk, and entered in the convent at San Francisco where he died. Such a change would not have been surprising in a man who, in his wildest career, mingled the bigot with the soldier; nor was it unusual with military adventurers in those days, after passing their youth in the bustle and licentiousness of the camp, to end their days in the quiet and mortification of the cloister. Las Casas, however, who was at San Domingo at the time, makes no mention of the fact, as he certainly would have done had it taken place. He confirms, however, all that has been said of the striking reverse in his character and circumstances; and he adds an affecting picture of his last moments, which may serve as a wholesome comment on his life. He died so poor that he did not leave money enough to provide for his interment; and so broken in spirit that, with his last breath, he entreated his body might be buried in the monastery of San Francisco, just at the portal, in humble expiation of his past pride, "*that every one who entered might tread upon his grave.*" *

Such was the fate of Alonzo de Ojeda—and who does not forget his errors and his faults at the threshold of his humble and untimely grave! He was one of the most fearless and aspiring of that band of "Ocean chivalry" that followed the footsteps of Columbus. His story presents a lively picture of the daring enterprises, the extravagant exploits, the thousand accidents, by flood and field, that checkered the life of a Spanish cavalier in that roving and romantic age.

"Never," says Charlevoix, "was man more suited for a coup-de-main, or to achieve and suffer great things under the direction of another; none had a heart more lofty, or ambi-

* Las Casas, ubi. sup.

tion more aspiring; none ever took less heed of fortune, or showed greater firmness of soul, or found more resources in his own courage; but none was less calculated to be commander-in-chief of a great enterprise. Good management and good fortune forever failed him." *

THE VOYAGE OF DIEGO DE NICUESA

CHAPTER ONE

NICUESA SAILS TO THE WESTWARD—HIS SHIPWRECK AND SUBSEQUENT DISASTERS

We have now to recount the fortunes experienced by the gallant and generous Diego de Nicuesa, after his parting from Alonzo de Ojeda at Carthagena. On resuming his voyage he embarked in a caravel, that he might be able to coast the land and reconnoiter; he ordered that the two brigantines, one of which was commanded by his lieutenant, Lope de Olano, should keep near to him, while the large vessels, which drew more water, should stand further out to sea. The squadron arrived upon the coast of Veragua in stormy weather, and, as Nicuesa could not find any safe harbor, and was apprehensive of rocks and shoals, he stood out to sea at the approach of night, supposing that Lope de Olano would follow him with the brigantines according to his orders. The night was boisterous, the caravel was much tossed and driven about, and when the morning dawned not one of the squadron was in sight.

Nicuesa feared some accident had befallen the brigantines; he stood for the land and coasted along it in search of them until he came to a large river, into which he entered

* Charlevoix, Hist. San Domingo.

and came to anchor. He had not been here long when the stream suddenly subsided, having merely been swollen by the rains. Before he had time to extricate himself the caravel grounded, and at length fell over on one side. The current rushing like a torrent strained the feeble bark to such a degree that her seams yawned and she appeared ready to go to pieces. In this moment of peril a hardy seaman threw himself into the water to carry the end of a rope on shore as a means of saving the crew. He was swept away by the furious current and perished in sight of his companions. Undismayed by his fate, another brave seaman plunged into the waves and succeeded in reaching the shore. He then fastened one end of a rope firmly to a tree, and, the other being secured on board of the caravel, Nicuesa and his crew passed one by one along it and reached the shore in safety.

Scarcely had they landed when the caravel went to pieces, and with it perished their provisions, clothing, and all other necessaries. Nothing remained to them but the boat of the caravel, which was accidentally cast on shore. Here then they were, in helpless plight, on a remote and savage coast, without food, without arms, and almost naked. What had become of the rest of the squadron they knew not. Some feared that the brigantines had been wrecked; others called to mind that Lope de Olano had been one of the loose lawless men confederated with Francisco Roldan in his rebellion against Columbus, and, judging him from the school in which he had served, hinted their apprehensions that he had deserted with the brigantines. Nicuesa partook of their suspicions, and was anxious and sad at heart. He concealed his uneasiness, however, and endeavored to cheer up his companions, proposing that they should proceed westward on foot in search of Veragua, the seat of his intended government, observing that if the ships had survived the tempest they would probably repair to that place. They accordingly set off along the seashore, for the thickness of the forest prevented their traversing the interior. Four of the hardiest

sailors put to sea in the boat, and kept abreast of them to help them across the bays and rivers.

Their sufferings were extreme. Most of them were destitute of shoes, and many almost naked. They had to clamber over sharp and rugged rocks, and to struggle through dense forests beset with thorns and brambles. Often they had to wade across rank fens and morasses and drowned lands, or to traverse deep and rapid streams.

Their food consisted of herbs and roots and shellfish gathered along the shore. Had they even met with Indians they would have dreaded, in their unarmed state, to apply to them for provisions, lest they should take revenge for the outrages committed along this coast by other Europeans.

To render their sufferings more intolerable, they were in doubt whether, in the storms which preceded their shipwreck, they had not been driven past Veragua, in which case each step would take them so much the further from their desired haven.

Still they labored feebly forward, encouraged by the words and the example of Nicuesa, who cheerfully partook of the toils and hardships of the meanest of his men.

They had slept one night at the foot of impending rocks, and were about to resume their weary march in the morning, when they were espied by some Indians from a neighboring height. Among the followers of Nicuesa was a favorite page, whose tattered finery and white hat caught the quick eyes of the savages. One of them immediately singled him out, and, taking a deadly aim, let fly an arrow that laid him expiring at the feet of his master. While the generous cavalier mourned over his slaughtered page, consternation prevailed among his companions, each fearing for his own life. The Indians, however, did not follow up this casual act of hostility, but suffered the Spaniards to pursue their painful journey unmolested.

Arriving one day at the point of a great bay that ran far inland, they were conveyed, a few at a time, in the boat to what appeared to be the opposite point. Being all landed,

and resuming their march, they found to their surprise that they were on an island, separated from the mainland by a great arm of the sea. The sailors who managed the boat were too weary to take them to the opposite shore; they remained therefore all night upon the island.

In the morning they prepared to depart, but, to their consternation, the boat with the four mariners had disappeared. They ran anxiously from point to point, uttering shouts and cries, in hopes the boat might be in some inlet; they clambered the rocks and strained their eyes over the sea. It was all in vain. No boat was to be seen; no voice responded to their call; it was too evident the four mariners had either perished or had deserted them.

CHAPTER TWO

NICUESA AND HIS MEN ON A DESOLATE ISLAND

THE situation of Nicuesa and his men was dreary and desperate in the extreme. They were on a desolate island bordering upon a swampy coast, in a remote and lonely sea, where commerce never spread a sail. Their companions in the other ships, if still alive and true to them, had doubtless given them up for lost; and many years might elapse before the casual bark of a discoverer might venture along these shores. Long before that time their fate would be sealed, and their bones bleaching on the sands would alone tell their story.

In this hopeless state many abandoned themselves to frantic grief, wandering about the island, wringing their hands and uttering groans and lamentations; others called upon God for succor, and many sat down in silent and sullen despair.

The cravings of hunger and thirst at length roused them to exertion. They found no food but a few shellfish scattered along the shore, and coarse herbs and roots, some of

them of an unwholesome quality. The island had neither springs nor streams of fresh water, and they were fain to slake their thirst at the brackish pools of the marshes.

Nicuesa endeavored to animate his men with new hopes. He employed them in constructing a raft of driftwood and branches of trees, for the purpose of crossing the arm of the sea that separated them from the mainland. It was a difficult task, for they were destitute of tools, and when the raft was finished they had no oars with which to manage it. Some of the most expert swimmers undertook to propel it, but they were too much enfeebled by their sufferings. On their first essay the currents which sweep that coast bore the raft out to sea, and they swam back with difficulty to the island. Having no other chance of escape, and no other means of exercising and keeping up the spirits of his followers, Nicuesa repeatedly ordered new rafts to be constructed, but the result was always the same, and the men at length either grew too feeble to work or renounced the attempt in despair.

Thus, day after day and week after week elapsed without any mitigation of suffering or any prospect of relief. Every day some one or other sank under his miseries, a victim not so much to hunger and thirst as to grief and despondency. His death was envied by his wretched survivors, many of whom were reduced to such debility that they had to crawl on hands and knees in search of the herbs and shellfish which formed their scanty food.

CHAPTER THREE

ARRIVAL OF A BOAT—CONDUCT OF LOPE DE OLANO

When the unfortunate Spaniards, without hope of succor, began to consider death as a desirable end to their miseries, they were roused to new life one day by beholding a sail gleaming on the horizon. Their exultation was checked,

however, by the reflection how many chances there were against its approaching this wild and desolate island. Watching it with anxious eyes they put up prayers to God to conduct it to their relief, and at length, to their great joy, they perceived that it was steering directly for the island. On a nearer approach it proved to be one of the brigantines that had been commanded by Lope de Olano. It came to anchor: a boat put off, and among the crew were the four sailors who had disappeared so mysteriously from the island.

These men accounted in a satisfactory manner for their desertion. They had been persuaded that the ships were in some harbor to the eastward, and that they were daily leaving them further behind. Disheartened at the constant, and, in their opinion, fruitless toil which fell to their share in the struggle westward, they resolved to take their own counsel, without risking the opposition of Nicuesa. In the dead of the night, therefore, when their companions on the island were asleep, they had silently cast off their boat, and retraced their course along the coast. After several days' toil they found the brigantines under the command of Lope de Olano, in the river of Belen, the scene of the disasters of Columbus in his fourth voyage.

The conduct of Lope de Olano was regarded with suspicion by his contemporaries, and is still subject to doubt. He is supposed to have deserted Nicuesa designedly, intending to usurp the command of the expedition. Men, however, were prone to judge harshly of him from his having been concerned in the treason and rebellion of Francisco Roldan. On the stormy night when Nicuesa stood out to sea to avoid the dangers of the shore, Olano took shelter under the lee of an island. Seeing nothing of the caravel of his commander in the morning, he made no effort to seek for it, but proceeded with the brigantines to the river Chagres, where he found the ships at anchor. They had landed all their cargo, being almost in a sinking condition from the ravages of the worms. Olano persuaded the crews that Nicuesa had perished in the late storm, and, being his lieutenant, he assumed

the command. Whether he had been perfidious or not in his motives, his command was but a succession of disasters. He sailed from Chagres for the river of Belen, where the ships were found so damaged that they had to be broken to pieces. Most of the people constructed wretched cabins on the shore, where, during a sudden storm, they were almost washed away by the swelling of the river, or swallowed up in the shifting sands. Several of his men were drowned in an expedition in quest of gold, and he himself merely escaped by superior swimming. Their provisions were exhausted, they suffered from hunger and from various maladies, and many perished in extreme misery. All were clamorous to abandon the coast, and Olano set about constructing a caravel, out of the wreck of the ships, for the purpose, as he said, of returning to Hispaniola, though many suspected it was still his intention to persist in the enterprise. Such was the state in which the four seamen had found Olano and his party; most of them living in miserable cabins and destitute of the necessaries of life.

The tidings that Nicuesa was still alive put an end to the sway of Olano. Whether he had acted with truth or perfidy, he now manifested a zeal to relieve his commander, and immediately dispatched a brigantine in quest of him, which, guided by the four seamen, arrived at the island in the way that has been mentioned.

CHAPTER FOUR

NICUESA REJOINS HIS CREWS

When the crew of the brigantine and the companions of Nicuesa met, they embraced each other with tears, for the hearts, even of the rough mariners, were subdued by the sorrows they had undergone; and men are rendered kind to each other by a community of suffering. The brigantine had

brought a quantity of palm nuts, and of such other articles of food as they had been able to procure along the coast. These the famished Spaniards devoured with such voracity that Nicuesa was obliged to interfere, lest they should injure themselves. Nor was the supply of fresh water less grateful to their parched and fevered palates.

When sufficiently revived, they all abandoned the desolate island, and set sail for the river Belen, exulting as joyfully as if their troubles were at an end, and they were bound to a haven of delight instead of merely changing the scene of suffering and encountering a new variety of horrors.

In the meantime Lope de Olano had been diligently preparing for the approaching interview with his commander, by persuading his fellow officers to intercede in his behalf, and to place his late conduct in the most favorable light. He had need of their intercessions. Nicuesa arrived burning with indignation. He ordered him to be instantly seized and punished as a traitor; attributing to his desertion the ruin of the enterprise and the sufferings and death of so many of his brave followers. The fellow captains of Olano spoke in his favor; but Nicuesa turned indignantly upon them: "You do well," cried he, "to supplicate mercy for him; you, who, yourselves, have need of pardon! You have participated in his crime; why else have you suffered so long a time to elapse without compelling him to send one of the vessels in search of me?"

The captains now vindicated themselves by assurances of their belief in his having foundered at sea. They reiterated their supplications for mercy to Olano; drawing the most affecting pictures of their past and present sufferings, and urging the impolicy of increasing the horrors of their situation by acts of severity. Nicuesa at length was prevailed upon to spare his victim; resolving to send him, by the first opportunity, a prisoner to Spain. It appeared, in truth, no time to add to the daily blows of fate that were thinning the number of his followers. Of the gallant armament of seven hundred resolute and effective men that had sailed with him

from San Domingo, four hundred had already perished by various miseries; and of the survivors, many could scarcely be said to live.

CHAPTER FIVE

SUFFERINGS OF NICUESA AND HIS MEN ON THE COAST OF THE ISTHMUS.

THE first care of Nicuesa, on resuming the general command, was to take measures for the relief of his people who were perishing with famine and disease. All those who were in health, or who had strength sufficient to bear the least fatigue, were sent on foraging parties among the fields and villages of the natives. It was a service of extreme peril, for the Indians of this part of the coast were fierce and warlike, and were the same who had proved so formidable to Columbus and his brother when they attempted to found a settlement in this neighborhood.

Many of the Spaniards were slain in these expeditions. Even if they succeeded in collecting provisions, the toil of bringing them to the harbor was worse to men in their enfeebled condition than the task of fighting for them; for they were obliged to transport them on their backs, and, thus heavily laden, to scramble over rugged rocks, through almost impervious forests, and across dismal swamps.

Harassed by these perils and fatigues, they broke forth into murmurs against their commander, accusing him, not merely of indifference to their sufferings, but of wantonly imposing severe and unnecessary tasks upon them out of revenge for their having neglected him.

The genial temper of Nicuesa had, in fact, been soured by disappointment; and a series of harassing cares and evils had rendered him irritable and impatient; but he was a cavalier of a generous and honorable nature, and does not appear to have enforced any services that were not indispensable to the common safety. In fact the famine had increased

to such a degree, that, we are told, thirty Spaniards, having on one occasion found the dead body of an Indian in a state of decay, they were driven by hunger to make a meal of it, and were so infected by the horrible repast that not one of them survived.

Disheartened by these miseries, Nicuesa determined to abandon a place which seemed destined to be the grave of Spaniards. Embarking the greater part of his men in the two brigantines and the caravel which had been built by Olano, he set sail eastward in search of some more favorable situation for his settlement. A number of the men remained behind to await the ripening of some maize and vegetables which they had sown. These he left under the command of Alonzo Nuñez, whom he nominated his alcalde mayor.

When Nicuesa had coasted about four leagues to the east, a Genoese sailor, who had been with Columbus in his last voyage, informed him that there was a fine harbor somewhere in that neighborhood, which had pleased the old admiral so highly that he had given it the name of Puerto Bello. He added that they might know the harbor by an anchor, half buried in the sand, which Columbus had left there; near to which was a fountain of remarkably cool and sweet water springing up at the foot of a large tree. Nicuesa ordered search to be made along the coast, and at length they found the anchor, the fountain, and the tree. It was the same harbor which bears the name of Portobello at the present day. A number of the crew were sent on shore in search of provisions, but were assailed by the Indians; and, being too weak to wield their weapons with their usual prowess, were driven back to the vessels with the loss of several slain or wounded.

Dejected at these continual misfortunes, Nicuesa continued his voyage seven leagues further, until he came to the harbor to which Columbus had given the name of Puerto de Bastimientos, or, Port of Provisions. It presented an ad-

* Herrera, Hist. Ind. d. i. and viii., c. 2.

vantageous situation for a fortress, and was surrounded by a fruitful country. Nicuesa resolved to make it his abiding place. "Here," said he, "let us stop, *en el nombre de Dios!*" (in the name of God). His followers, with the superstitious feeling with which men in adversity are prone to interpret everything into omens, persuaded themselves that there was favorable augury in his words, and called the harbor "Nombre de Dios," which name it afterward retained.

Nicuesa now landed, and, drawing his sword, took solemn possession in the name of the Catholic sovereigns. He immediately began to erect a fortress to protect his people against the attacks of the savages. As this was a case of exigency, he exacted the labor of every one capable of exertion. The Spaniards, thus equally distressed by famine and toil, forgot their favorable omen, cursed the place as fated to be their grave, and called down imprecations on the head of their commander, who compelled them to labor when ready to sink with hunger and debility. Those murmured no less who were sent in quest of food, which was only to be gained by fatigue and bloodshed; for, whatever they collected, they had to transport from great distances, and they were frequently waylaid and assaulted by the Indians.

When he could spare men for the purpose, Nicuesa dispatched the caravel for those whom he had left at the river Belen. Many of them had perished, and the survivors had been reduced to such famine at times as to eat all kinds of reptiles, until a part of an alligator was a banquet to them. On mustering all his forces when thus united, Nicuesa found that but one hundred emaciated and dejected wretches remained.

He dispatched the caravel to Hispaniola, to bring a quantity of bacon which he had ordered to have prepared there, but it never returned. He ordered Gonzalo de Badajos, at the head of twenty men, to scour the country for provisions; but the Indians had ceased to cultivate; they could do with little food and could subsist on the roots and wild fruits of the forest. The Spaniards, therefore, found deserted villages

and barren fields, but lurking enemies at every defile. So deplorably were they reduced by their sufferings that at length there were not left a sufficient number in health and strength to mount guard at night; and the fortress remained without sentinels. Such was the desperate situation of this once gay and gallant cavalier, and of his brilliant armament, which but a few months before had sailed from San Domingo, flushed with the consciousness of power and the assurance that they had the means of compelling the favors of fortune.

It is necessary to leave them for a while, and turn our attention to other events which will ultimately be found to bear upon their destinies.

CHAPTER SIX

EXPEDITION OF THE BACHELOR ENCISO IN SEARCH OF THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF OJEDA—(1510)

In calling to mind the narrative of the last expedition of Alonzo de Ojeda, the reader will doubtless remember the Bachelor Martin Fernandez de Enciso, who was inspired by that adventurous cavalier with an ill-starred passion for colonizing, and freighted a vessel at San Domingo with re-enforcements and supplies for the settlement at San Sebastian.

When the Bachelor was on the eve of sailing, a number of the loose hangers-on of the colony, and men encumbered with debt, concerted to join his ship from the coast and the outports. Their creditors, however, getting notice of their intention, kept a close watch upon every one that went on board while in the harbor, and obtained an armed vessel from the Admiral Don Diego Columbus, to escort the enterprising Bachelor clear of the island. One man, however, contrived to elude these precautions, and as he afterward rose to great importance, it is proper to notice him particularly. His name was Vasco Nuñez de Balboa. He was a native of Xeres de los

Caballeros, and of a noble though impoverished family. He had been brought up in the service of Don Puerto Carrero, Lord of Moguer, and he afterward enlisted among the adventurers who accompanied Rodrigo de Bastides in his voyage of discovery. Peter Martyr, in his Latin decades, speaks of him by the appellation of "egregius digladiator," which has been interpreted by some as a skillful swordsman, by others as an adroit fencing master. He intimates, also, that he was a mere soldier of fortune, of loose prodigal habits, and the circumstances under which he is first introduced to us justify this character. He had fixed himself for a time in Hispaniola, and undertaken to cultivate a farm at the town of Salvatierra, on the seacoast, but in a little time had completely involved himself in debt. The expedition of Enciso presented him with an opportunity of escaping from his embarrassments, and of indulging his adventurous habits. To elude the vigilance of his creditors and of the armed escort, he concealed himself in a cask, which was conveyed from his farm on the seacoast on board of the vessel, as if containing provisions for the voyage. When the vessel was fairly out at sea, and abandoned by the escort, Vasco Nuñex emerged like an apparition from his cask, to the great surprise of Enciso, who had been totally ignorant of the stratagem. The Bachelor was indignant at being thus outwitted, even though he gained a recruit by the deception; and in the first ebullition of his wrath gave the fugitive debtor a very rough reception, threatening to put him on shore on the first uninhabited island they should encounter. Vasco Nuñez, however, succeeded in pacifying him, "For God," says the venerable Las Casas, "reserved him for greater things." It is probable the Bachelor beheld in him a man well fitted for his expedition, for Vasco Nuñez was in the prime and vigor of his days, tall and muscular, seasoned to hardships, and of intrepid spirit.

Arriving at the mainland, they touched at the fatal harbor of Carthagena, the scene of the sanguinary conflicts of Ojeda and Nicuesa with the natives, and of the death of the

brave Juan de la Cosa. Enciso was ignorant of those events, having had no tidings from those adventurers since their departure from San Domingo; without any hesitation, therefore, he landed a number of his men to repair his boat, which was damaged, and to procure water. While the men were working upon the boat, a multitude of Indians gathered at a distance, well armed, and with menacing aspect, sounding their shells and brandishing their weapons. The experience they had had of the tremendous powers of the strangers, however, rendered them cautious of attacking, and for three days they hovered in this manner about the Spaniards, the latter being obliged to keep continually on the alert. At length two of the Spaniards ventured one day from the main body to fill a water cask from the adjacent river. Scarcely had they reached the margin of the stream, when eleven savages sprang from the thickets and surrounded them, bending their bows and pointing their arrows. In this way they stood for a moment or two in fearful suspense, the Indians refraining from discharging their shafts, but keeping them constantly pointed at their breasts. One of the Spaniards attempted to escape to his comrades, who were repairing the boat, but the other called him back, and understanding something of the Indian tongue, addressed a few amicable words to the savages. The latter, astonished at being spoken to in their own language, now relaxed a little from their fierceness, and demanded of the strangers who they were, who were their leaders, and what they sought upon their shores. The Spaniard replied that they were harmless people who came from other lands, and merely touched there through necessity, and he wondered that they should meet them with such hostility; he at the same time warned them to beware, as there would come many of his countrymen well armed and would wreak terrible vengeance upon them for any mischief they might do. While they were thus parleying, the Bachelor Enciso, hearing that two of his men were surrounded by the savages, sallied instantly from his ship, and hastened with an armed force to their rescue. As he approached,

however, the Spaniard who had held the parley made him a signal that the natives were pacific. In fact, the latter had supposed that this was a new invasion of Ojeda and Nicuesa, and had thus arrayed themselves, if not to take vengeance for past outrages, at least to defend their houses from a second desolation. When they were convinced, however, that these were a totally different band of strangers, and without hostile intentions, their animosity was at an end; they threw by their weapons and came forward with the most confiding frankness. During the whole time that the Spaniards remained there, they treated them with the greatest friendship, supplying them with bread made from maize, with salted fish, and with the fermented and spirituous beverages common along that coast. Such was the magnanimous conduct of men who were considered among the most ferocious and warlike of these savage nations; and who but recently had beheld their shores invaded, their villages ravaged and burned, and their friends and relations butchered, without regard to age or sex, by the countrymen of these very strangers. When we recall the bloody and indiscriminate vengeance wreaked upon this people by Ojeda and his followers for their justifiable resistance of invasion, and compare it with their placable and considerate spirit when an opportunity for revenge presented itself, we confess we feel a momentary doubt whether the arbitrary appellation of savage is always applied to the right party.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE BACHELOR HEARS UNWELCOME TIDING OF HIS DESTINED JURISDICTION

Not long after the arrival of Enciso at this eventful harbor he was surprised by the circumstance of a brigantine entering and coming to anchor. To encounter a European sail in these almost unknown seas was always a singular and

striking occurrence, but the astonishment of the Bachelor was mingled with alarm when, on boarding the brigantine, he found that it was manned by a number of the men who had embarked with Ojeda. His first idea was that they had mutinied against their commander and deserted with the vessel. The feelings of the magistrate were aroused within him by the suspicion, and he determined to take his first step as alcalde mayor by seizing them and inflicting on them the severity of the law. He altered his tone, however, on conversing with their resolute commander. This was no other than Francisco Pizarro, whom Ojeda had left as his locum tenens at San Sebastian, and who showed the Bachelor his letter patent, signed by that unfortunate governor. In fact, the little brigantine contained the sad remnant of the once vaunted colony. After the departure of Ojeda in the pirate ship, his followers, whom he had left behind under the command of Pizarro, continued in the fortress until the stipulated term of fifty days had expired. Receiving no succor, and hearing no tidings of Ojeda, they then determined to embark and sail for Hispaniola; but here an unthought-of difficulty presented itself: they were seventy in number, and the two brigantines which had been left with them were incapable of taking so many. They came to the forlorn agreement, therefore, to remain until famine, sickness, and the poisoned arrows of the Indians should reduce their number to the capacity of the brigantines. A brief space of time was sufficient for the purpose. They then prepared for the voyage. Four mares, which had been kept alive as terrors to the Indians, were killed and salted for sea-stores. Then taking whatever other articles of provision remained, they embarked and made sail. One brigantine was commanded by Pizarro, the other by one Valenzuela.

They had not proceeded far when, in a storm, a sea struck the crazy vessel of Valenzuela with such violence as to cause it to founder with all its crew. The other brigantine was so near that the mariners witnessed the struggles of their drowning companions and heard their cries. Some of the

sailors, with the common disposition to the marvelous, declared that they had beheld a great whale, or some other monster of the deep, strike the vessel with its tail, and either stave in its sides or shatter the rudder, so as to cause the shipwreck.* The surviving brigantine then made the best of its way to the harbor of Carthagena to seek provisions.

Such was the disastrous account rendered to the Bachelor by Pizarro of his destined jurisdiction. Enciso, however, was of a confident mind and sanguine temperament, and trusted to restore all things to order and prosperity on his arrival.

CHAPTER EIGHT

CRUSADE OF THE BACHELOR ENCISO AGAINST THE SEPULCHERS OF ZENU

THE Bachelor Enciso, as has been shown, was a man of the sword as well as of the robe; having doubtless imbibed a passion for military exploit from his intimacy with the discoverers. Accordingly, while at Carthagena, he was visited by an impulse of the kind, and undertook an enterprise that would have been worthy of his friend Ojeda. He had been told by the Indians that about twenty-five leagues to the west lay a province called Zenu, the mountains of which abounded with the finest gold. This was washed down by torrents during the rainy season in such quantities that the natives stretched nets across the rivers to catch the largest particles; some of which were said to be as large as eggs.

The idea of taking gold in nets captivated the imagination of the Bachelor, and his cupidity was still more excited by further accounts of this wealthy province. He was told that Zenu was the general place of sepulcher of the Indian tribes throughout the country, whither they brought their

* Herrera, Hist. Ind. d. i. l. vii. c. 10.

dead, and buried them, according to their custom, decorated with their most precious ornaments.

It appeared to him a matter of course, therefore, that there must be an immense accumulation of riches in the Indian tombs, from the golden ornaments that had been buried with the dead through a long series of generations. Fired with the thought, he determined to make a foray into this province, and to sack the sepulchers! Neither did he feel any compunction at the idea of plundering the dead, considering the deceased as pagans and infidels, who had forfeited even the sanctuary of the grave, by having been buried according to the rites and ceremonies of their idolatrous religion.

Enciso, accordingly, made sail from Carthagena and landed with his forces on the coast of Zenu. Here he was promptly opposed by two caciques, at the head of a large band of warriors. The Bachelor, though he had thus put on the soldier, retained sufficient of the spirit of his former calling not to enter into quarrel without taking care to have the law on his side; he proceeded regularly, therefore, according to the legal form recently enjoined by the crown. He caused to be read and interpreted to the caciques the same formula used by Ojeda, expounding the nature of the Deity, the supremacy of the Pope, and the right of the Catholic sovereigns to all these lands, by virtue of a grant from his holiness. The caciques listened to the whole very attentively and without interruption, according to the laws of Indian courtesy. They then replied that, as to the assertion that there was but one God, the sovereign of heaven and earth, it seemed to them good, and that such must be the case; but as to the doctrine that the Pope was regent of the world in place of God, and that he had made a grant of their country to the Spanish king, they observed that the Pope must have been drunk to give away what was not his, and the king must have been somewhat mad to ask at his hands what belonged to others. They added that they were lords of those lands and needed no other sovereign, and if this king should come to take possession they would cut off his head and put

it on a pole; that being their mode of dealing with their enemies. As an illustration of this custom they pointed out to Enciso the very uncomfortable spectacle of a row of grisly heads impaled in the neighborhood.

Nothing daunted, either by the reply or the illustration, the Bachelor menaced them with war and slavery as the consequences of their refusal to believe and submit. They replied by threatening to put his head upon a pole as a representative of his sovereign. The Bachelor, having furnished them with the law, now proceeded to the commentary. He attacked the Indians, routed them, and took one of the caciques prisoner, but in the skirmish two of his men were slightly wounded with poisoned arrows, and died raving with torment.*

It does not appear, however, that his crusade against the sepulchers was attended with any lucrative advantage. Perhaps the experience he had received of the hostility of the natives, and of the fatal effects of their poisoned arrows, prevented his penetrating into the land with his scanty force. Certain it is, the reputed wealth of Zenu, and the tale of its fishery for gold with nets, remained unascertained and uncontradicted, and were the cause of subsequent and disastrous enterprises. The Bachelor contented himself with his victory, and returning to his ships, prepared to continue his voyage for the seat of government established by Ojeda in the Gulf of Uraba.

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* The above anecdote is related by the Bachelor Enciso himself in a geographical work entitled "Suma de Geographia," which he published in Seville in 1519. As the reply of the poor savages contains something of natural logic, we give a part of it as reported by the Bachelor.—"Respondieron me: que en lo que dezia que no avia sino un dios y que este governaba el cielo y la tierra y que era señor de todo que les parecia y que asi debia ser: pero que en lo que dezia que el papa era señor de todo el universo en lugar de dios y que el avia fecho merced de aquella tierra al rey de Castilla; dixeron que el papa debiera estar boracho quando lo hizo pues daba lo que no era suyo, y que el rey que pedia y tomava tal merced debia ser algun loco pues pedia lo que era de otros," etc.

CHAPTER NINE

THE BACHELOR ARRIVES AT SAN SEBASTIAN—HIS DISASTERS THERE, AND SUBSEQUENT EXPLOITS AT DARIEN

It was not without extreme difficulty, and the peremptory exercise of his authority as alcalde mayor, that Enciso prevailed upon the crew of Pizarro to return with him to the fated shores of San Sebastian. He at length arrived in sight of the long-wished-for seat of his anticipated power and authority; but here he was doomed like his principal, Ojeda, to meet with nothing but misfortune. On entering the harbor his vessel struck on a rock on the eastern point. The rapid currents and tumultuous waves rent it to pieces; the crew escaped with great difficulty to the brigantine of Pizarro; a little flour, cheese, and biscuit, and a small part of the arms were saved, but the horses, mares, swine, and all other colonial supplies were swept away, and the unfortunate Bachelor beheld the proceeds of several years of prosperous litigation swallowed up in an instant.

His dream of place and dignity seemed equally on the point of vanishing, for, on landing, he found the fortress and its adjacent houses mere heaps of ruins, having been destroyed with fire by the Indians.

For a few days the Spaniards maintained themselves with palm nuts, and with the flesh of a kind of wild swine, of which they met with several herds. These supplies failing, the Bachelor sallied forth with a hundred men to forage the country. They were waylaid by three Indians, who discharged all the arrows in their quivers with incredible rapidity, wounded several Spaniards, and then fled with a swiftness that defied pursuit. The Spaniards returned to the harbor in dismay. All their dread of the lurking savages and their poisoned weapons revived, and they insisted upon abandoning a place marked out for disaster.

The Bachelor Enciso was himself disheartened at the situation of this boasted capital of San Sebastian; but whither could he go where the same misfortunes might not attend him? In this moment of doubt and despondency, Vasco Nuñez, the same absconding debtor who had been smuggled on board in the cask, stepped forward to give counsel. He informed the Bachelor that several years previously he had sailed along that coast with Rodrigo de Bastides. They had explored the whole Gulf of Uraba; and he well remembered an Indian village situated on the western side, on the banks of a river which the natives called Darien. The country around was fertile and abundant, and was said to possess mines of gold; and the natives, though a warlike race, never made use of poisoned weapons. He offered to guide the Bachelor to this place, where they might get a supply of provisions, and even found their colony.

The Spaniards hailed the words of Vasco Nuñez as if revealing a land of promise. The Bachelor adopted his advice, and, guided by him, set sail for the village, determined to eject the inhabitants and take possession of it as the seat of government. Arrived at the river, he landed, put his men in martial array, and marched along the banks. The place was governed by a brave cacique named Zemaco. When he heard of the approach of the Spaniards, he sent off the women and children to a place of safety, and posting himself with five hundred of his warriors on a height, prepared to give the intruders a warm reception. The Bachelor was a discoverer at all points, pious, daring, and rapacious. On beholding this martial array he recommended himself and his followers to God, making a vow in their name to "Our Lady of Antigua," whose image is adored with great devotion in Seville, that the first church and town which they built should be dedicated to her, and that they would make a pilgrimage to Seville to offer the spoils of the heathen at her shrine. Having thus endeavored to propitiate the favor of Heaven, and to retain the Holy Virgin in his cause, he next proceeded to secure the fidelity of his followers. Doubting

that they might have some lurking dread of poisoned arrows, he exacted from them all an oath that they would not turn their backs upon the foe, whatever might happen. Never did warrior enter into battle with more preliminary forms and covenants than the Bachelor Enciso. All these points being arranged, he assumed the soldier, and attacked the enemy with such valor that, though they made at first a show of fierce resistance, they were soon put to flight, and many of them slain. The Bachelor entered the village in triumph, took possession of it by unquestionable right of conquest, and plundered all the hamlets and houses of the surrounding country; collecting great quantities of food and cotton, with bracelets, anklets, plates, and other ornaments of gold, to the value of ten thousand castellanos.* His heart was wonderfully elated by his victory and his booty; his followers, also, after so many hardships and disasters, gave themselves up to joy at this turn of good fortune, and it was unanimously agreed that the seat of government should be established in this village; to which, in fulfillment of his vow, Enciso gave the name of Santa Maria de la Antigua del Darien.

CHAPTER TEN

THE BACHELOR ENCISO UNDERTAKES THE COMMAND—HIS DOWNFALL

THE Bachelor Enciso now entered upon the exercise of his civil functions as alcalde mayor, and lieutenant of the absent governor, Ojeda. His first edict was stern and peremptory; he forbade all trafficking with the natives for gold, on private account, under pain of death. This was in conformity to royal command; but it was little palatable to men who had engaged in the enterprise in the hopes of enjoying free trade, lawless liberty, and golden gains. They mur-

* Equivalent to a present sum of 53,259 dollars.

mured among themselves, and insinuated that Enciso intended to reserve all the profit to himself.

Vasco Nuñez was the first to take advantage of the general discontent. He had risen to consequence among his fellow adventurers from having guided them to this place, and from his own intrinsic qualities, being hardy, bold, and intelligent, and possessing the random spirit and open-handed generosity common to a soldier of fortune, and calculated to dazzle and delight the multitude.

He bore no good will to the Bachelor, recollecting his threat of landing him on an uninhabited island, when he escaped in a cask from San Domingo. He sought, therefore, to make a party against him, and to unseat him from his command. He attacked him in his own way, with legal weapons, questioning the legitimacy of his pretensions. The boundary line, he observed, which separated the jurisdictions of Ojeda and Nicuesa ran through the center of the Gulf of Uraba. The village of Darien lay on the western side, which had been allotted to Nicuesa. Enciso, therefore, as alcalde mayor and lieutenant of Ojeda, could have no jurisdiction here, and his assumed authority was a sheer usurpation.

The Spaniards, already incensed at the fiscal regulations of Enciso, were easily convinced; so with one accord they refused allegiance to him; and the unfortunate Bachelor found the chair of authority to which he had so fondly and anxiously aspired suddenly wrested from under him, before he had well time to take his seat.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

PERPLEXITIES AT THE COLONY—ARRIVAL OF COLMENARES

To depose the Bachelor had been an easy matter, for most men are ready to assist in pulling down; but to choose a successor was a task of far more difficulty. The people at first agreed to elect mere civil magistrates, and accordingly ap-

pointed Vasco Nuñez and one Zamudio as alcaldes, together with a cavalier of some merit of the name of Valdivia as regidor. They soon, however, became dissatisfied with this arrangement, and it was generally considered advisable to vest the authority in one person. Who this person should be was now the question. Some proposed Nicuesa, as they were within his province; others were strenuous for Vasco Nuñez. A violent dispute ensued, which was carried on with such heat and obstinacy that many, anxious for a quiet life, declared it would be better to reinstate Enciso until the pleasure of the king should be known.

In the height of these factious altercations the Spaniards were aroused one day by the thundering of cannon from the opposite side of the gulf, and beheld columns of smoke rising from the hills. Astonished at these signals of civilized man on these wild shores, they replied in the same manner, and in a short time two ships were seen standing across the gulf. They proved to be an armament commanded by one Rodrigo de Colmenares, and were in search of Nicuesa with supplies. They had met with the usual luck of adventurers on this disastrous coast, storms at sea and savage foes on shore, and many of their number had fallen by poisoned arrows. Colmenares had touched at San Sebastian to learn tidings of Nicuesa; but, finding the fortress in ruins, had made signals, in hopes of being heard by the Spaniards, should they be yet lingering in the neighborhood.

The arrival of Colmenares caused a temporary suspension of the feuds of the colonists. He distributed provisions among them and gained their hearts. Then, representing the legitimate right of Nicuesa to the command of all that part of the coast as a governor appointed by the king, he persuaded the greater part of the people to acknowledge his authority. It was generally agreed, therefore, that he should cruise along the coast in search of Nicuesa, and that Diego de Albitez, and an active member of the law, called the Bachelor Corral, should accompany him as embassadors, to invite that cavalier to come and assume the government of Darien.

CHAPTER TWELVE

COLMENARES GOES IN QUEST OF NICUESA

Rodrigo de Colmenares proceeded along the coast to the westward, looking into every bay and harbor, but for a long time without success. At length one day he discovered a brigantine at a small island in the sea. On making up to it, he found that it was part of the armament of Nicuesa, and had been sent out by him to forage for provisions. By this vessel he was piloted to the port of Nombre de Dios, the nominal capital of the unfortunate governor, but which was so surrounded and overshadowed by forests that he might have passed by without noticing it.

The arrival of Colmenares was welcomed with transports and tears of joy. It was scarcely possible for him to recognize the once buoyant and brilliant Nicuesa in the squalid and dejected man before him. He was living in the most abject misery. Of all his once gallant and powerful band of followers but sixty men remained, and those so feeble, yellow, emaciated, and woebegone, that it was piteous to behold them.*

Colmenares distributed food among them, and told them

* The harbor of Nombre de Dios continued for a long time to present traces of the sufferings of the Spaniards. We are told by Herrera that, several years after the time here mentioned, a band of eighty Spanish soldiers commanded by Gonzalo de Badajos arrived at the harbor with an intention of penetrating into the interior. They found there the ruined fort of Nicuesa, together with skulls and bones and crosses erected on heaps of stones, dismal mementos of his followers, who had perished of hunger, the sight of which struck such horror and dismay into the hearts of the soldiers that they would have abandoned their enterprise had not their intrepid captain immediately sent away the ships and thus deprived them of the means of retreating.—*Herrera*, d. xi. l. i.

that he had come to convey them to a plenteous country, and one rich in gold. When Nicuesa heard of the settlement at Darien, and that the inhabitants had sent for him to come and govern them, he was as a man suddenly revived from death. All the spirit and munificence of the cavalier again awakened in him. He gave a kind of banquet that very day to Colmenares and the embassadors, from the provisions brought in the ship. He presided at his table with his former hilarity, and displayed a feat of his ancient office as royal carver, by holding up a fowl in the air and dissecting it with wonderful adroitness.

Well would it have been for Nicuesa had the sudden buoyancy of his feelings carried him no further, but adversity had not taught him prudence. In conversing with the envoys about the colony of Darien, he already assumed the tone of governor, and began to disclose the kind of policy with which he intended to rule. When he heard that great quantities of gold had been collected and retained by private individuals his ire was kindled. He vowed to make them refund it, and even talked of punishing them for trespassing upon the privileges and monopolies of the crown. This was the very error that had unseated the Bachelor Enciso from his government, and it was a strong measure for one to threaten who as yet was governor but in expectation. The menace was not lost upon the watchful embassadors Diego de Albitez and the Bachelor Corral. They were put still more on the alert by a conversation which they held that very evening with Lope de Olano, who was still detained a prisoner for his desertion, but who found means to commune with the envoys, and to prejudice them against his unsuspecting commander. "Take warning," said he, "by my treatment. I sent relief to Nicuesa and rescued him from death when starving on a desert island. Behold my recompense. He repays me with imprisonment and chains. Such is the gratitude the people of Darien may look for at his hands!"

The subtle Bachelor Corral and his fellow envoy laid these matters to heart, and took their measures accordingly. They

hurried their departure before Nicuesa, and setting all sail on their caravel, hastened back to Darien. The moment they arrived they summoned a meeting of the principal inhabitants. "A blessed change we have made," said they, "in summoning this Diego de Nicuesa to the command! We have called in the stork to take the rule, who will not rest satisfied until he has devoured us." They then related, with the usual exaggeration, the unguarded threats that had fallen from Nicuesa, and instanced his treatment of Olano as a proof of a tyrannous and ungrateful disposition.

The words of the subtle Bachelor Corral and his associate produced a violent agitation among the people, especially among those who had amassed treasures which would have to be refunded. Nicuesa, too, by a transaction which almost destroys sympathy in his favor, gave time for their passions to ferment. On his way to Darien he stopped for several days among a group of small islands, for the purpose of capturing Indians to be sold as slaves. While committing these outrages against humanity, he sent forward Juan de Cayzedo in a boat to announce his coming. His messenger had a private pique against him, and played him false. He assured the people of Darien that all they had been told by their envoys concerning the tyranny and ingratitude of Nicuesa was true. That he treated his followers with wanton severity; that he took from them all they won in battle, saying that the spoils were his rightful property; and that it was his intention to treat the people of Darien in the same manner. "What folly is it in you," added he, "being your own masters, and in such free condition, to send for a tyrant to rule over you!"

The people of Darien were convinced by this concurring testimony, and confounded by the overwhelming evil they had thus invoked upon their heads. They had deposed Enciso for his severity, and they had thrown themselves into the power of one who threatened to be ten times more severe! Vasco Nuñez de Balboa observed their perplexity and consternation. He drew them one by one apart, and conversed

with them in private. "You are cast down in heart," said he, "and so you might well be, were the evil beyond all cure. But do not despair; there is an effectual relief, and you hold it in your hands. If you have committed a error in inviting Nicuesa to Darien, it is easily remedied by not receiving him when he comes!" The obviousness and simplicity of the remedy struck every mind, and it was unanimously adopted.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

CATASTROPHE OF THE UNFORTUNATE NICUESA

WHILE this hostile plot was maturing at Darien, the unsuspecting Nicuesa pursued his voyage leisurely and serenely, and arrived in safety at the mouth of the river. On approaching the shore he beheld a multitude, headed by Vasco Nuñez, waiting, as he supposed, to receive him with all due honor. He was about to land when the public procurator or attorney called to him with a loud voice, warning him not to disembark, but advising him to return with all speed to his government at Nombre de Dios.

Nicuesa remained for a moment as if thunderstruck by so unlooked-for a salutation. When he recovered his self-possession he reminded them that he had come at their own request; he entreated, therefore, that he might be allowed to land and have an explanation, after which he would be ready to act as they thought proper. His entreaties were vain; they only provoked insolent replies, and threats of violence should he venture to put foot on shore. Night coming on, therefore, he was obliged to stand out to sea, but returned the next morning, hoping to find this capricious people in a different mood.

There did, indeed, appear to be a favorable change, for he was now invited to land. It was a mere stratagem to get him in their power, for no sooner did he set foot on shore than the multitude rushed forward to seize him. Among his

many bodily endowments, Nicuesa was noted for swiftness of foot. He now trusted to it for safety, and, throwing off the dignity of governor, fled for his life along the shore, pursued by the rabble. He soon distanced his pursuers and took refuge in the woods.

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who was himself a man of birth, seeing this high-bred cavalier reduced to such extremity, and at the mercy of a violent rabble, repented of what he had done. He had not anticipated such popular fury, and endeavored, though too late, to allay the tempest he had raised. He succeeded in preventing the people from pursuing Nicuesa into the forest, and then endeavored to mollify the vindictive rage of his fellow alcalde, Zamudio, whose hostility was quickened by the dread of losing his office, should the new governor be received; and who was supported in his boisterous conduct by the natural love of the multitude for what are called "strong measures." Nicuesa now held a parley with the populace, through the mediation of Vasco Nuñez. He begged that, if they would not acknowledge him as governor, they would at least admit him as a companion. This they refused, saying that if they admitted him in one capacity, he would end by attaining to the other. He then implored that, if he could be admitted on no other terms, they would treat him as a prisoner, and put him in irons, for he would rather die among them than return to Nombre de Dios, to perish of famine or by the arrows of the Indians.

It was in vain that Vasco Nuñez exerted his eloquence to obtain some grace for this unhappy cavalier. His voice was drowned by the vociferations of the multitude. Among these was a noisy swaggering fellow named Francisco Benitez, a great talker and jester, who took a vulgar triumph in the distresses of a cavalier, and answered every plea in his behalf with scoffs and jeers. He was an adherent of the alcalde Zamudio, and under his patronage felt emboldened to bluster. His voice was ever uppermost in the general clamor, until, to the expostulations of Vasco Nuñez, he replied by merely bawling with great vociferation, "No, no, no!—we will re-

ceive no such a fellow among us as Nicuesa!" The patience of Vasco Nuñez was exhausted; he availed himself of his authority as alcalde, and suddenly, before his fellow magistrate could interfere, ordered the brawling ruffian to be rewarded with a hundred lashes, which were taled out roundly to him upon the shoulders.*

Seeing that the fury of the populace was not to be pacified, he sent word to Nicuesa to retire to his brigantine, and not to venture on shore until advised by him to do so. The counsel was fruitless. Nicuesa, above deceit himself, suspected it not in others. He retired to his brigantine, it is true, but suffered himself to be inveigled on shore by a deputation professing to come on the part of the public, with offers to reinstate him as governor. He had scarcely landed when he was set upon by an armed band, headed by the base-minded Zamudio, who seized him and compelled him, by menaces of death, to swear that he would immediately depart, and make no delay in any place until he had presented himself before the king and council in Castile.

It was in vain that Nicuesa reminded them that he was governor of that territory and representative of the king, and that they were guilty of treason in thus opposing him; it was in vain that he appealed to their humanity, or protested before God against their cruelty and persecution. The people were in that state of tumult when they are apt to add cruelty to injustice. Not content with expelling the discarded governor from their shores, they allotted him the worst vessel in the harbor; an old crazy brigantine totally unfit to encounter the perils and labors of the sea.

Seventeen followers embarked with him; some being of his household and attached to his person; the rest were volunteers who accompanied him out of respect and sympathy. The frail bark set sail on the first of March, 1511, and steered across the Caribbean Sea for the island of Hispaniola, but was never seen or heard of more!

* Las Casas, Hist. Ind. l. ii., c. 68.

Various attempts have been made to penetrate the mystery that covers the fate of the brigantine and its crew. A rumor prevailed some years afterward that several Spaniards, wandering along the shore of Cuba, found the following inscription carved on a tree:

"Aqui feneció el desdicado Nicuesa."
(Here perished the unfortunate Nicuesa.)

Hence it was inferred that he and his followers had landed there, and been massacred by the Indians. Las Casas, however, discredits this story. He accompanied the first Spaniards who took possession of Cuba, and heard nothing of the fact, as he most probably would have done had it really occurred. He imagines, rather, that the crazy bark was swallowed up by the storms and currents of the Caribbean Sea, or that the crew perished with hunger and thirst, having been but scantily supplied with provisions. The good old bishop adds, with the superstitious feeling prevalent in that age, that, a short time before Nicuesa sailed from Spain on his expedition, an astrologer warned him not to depart on the day he had appointed, or under a certain sign; the cavalier replied, however, that he had less confidence in the stars than in God who made them. "I recollect, moreover," adds Las Casas, "that about this time a comet was seen over this island of Hispaniola, which, if I do not forget, was in the shape of a sword; and it was said that a monk warned several of those about to embark with Nicuesa to avoid that captain, for the heavens foretold he was destined to be lost. The same, however," he concludes, "might be said of Alonzo de Ojeda, who sailed at the same time, yet returned to San Domingo and died in his bed." *

* Las Casas, ut sup., c. 68

VASCO NUNEZ DE BALBOA

DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

CHAPTER ONE

FACTIONS AT DARIEN—VASCO NUÑEZ ELECTED TO THE COMMAND

We have traced the disastrous fortunes of Alonzo de Ojeda and Diego de Nicuesa; we have now to record the story of Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, an adventurer equally daring, far more renowned and not less unfortunate, who, in a manner, rose upon their ruins.

When the bark disappeared from view which bore the ill-starred Nicuesa from the shores of Darien, the community relapsed into factions as to who should have the rule. The Bachelor Enciso insisted upon his claims as paramount, but he met with a powerful opponent in Vasco Nunez, who had become a great favorite with the people, from his frank and fearless character, and his winning affability. In fact, he was peculiarly calculated to manage the fiery and factious, yet generous and susceptible nature of his countrymen; for the Spaniards, though proud and resentful, and impatient of indignity or restraint, are easily dazzled by valor, and won by courtesy and kindness. Vasco Nunez had the external requisites also to captivate the multitude. He was now about thirty-five years of age; tall, well formed, and vigorous, with reddish hair, and an open prepossessing countenance. His office of alcalde, while it clothed him with influence and importance, tempered those irregular and dissolute habits he might have indulged while a mere soldier of fortune; and his superior talent soon gave him a complete ascend-

ency over his official colleague Zamudio. He was thus enabled to set on foot a vigorous opposition to Enciso. Still he proceeded according to the forms of law, and summoned the Bachelor to trial, on the charge of usurping the powers of alcalde mayor, on the mere appointment of Alonzo de Ojeda, whose jurisdiction did not extend to this province.

Enciso was an able lawyer, and pleaded his cause skillfully; but his claims were, in fact, fallacious, and, had they not been so, he had to deal with men who cared little for law, who had been irritated by his legal exactions, and who were disposed to be governed by a man of the sword rather than of the robe. He was readily found guilty, therefore, and thrown into prison, and all his property was confiscated. This was a violent verdict, and rashly executed; but justice seemed to grow fierce and wild when transplanted to the wilderness of the New World. Still there is no place where wrong can be committed with impunity; the oppression of the Bachelor Enciso, though exercised under the forms of law, and in a region remote from the pale of civilized life, redounded to the eventual injury of Vasco Nunez, and contributed to blast the fruits of that ambition it was intended to promote.

The fortunes of the enterprising Bachelor had indeed run strangely counter to the prospects with which he had embarked at San Domingo; he had become a culprit at the bar instead of a judge upon the bench; and now was left to ruminate in a prison on the failure of his late attempt at general command. His friends, however, interceded warmly in his behalf, and at length obtained his release from confinement, and permission for him to return to Spain. Vasco Nunez foresaw that the lawyer would be apt to plead his cause more effectually at the court of Castile than he had done before the partial and prejudiced tribunal of Darien. He prevailed upon his fellow alcalde Zamudio, therefore, who was implicated with him in the late transactions, to return to Spain in the same vessel with the Bachelor, so as to be on the spot to answer his charges, and to give a favorable report of the case. He was also instructed to set forth the

services of Vasco Nunez, both in guiding the colonists to this place, and in managing the affairs of the settlement; and to dwell with emphasis on the symptoms of great riches in the surrounding country.

The Bachelor and the alcalde embarked in a small caravel; and, as it was to touch at Hispaniola, Vasco Nunez sent his confidential friend, the regidor Valdivia, to that island to obtain provisions and recruits. He secretly put into his hands a round sum of gold as a present to Miguel de Pasamonte, the royal treasurer of Hispaniola, whom he knew to have great credit with the king, and to be invested with extensive powers, craving at the same time his protection in the New World and his influence at court.

Having taken these shrewd precautions, Vasco Nunez saw the caravel depart without dismay, though bearing to Spain his most dangerous enemy; he consoled himself, moreover, with the reflection that it likewise bore off his fellow alcalde, Zamudio, and thus left him in sole command of the colony.

CHAPTER TWO

EXPEDITION TO COYBA—VASCO NUÑEZ RECEIVES THE DAUGHTER OF A CACIQUE AS HOSTAGE

Vasco Nuñez now exerted himself to prove his capacity for the government to which he had aspired; and as he knew that no proof was more convincing to King Ferdinand than ample remittances, and that gold covered all sins in the New World, his first object was to discover those parts of the country which most abounded in the precious metals. Hearing exaggerated reports of the riches of a province about thirty leagues distant, called Coyba, he sent Francisco Pizarro with six men to explore it.

The cacique Zemaco, the native lord of Darien, who cherished a bitter hostility against the European intruders, and

hovered with his warriors about the settlement, received notice of this detachment from his spies, and planted himself in ambush to waylay and destroy it. The Spaniards had scarcely proceeded three leagues along the course of the river when a host of savages burst upon them from the surrounding thickets, uttering frightful yells, and discharging showers of stones and arrows. Pizarro and his men, though sorely bruised and wounded, rushed into the thickest of the foe, slew many, wounded more, and put the rest to flight; but, fearing another assault, they made a precipitate retreat, leaving one of their companions, Francisco Hernan, disabled on the field. They arrived at the settlement crippled and bleeding; but when Vasco Nunez heard the particulars of the action, his anger was roused against Pizarro, and he ordered him, though wounded, to return immediately and recover the disabled man. "Let it not be said, for shame," said he, "that Spaniards fled before savages, and left a comrade in their hands!" Pizarro felt the rebuke, returned to the scene of combat, and brought off Francisco Hernan in safety.

Nothing having been heard of Nicuesa since his departure, Vasco Nunez dispatched two brigantines for those followers of that unfortunate adventurer who had remained at Nombre de Dios. They were overjoyed at being rescued from their forlorn situation, and conveyed to a settlement where there was some prospect of comfortable subsistence. The brigantines, in coasting the shores of the Isthmus, picked up two Spaniards, clad in painted skins, and looking as wild as the native Indians. These men, to escape some punishment, had fled from the ship of Nicuesa about a year and a half before, and had taken refuge with Careta, the cacique of Coyba. The savage chieftain had treated them with hospitable kindness; their first return for which, now that they found themselves safe among their countrymen, was to advise the latter to invade the cacique in his dwelling, where they assured them they would find immense booty. Finding their suggestion listened to, one of them proceeded to Darien, to serve as a guide to any expedition that might be set on

foot; the other returned to the cacique, to assist in betraying him.

Vasco Nunez was elated by the intelligence received through these vagabonds of the wilderness. He chose a hundred and thirty well armed and resolute men, and set off for Coyba, the dominions of Careta. The cacique received the Spaniards in his mansion with the accustomed hospitality of a savage, setting before them meat and drink, and whatever his house afforded; but when Vasco Nunez asked for a large supply of provisions for the colony, he declared that he had none to spare, his people having been prevented from cultivating the soil by a war which he was waging with the neighboring cacique of Ponca. The Spanish traitor, who had remained to betray his benefactor, now took Vasco Nunez aside, and assured him that the cacique had an abundant hoard of provisions in secret; he advised him, however, to seem to believe his words, and to make a pretended departure for Darien with his troops, but to return in the night and take the village by surprise. Vasco Nunez adopted the advice of the traitor. He took a cordial leave of Careta, and set off for the settlement. In the dead of the night, however, when the savages were buried in deep sleep, Vasco Nunez led his men into the midst of the village, and, before the inhabitants could rouse themselves to resistance, made captives of Careta, his wives, and children, and many of his people. He discovered also the hoard of provisions, with which he loaded two brigantines, and returned with his booty and his captives to Darien.

When the unfortunate cacique beheld his family in chains, and in the hands of strangers, his heart was wrung with despair. "What have I done to thee," said he to Vasco Nunez, "that thou shouldst treat me thus cruelly? None of thy people ever came to my land that were not fed and sheltered and treated with loving-kindness. When thou camest to my dwelling, did I meet thee with a javelin in my hand? Did I not set meat and drink before thee and welcome thee as a brother? Set me free, therefore, with my family and people,

and we will remain thy friends. We will supply thee with provisions, and reveal to thee the riches of the land. Dost thou doubt my faith? Behold my daughter, I give her to thee as a pledge of friendship. Take her for thy wife, and be assured of the fidelity of her family and her people!"

Vasco Nunez felt the force of these words and knew the importance of forming a strong alliance among the natives. The captive maid, also, as she stood trembling and dejected before him, found great favor in his eyes, for she was young and beautiful. He granted, therefore, the prayer of the cacique, and accepted his daughter, engaging, moreover, to aid the father against his enemies, on condition of his furnishing provisions to the colony.

Careta remained three days at Darien, during which time he was treated with the utmost kindness. Vasco Nunez took him on board of his ships and showed him every part of them. He displayed before him also the war-horses, with their armor and rich caparisons, and astonished him with the thunder of artillery. Lest he should be too much daunted by these warlike spectacles, he caused the musicians to perform a harmonious concert on their instruments, at which the cacique was lost in admiration. Thus having impressed him with a wonderful idea of the power and endowments of his new allies, he loaded him with presents and permitted him to depart.*

Careta returned joyfully to his territories, and his daughter remained with Vasco Nunez, willingly, for his sake, giving up her family and native home. They were never married, but she considered herself his wife, as she really was, according to the usages of her own country, and he treated her with fondness, allowing her gradually to acquire great influence over him. To his affection for this damsel his ultimate ruin is in some measure to be ascribed.

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*P. Martyr, d. iii. c. 6.

CHAPTER THREE

VASCO NUÑEZ HEARS OF A SEA BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS

VASCO NUÑEZ kept his word with the father of his Indian beauty. Taking with him eighty men and his companion-in-arms, Rodrigo Enriquez de Colmenares, he repaired by sea to Coyba, the province of the cacique. Here landing, he invaded the territories of Ponca, the great adversary of Careta, and obliged him to take refuge in the mountains. He then ravaged his lands and sacked his villages, in which he found considerable booty. Returning to Coyba, where he was joyfully entertained by Careta, he next made a friendly visit to the adjacent province of Comagre, which was under the sway of a cacique of the same name, who had 3,000 fighting men at his command.

This province was situated at the foot of a lofty mountain in a beautiful plain twelve leagues in extent. On the approach of Vasco Nunez, the cacique came forth to meet him attended by seven sons, all fine young men, the offspring of his various wives. He was followed by his principal chiefs and warriors, and by a multitude of his people. The Spaniards were conducted with great ceremony to the village, where quarters were assigned them, and they were furnished with abundance of provisions, and men and women were appointed to attend upon them.

The dwelling of the cacique surpassed any they had yet seen for magnitude and for the skill and solidity of the architecture. It was one hundred and fifty paces in length and eighty in breadth, founded upon great logs surrounded with a stone wall; while the upper part was of woodwork, curiously interwoven and wrought with such beauty as to fill the Spaniards with surprise and admiration. It contained many commodious apartments. There were storerooms also; one

filled with bread, with venison, and other provisions; another with various spirituous beverages, which the Indians made from maize, from a species of the palm, and from roots of different kinds. There was also a great hall in a retired and secret part of the building, wherein Comagre preserved the bodies of his ancestors and relatives. These had been dried by the fire so as to free them from corruption, and afterward wrapped in mantles of cotton, richly wrought and interwoven with pearls and jewels of gold, and with certain stones held precious by the natives. They were then hung about the hall with cords of cotton, and regarded with great reverence, if not a species of religious devotion.

Among the sons of the cacique, the eldest was of a lofty and generous spirit, and distinguished above the rest by his superior intelligence and sagacity. Perceiving, says old Peter Martyr, that the Spaniards were a "wandering kind of men, living only by shifts and spoil," he sought to gain favor for himself and family by gratifying their avarice. He gave Vasco Nunez and Colmenares, therefore, 4,000 ounces of gold, wrought into various ornaments, together with sixty slaves, being captives that he had taken in the wars. Vasco Nunez ordered one-fifth of the gold to be weighed out and set apart for the crown, and the rest to be shared among his followers.

The division of the gold took place in the porch of the dwelling of Comagre, in the presence of the youthful cacique who had made the gift. As the Spaniards were weighing it out, a violent quarrel arose among them as to the size and value of the pieces which fell to their respective shares. The high-minded savage was disgusted at this sordid brawl among beings whom he had regarded with such reverence. In the first impulse of his disdain, he struck the scales with his fist and scattered the glittering gold about the porch. Before the Spaniards could recover from their astonishment at this sudden act, he thus addressed them, "Why should you quarrel for such a trifle? If this gold is indeed so precious in your eyes that for it alone you abandon your homes, invade the

peaceful land of others, and expose yourselves to such sufferings and perils, I will tell you of a region where you may gratify your wishes to the utmost. Behold those lofty mountains," continued he, pointing to the south. "Beyond these lies a mighty sea, which may be discerned from their summit. It is navigated by people who have vessels almost as large as yours, and furnished, like them, with sails and oars. All the streams which flow down the southern side of those mountains into that sea abound in gold, and the kings who reign upon its borders eat and drink out of golden vessels. Gold, in fact, is as plentiful and common among those people of the south as iron is among you Spaniards."

Struck with this intelligence, Vasco Nunez inquired eagerly as to the means of penetrating to this sea and to the opulent regions on its shores. "The task," replied the prince, "is difficult and dangerous. You must pass through the territories of many powerful caciques, who will oppose you with hosts of warriors. Some parts of the mountains are infested by fierce and cruel cannibals—a wandering, lawless race; but, above all, you will have to encounter the great cacique, Tubanama, whose territories are at the distance of six days' journey, and more rich in gold than any other province; this cacique will be sure to come forth against you with a mighty force. To accomplish your enterprise, therefore, will require at least a thousand men armed like those who follow you."

The youthful cacique gave him further information on the subject, collected from various captives whom he had taken in battle, and from one of his own nation, who had been for a long time in captivity to Tubanama, the powerful cacique of the golden realm. The prince, moreover, offered to prove the sincerity of his words by accompanying Vasco Nunez in any expedition to those parts at the head of his father's warriors.

Such was the first intimation received by Vasco Nunez of the Pacific Ocean and its golden realms, and it had an immediate effect upon his whole character and conduct. This

hitherto wandering and desperate man had now an enterprise opened to his ambition, which, if accomplished, would elevate him to fame and fortune, and entitle him to rank among the great captains and discoverers of the earth. Henceforth the discovery of the sea beyond the mountains was the great object of his thoughts, and his whole spirit seemed roused and ennobled by the idea.

He hastened his return to Darien, to make the necessary preparations for this splendid enterprise. Before departing from the province of Comagre he baptized that cacique by the name of Don Carlos, and performed the same ceremony upon his sons and several of his subjects. Thus singularly did avarice and religion go hand in hand in the conduct of the Spanish discoverers.

Scarcely had Vasco Nunez returned to Darien when the regidor Valdivia arrived there from Hispaniola, but with no more provisions than could be brought in his small caravel. These were soon consumed, and the general scarcity continued. It was heightened also by a violent tempest of thunder, lightning, and rain, which brought such torrents from the mountains that the river swelled and overflowed its banks, laying waste all the adjacent fields that had been cultivated. In this extremity Vasco Nunez dispatched Valdivia a second time to Hispaniola for provisions. Animated also by the loftier views of his present ambition, he wrote to Don Diego Columbus, who governed at San Domingo, informing him of the intelligence he had received of a great sea and opulent realms beyond the mountains, and entreating him to use his influence with the king that one thousand men might be immediately furnished him for the prosecution of so grand a discovery. He sent him also the amount of fifteen thousand crowns in gold, to be remitted to the king as the royal fifths of what had already been collected under his jurisdiction. Many of his followers, also, forwarded sums of gold to be remitted to their creditors in Spain. In the meantime, Vasco Nunez prayed the admiral to yield him prompt succor to enable him to keep his footing in the land,

representing the difficulty he had in maintaining, with a mere handful of men, so vast a country in a state of subjection.

CHAPTER FOUR

EXPEDITION OF VASCO NUÑEZ IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF DOBAYBA—(1512)

WHILE Vasco Nunez awaited the result of this mission of Valdivia, his active disposition prompted him to undertake foraging excursions into the surrounding country.

Among various rumors of golden realms in the interior of this unknown land was one concerning a province called Dobayba, situated about forty leagues distant, on the banks of a great river which emptied itself, by several mouths, into a corner of the Gulf of Uraba.

This province derived its name, according to Indian tradition, from a mighty female of the olden time, the mother of the god who created the sun and moon and all good things. She had power over the elements, sending thunder and lightning to lay waste the lands of those who displeased her, but showering down fertility and abundance upon the lands of her faithful worshipers. Others described her as having been an Indian princess who once reigned among the mountains of Dobayba, and was renowned throughout the land for her supernatural power and wisdom. After her death, divine honors were paid her, and a great temple was erected for her worship. Hither the natives repaired from far and near, on a kind of pilgrimage, bearing offerings of their most valuable effects. The caciques who ruled over distant territories also sent golden tributes, at certain times of the year, to be deposited in this temple, and slaves to be sacrificed at its shrine. At one time, it was added, this worship fell into disuse, the pilgrimages were discontinued, and the caciques neglected to send their tributes; whereupon the deity, as a punishment, inflicted a drought upon the country. The springs and foun-

tains failed, the rivers were dried up; the inhabitants of the mountains were obliged to descend into the plains, where they dug pits and wells, but these likewise failing, a great part of the nations perished with thirst. The remainder hastened to propitiate the deity by tributes and sacrifices, and thus succeeded in averting her displeasure. In consequence of offerings of the kind, made for generations from all parts of the country, the temple was said to be filled with treasure, and its walls to be covered with golden gifts.* In addition to the tale of this temple, the Indians gave marvelous accounts of the general wealth of this province, declaring that it abounded with mines of gold, the veins of which reached from the dwelling of the cacique to the borders of his dominions.

To penetrate to this territory, and above all to secure the treasures of the golden temple, was an enterprise suited to the adventurous spirit of the Spaniards. Vasco Nunez chose one hundred and seventy of his hardiest men for the purpose. Embarking them in two brigantines and a number of canoes, he set sail from Darien, and, after standing about nine leagues to the east, came to the mouth of the Rio Grande de San Juan, or the Great River of St. John, also called the Atrato, which is since ascertained to be one of the branches of the river Darien. Here he detached Rodrigo Enriquez de Colmenares with one-third of his forces to explore the stream, while he himself proceeded with the residue to another branch of the river, which he was told flowed from the province of Dobayba, and which he ascended, flushed with sanguine expectations.†

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*P. Martyr, decad. iii., c. 6. Idem. d. vii., c. 10.

†In recording this expedition the author has followed the old Spanish narratives, written when the face of the country was but little known, and he was much perplexed to reconcile the accounts given of numerous streams with the rivers laid down on modern maps. By a clear and judicious explanation, given in the recent work of Don Manuel Josef Quintana, it appears that the different streams explored by Vasco Nuñez and Colmenares were all branches of one grand river,

His old enemy Zemaco, the cacique of Darien, however, had discovered the object of his expedition, and had taken measures to disappoint it. Repairing to the province of Dobayba, he had prevailed upon its cacique to retire at the approach of the Spaniards, leaving his country deserted.

Vasco Nunez found a village situated in a marshy neighborhood, on the banks of the river, and mistook it for the residence of the cacique; it was silent and abandoned. There was not an Indian to be met with from whom he could obtain any information about the country, or who could guide him to the golden temple. He was disappointed, also, in his hopes of obtaining a supply of provisions, but he found weapons of various kinds hanging in the deserted houses, and gathered jewels and pieces of gold to the value of seven thousand castellanos. Discouraged by the savage look of the surrounding wilderness, which was perplexed by deep morasses, and having no guides to aid him in exploring it, he put all the booty he had collected into two large canoes, and made his way back to the Gulf of Uraba. Here he was assailed by a violent tempest, which nearly wrecked his two brigantines, and obliged him to throw a great part of their cargoes overboard. The two canoes containing the booty were swallowed up by the raging sea, and all their crews perished.

Thus baffled and tempest-tossed, Vasco Nunez at length succeeded in getting into what was termed the Grand River, which he ascended, and rejoined Colmenares and his detachment. They now extended their excursions up a stream which emptied into the Grand River, and which, from the dark hue of its waters, they called Rio Negro, or the Black River. They also explored certain other tributary streams

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which, descending from the mountains of the interior, winds about in crystal streams among the plains and morasses bordering the bottom of the great gulf of Darien, and discharges itself by various mouths into the gulf. In fact, the stream which ran by the infant city of Santa Maria de la Antigua was but one of its branches, a fact entirely unknown to Vasco Nuñez and his companions.

branching from it, though not without occasional skirmishes with the natives.

Ascending one of these minor rivers with a part of his men, Vasco Nunez came to the territories of a cacique named Abibeyba, who reigned over a region of marshes and shallow lakes. The habitations of the natives were built amid the branches of immense and lofty trees. They were large enough to contain whole family connections, and were constructed partly of wood, partly of a kind of wicker work, combining strength and pliability, and yielding uninjured to the motion of the branches when agitated by the wind. The inhabitants ascended to them with great agility by light ladders, formed of great reeds split through the middle, for the reeds on this coast grow to the thickness of a man's body. These ladders they drew up after them at night or in case of attack. These habitations were well stocked with provisions; but the fermented beverages, of which these people had always a supply, were buried in vessels in the earth at the foot of the tree, lest they should be rendered turbid by the rocking of the houses. Close by, also, were the canoes with which they navigated the rivers and ponds of their marshy country and followed their main occupation of fishing.

On the approach of the Spaniards, the Indians took refuge in their tree-built castles and drew up the ladders. The former called upon them to descend and to fear nothing. Upon this the cacique replied, entreating that he might not be molested, seeing he had done them no injury. They threatened, unless he came down, to fell the trees or to set fire to them and burn him and his wives and children. The cacique was disposed to consent, but was prevented by the entreaties of his people. Upon this the Spaniards prepared to hew down the trees, but were assailed by showers of stones. They covered themselves, however, with their bucklers, assailed the trees vigorously with their hatchets, and soon compelled the inhabitants to capitulate. The cacique descended with his wife and two of his children. The first demand of the Spaniards was for gold. He assured them he

had none; for, having no need of it, he had never made it an object of his search. Being importuned, however, he assured them that if he were permitted to repair to certain mountains at a distance, he would in a few days return and bring them what they desired. They permitted him to depart, retaining his wife and children as hostages, but they saw no more of the cacique. After remaining here a few days and regaling on the provisions which they found in abundance, they continued their foraging expeditions, often opposed by the bold and warlike natives, and suffering occasional loss, but inflicting great havoc on their opposers.

Having thus overrun a considerable extent of country, and no grand object presenting to lure him on to further enterprise, Vasco Nunez at length returned to Darien with the spoils and captives he had taken, leaving Bartolome Hurtado with thirty men in an Indian village on the Rio Negro, or Black River, to hold the country in subjection. Thus terminated the first expedition in quest of the golden temple Dobayba, which for some time continued to be a favorite object of enterprise among the adventurers of Darien.

CHAPTER FIVE

DISASTER ON THE BLACK RIVER—INDIAN PLOT AGAINST DARIEN

Bartolome Hurtado being left to his own discretion on the banks of the Black River, occupied himself occasionally in hunting the scattered natives who straggled about the surrounding forests. Having in this way picked up twenty-four captives, he put them on board of a large canoe, like so much live stock, to be transported to Darien and sold as slaves. Twenty of his followers who were infirm, either from wounds or the diseases of the climate, embarked also in the canoe, so that only ten men remained with Hurtado.

The great canoe, thus heavily freighted, descended the

Black River slowly, between banks overhung with forests. Zemaco, the indefatigable cacique of Darien, was on the watch, and waylaid the ark with four canoes filled with warriors armed with war clubs and lances hardened in the fire. The Spaniards, being sick, could make but feeble resistance; some were massacred, others leaped into the river and were drowned. Two only escaped, by clinging to two trunks of trees that were floating down the river and covering themselves with the branches. Reaching the shore in safety, they returned to Bartolome Hurtado with the tragical tidings of the death of his followers. Hurtado was so disheartened by the news, and so dismayed at his own helpless situation in the midst of a hostile country, that he resolved to abandon the fatal shores of the Black River and return to Darien. He was quickened in this resolution by receiving intimation of a conspiracy forming among the natives. The implacable Zemaco had drawn four other caciques into a secret plan to assemble their vassals and make a sudden attack upon Darien. Hurtado hastened with the remnant of his followers to carry tidings to the settlement of this conspiracy. Many of the inhabitants were alarmed at his intelligence; others treated it as a false rumor of the Indians, and no preparations were made against what might be a mere imaginary danger.

Fortunately for the Spaniards, among the female captives owned by Vasco Nunez was an Indian damsel named Fulvia, to whom, in consequence of her beauty, he had shown great favor, and who had become strongly attached to him. She had a brother among the warriors of Zemaco, who often visited her in secret. In one of his visits he informed her that on a certain night the settlement would be attacked and every Spaniard destroyed. He charged her, therefore, to hide herself that night in a certain place until he should come to her aid, lest she should be slain in the confusion of the massacre.

When her brother was gone a violent struggle took place in the bosom of the Indian girl, between her feeling for her

family and her people and her affection for Vasco Nunez. The latter at length prevailed, and she revealed all that had been told to her. Vasco Nunez prevailed upon her to send for her brother under pretense of aiding her to escape. Having him in his power, he extorted from him all that he knew of the designs of the enemy. His confessions showed what imminent danger had been lurking round Vasco Nunez in his most unsuspecting moments. The prisoner informed him that he had been one of forty Indians sent some time before by the cacique Zemaco to Vasco Nunez, in seeming friendship, to be employed by him in cultivating the fields adjacent to the settlement. They had secret orders, however, to take an opportunity when Vasco Nunez should come forth to inspect their work, to set upon him in an unguarded moment and destroy him. Fortunately, Vasco Nunez always visited the fields mounted on his war horse and armed with lance and target. The Indians were therefore so awed by his martial appearance, and by the terrible animal he bestrode, that they dared not attack him.

Foiled in this and other attempts of the kind, Zemaco resorted to the conspiracy with the neighboring caciques with which the settlement was menaced.

Five caciques had joined in the confederacy; they had prepared a hundred canoes, had amassed provisions for an army, and had concerted to assemble five thousand picked warriors at a certain time and place; with these they were to make an attack on the settlement by land and water in the middle of the night and to slaughter every Spaniard.

Having learned where the confederate chiefs were to be found, and where they had deposited their provisions, Vasco Nunez chose seventy of his best men, well-armed, and made a circuit by land, while Colmenares, with sixty men, sallied forth secretly in four canoes guided by the Indian prisoner. In this way they surprised the general of the Indian army and several of the principal confederates, and got possession of all their provisions, though they failed to capture the formidable Zemaco. The Indian general was shot to death

with arrows, and the leaders of the conspiracy were hanged in presence of their captive followers. The defeat of this deep-laid plan and the punishment of its devisers spread terror throughout the neighboring provinces and prevented any further attempt at hostilities. Vasco Nunez, however, caused a strong fortress of wood to be immediately erected to guard against any future assaults of the savages.

CHAPTER SIX

FURTHER FACTIONS IN THE COLONY—ARROGANCE OF ALONZO PEREZ AND THE BACHELOR CORRAL—(1512)

A CONSIDERABLE time had now elapsed since the departure of Valdivia for Hispaniola, yet no tidings had been received from him. Many began to fear that some disaster had befallen him; while others insinuated that it was possible both he and Zamudio might have neglected the objects of their mission, and, having appropriated to their own use the gold with which they had been intrusted, might have abandoned the colony to its fate.

Vasco Nunez himself was harassed by these surmises, and by the dread lest the Bachelor Enciso should succeed in prejudicing the mind of his sovereign against him. Impatient of this state of anxious suspense, he determined to repair to Spain to communicate in person all that he had heard concerning the Southern Sea, and to ask for the troops necessary for its discovery.

Every one, however, both friend and foe, exclaimed against such a measure, representing his presence as indispensable to the safety of the colony, from his great talents as a commander and the fear entertained of him by the Indians.

After much debate and contention, it was at length agreed that Juan de Cayzedo and Rodrigo Enriquez de Colmenares should go in his place, instructed to make all necessary representations to the king. Letters were written also con-

taining the most extravagant accounts of the riches of the country, partly dictated by the sanguine hopes of the writers, and partly by the fables of the natives. The rumored wealth of the province of Dobayba and the treasures of its golden temple were not forgotten; and an Indian was taken to Spain by the commissioners, a native of the province of Zenu, where gold was said to be gathered in nets stretched across the mountain streams. To give more weight to all these stories, every one contributed some portion of gold from his private hoard to be presented to the king in addition to the amount arising from his fifths.

But little time elapsed after the departure of the commissioners when new dissensions broke out in the colony. It was hardly to be expected that a fortuitous assemblage of adventurers could remain long tranquil during a time of suffering under rulers of questionable authority. Vasco Nunez, it is true, had risen by his courage and abilities; but he had risen from among their ranks; he was, in a manner, of their own creation; and they had not become sufficiently accustomed to him as a governor to forget that he was recently but a mere soldier of fortune and an absconding debtor.

Their factious discontent, however, was directed at first against a favorite of Vasco Nunez, rather than against himself. He had invested Bartolome Hurtado, the commander of the Black River, with considerable authority in the colony, and the latter gave great offense by his oppressive conduct. Hurtado had particularly aggrieved by his arrogance one Alonzo Perez de la Rua, a touchy cavalier, jealous of his honor, who seems to have peculiarly possessed the sensitive punctilio of a Spaniard. Firing at some indignity, whether real or fancied, Alonzo Perez threw himself into the ranks of the disaffected, and was immediately chosen as their leader. Thus backed by a faction, he clamored loudly for the punishment of Hurtado; and, finding his demands unattended to, threw out threats of deposing Vasco Nunez. The latter no sooner heard of these menaces, than, with his usual spirit and promptness, he seized upon the testy Alonzo Perez and threw

him in prison, to digest his indignities and cool his passions at leisure.

The conspirators flew to arms to liberate their leader. The friends of Vasco Nunez were equally on the alert. The two parties drew out in battle array in the public square, and a sanguinary conflict was on the point of taking place. Fortunately there were some cool heads left in the colony. These interfered at the critical moment, representing to the angry adversaries that if they fought among themselves, and diminished their already scanty numbers, even the conquerors must eventually fall a prey to the Indians.

Their remonstrances had effect. A parley ensued, and, after much noisy debate, a kind of compromise was made. Alonzo Perez was liberated, and the mutineers dispersed quietly to their homes. The next day, however, they were again in arms, and seized upon Bartolome Hurtado; but after a little while were prevailed upon to set him free. Their factious views seemed turned to a higher object. They broke forth into loud murmurs against Vasco Nunez, complaining that he had not made a fair division of the gold and slaves taken in the late expeditions, and threatening to arrest him and bring him to account. Above all, they clamored for an immediate distribution of ten thousand castellanos in gold, which yet remained unshared.

Vasco Nunez understood too well the riotous nature of the people under him, and his own precarious hold on their obedience, to attempt to cope with them in this moment of turbulence. He shrewdly determined, therefore, to withdraw from the sight of the multitude, and to leave them to divide the spoil among themselves, trusting to their own strife for his security. That very night he sallied forth into the country, under pretense of going on a hunting expedition.

The next morning the mutineers found themselves in possession of the field. Alonzo Perez, the pragmatical ringleader, immediately assumed the command, seconded by the Bachelor Corral. Their first measure was to seize upon the ten thousand castellanos, and to divide them among the

multitude, by way of securing their own popularity. The event proved the sagacity and forethought of Vasco Nunez. Scarcely had these hot-headed intermeddlers entered upon the partition of the gold than a furious strife arose. Every one was dissatisfied with his share, considering his merits entitled to peculiar recompense. Every attempt to appease the rabble only augmented their violence, and in their rage they swore that Vasco Nunez had always shown more judgment and discrimination in his distributions to men of merit.

The adherents of the latter now ventured to lift up their voices. "Vasco Nunez," said they, "won the gold by his enterprise and valor, and would have shared it with the brave and the deserving; but these men have seized upon it by factious means, and would squander it upon their minions." The multitude, who, in fact, admired the soldier-like qualities of Vasco Nunez, displayed one of the customary reverses of popular feeling. The touchy Alonzo Perez, his coadjutor the Bachelor Corral, and several other of the ringleaders, were seized, thrown in irons, and confined in the fortress; and Vasco Nunez was recalled with loud acclamations to the settlement.

How long this pseudo commander might have been able to manage the unsteady populace it is impossible to say, but just at this juncture two ships arrived from Hispaniola, freighted with supplies, and bringing a re-enforcement of one hundred and fifty men. They brought also a commission to Vasco Nunez, signed by Miguel de Pasamonte, the royal treasurer of Hispaniola, to whom he had sent a private present of gold, constituting him captain-general of the colony. It is doubtful whether Pasamonte possessed the power to confer such a commission, though it is affirmed that the king had clothed him with it, as a kind of check upon the authority of the admiral Don Diego Columbus, then Governor of Hispaniola, of whose extensive sway in the New World the monarch was secretly jealous. At any rate, the treasurer appears to have acted in full confidence of the ultimate approbation of his sovereign.

Vasco Nunez was rejoiced at receiving a commission which clothed him with at least the semblance of royal sanction. Feeling more assured in his situation, and being naturally of a generous and forgiving temper, he was easily prevailed upon, in his moment of exultation, to release and pardon Alonzo Perez, the Bachelor Corral, and the other ringleaders of the late commotions, and for a time the feuds and factions of this petty community were lulled to repose.

CHAPTER SEVEN

VASCO NUNEZ DETERMINES TO SEEK THE SEA BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS—(1513)

THE temporary triumph of Vasco Nunez was soon overcast by tidings received from Spain. His late colleague, the Alcalde Zamudio, wrote him word that the Bachelor Enciso had carried his complaints to the foot of the throne, and succeeded in rousing the indignation of the king, and had obtained a sentence in his favor, condemning Vasco Nunez in costs and damages. Zamudio informed him, in addition, that he would be immediately summoned to repair to Spain, and answer in person the criminal charges advanced against him on account of the harsh treatment and probable death of the unfortunate Nicuesa.

Vasco Nunez was at first stunned by this intelligence, which seemed at one blow to annihilate all his hopes and fortunes. He was a man, however, of prompt decision and intrepid spirit. The information received from Spain was private and informal, no order had yet arrived from the king, he was still master of his actions, and had control over the colony. One brilliant achievement might atone for all the past, and fix him in the favor of the monarch. Such an achievement was within his reach—the discovery of the Southern Sea. It is true, a thousand soldiers had been required for the expedition, but were he to wait for their

arrival from Spain his day of grace would be past. It was a desperate thing to undertake the task with the handful of men at his command, but the circumstances of the case were desperate. Fame, fortune, life itself, depended upon the successful and the prompt execution of the enterprise. To linger was to be lost.

Vasco Nunez looked round upon the crew of daring and reckless adventurers that formed the colony, and chose one hundred and ninety of the most resolute and vigorous, and of those most devoted to his person. These he armed with swords, targets, crossbows, and arquebusses. He did not conceal from them the peril of the enterprise into which he was about to lead them; but the spirit of these Spanish adventurers was always roused by the idea of perilous and extravagant exploit. To aid his slender forces, he took with him a number of bloodhounds, which had been found to be terrific allies in Indian warfare.

The Spanish writers make particular mention of one of those animals, named Leoncico, which was a constant companion, and, as it were, bodyguard of Vasco Nunez, and describe him as minutely as they would a favorite warrior. He was of a middle size, but immensely strong; of a dull yellow or reddish color, with a black muzzle, and his body was scarred all over with wounds received in innumerable battles with the Indians. Vasco Nunez always took him on his expeditions, and sometimes lent him to others, receiving for his services the same share of booty allotted to an armed man. In this way he gained by him, in the course of his campaigns, upward of a thousand crowns. The Indians, it is said, had conceived such terror of this animal that the very sight of him was sufficient to put a host of them to flight.*

In addition to these forces, Vasco Nunez took with him a number of the Indians of Darien, whom he had won to him by kindness, and whose services were important, from their

* Oviedo, Hist. Indies, Part II. c. 3. MS.

knowledge of the wilderness, and of the habits and resources of savage life. Such was the motley armament that set forth from the little colony of Darien, under the guidance of a daring, if not desperate commander, in quest of the great Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER EIGHT

EXPEDITION IN QUEST OF THE SOUTHERN SEA

It was on the first of September that Vasco Nunez embarked with his followers in a brigantine and nine large canoes or pirogues, followed by the cheers and good wishes of those who remained at the settlement. Standing to the northwestward, he arrived without accident at Coyba, the dominions of the cacique Careta, whose daughter he had received as a pledge of amity. That Indian beauty had acquired a great influence over Vasco Nunez, and appears to have cemented his friendship with her father and her people. He was received by the cacique with open arms, and furnished with guides and warriors to aid him in his enterprise.

Vasco Nunez left about half of his men at Coyba to guard the brigantine and canoes, while he should penetrate the wilderness with the residue. The importance of his present expedition, not merely as affecting his own fortunes, but as it were unfolding a mighty secret of nature, seems to have impressed itself upon his spirit, and to have given correspondent solemnity to his conduct. Before setting out upon his march, he caused mass to be performed, and offered up prayers to God for the success of his perilous undertaking.

It was on the sixth of September that he struck off for the mountains. The march was difficult and toilsome in the extreme. The Spaniards, encumbered with the weight of their armor and weapons, and oppressed by the heat of a tropical climate, were obliged to climb rocky precipices, and to struggle through close and tangled forests. Their Indian

allies aided them by carrying their ammunition and provisions, and by guiding them to the most practicable paths.

On the eighth of September they arrived at the village of Ponca, the ancient enemy of Careta. The village was lifeless and abandoned; the cacique and his people had fled to the fastnesses of the mountains. The Spaniards remained here several days to recruit the health of some of their number who had fallen ill. It was necessary also to procure guides acquainted with the mountain wilderness they were approaching. The retreat of Ponca was at length discovered, and he was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to come to Vasco Nunez. The latter had a peculiar facility in winning the confidence and friendship of the natives. The cacique was soon so captivated by his kindness that he revealed to him in secret all he knew of the natural riches of the country. He assured him of the truth of what had been told him about a great pechry or sea beyond the mountains, and gave him several ornaments ingeniously wrought of fine gold, which had been brought from the countries upon its borders. He told him, moreover, that when he had attained the summit of a lofty ridge, to which he pointed, and which seemed to rise up to the skies, he would behold that sea spread out far below him.

Animated by the accounts, Vasco Nunez procured fresh guides from the cacique and prepared to ascend the mountains. Numbers of his men having fallen ill from fatigue and the heat of the climate, he ordered them to return slowly to Coyba, taking with him none but such as were in robust and vigorous health.

On the 20th of September, he again set forward through a broken rocky country, covered with a matted forest, and intersected by deep and turbulent streams, many of which it was necessary to cross upon rafts.

So toilsome was the journey that in four days they did not advance above ten leagues, and in the meantime they suffered excessively from hunger. At the end of this time

they arrived at the province of a warlike cacique, named Quaraqua, who was at war with Ponca.

Hearing that a band of strangers were entering his territories, guided by the subjects of his inveterate foe, the cacique took the field with a large number of warriors, some armed with bows and arrows, others with long spears, or with double-handed maces of palm-wood, almost as heavy and hard as iron. Seeing the inconsiderable number of the Spaniards, they set upon them with furious yells, thinking to overcome them in an instant. The first discharge of firearms, however, struck them with dismay. They thought they were contending with demons who vomited forth thunder and lightning, especially when they saw their companions fall bleeding and dead beside them, without receiving any apparent blow. They took to headlong flight, and were hotly pursued by the Spaniards and their bloodhounds. Some were transfixed with lances, others hewn down with swords, and many were torn to pieces by the dogs, so that Quaraqua and six hundred of his warriors were left dead upon the field.

A brother of the cacique and several chiefs were taken prisoners. They were clad in robes of white cotton. Either from their effeminate dress, or from the accusations of their enemies, the Spaniards were induced to consider them guilty of unnatural crimes, and, in their abhorrence and disgust, gave them to be torn to pieces by the bloodhounds.*

It is also affirmed that among the prisoners were several negroes, who had been slaves to the cacique. The Spaniards, we are told, were informed by the other captives that these black men came from a region at no great distance, where there was a people of that color with whom they were frequently at war. "These," adds the Spanish writer, "were the first negroes ever found in the New World, and I believe no others have since been discovered." †

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* Herrera, Hist., Ind. d. i. l. x. c. 1.

† Peter Martyr, in his third Decade, makes mention of these negroes in the following words:—"About two days' journey distant from Quaraqua is a region inhabited only by black Moors, exceeding

After this sanguinary triumph, the Spaniards marched to the village of Quaraqua, where they found considerable booty in gold and jewels. Of this Vasco Nunez reserved one-fifth for the crown, and shared the rest liberally among his followers. The village was at the foot of the last mountain that remained for them to climb; several of the Spaniards, however, were so disabled by the wounds they had received in battle, or so exhausted by the fatigue and hunger they had endured, that they were unable to proceed. They were obliged, therefore, reluctantly to remain in the village, within sight of the mountain-top that commanded the long-sought prospect. Vasco Nunez selected fresh guides from among his prisoners, who were natives of the province, and sent back the subjects of Ponca. Of the band of Spaniards who had set out with him in this enterprise, sixty-seven alone remained in sufficient health and spirits for this last effort. These he ordered to retire early to repose, that they might be ready to set off at the cool and fresh hour of daybreak, so as to reach the summit of the mountain before the noontide heat.

CHAPTER NINE

DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

THE day had scarcely dawned, when Vasco Nunez and his followers set forth from the Indian village and began to climb the height. It was a severe and rugged toil for men so wayworn, but they were filled with new ardor at the idea

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fierce and cruel. It is supposed that in times past certain black Moors sailed thither out of Ethiopia to rob, and that by shipwreck, or some other chance, they were driven to these mountains." As Martyr lived and wrote at the time, he of course related the mere rumor of the day, which all subsequent accounts have disproved. The other historians who mentioned the circumstance have probably repeated it from him. It must have risen from some misrepresentation, and is not entitled to credit.

of the triumphant scene that was so soon to repay them for all their hardships.

About ten o'clock in the morning they emerged from the thick forests through which they had hitherto struggled, and arrived at a lofty and airy region of the mountain. The bald summit alone remained to be ascended, and their guides pointed to a moderate eminence from which they said the southern sea was visible.

Upon this Vasco Nunez commanded his followers to halt, and that no man should stir from his place. Then, with a palpitating heart, he ascended alone the bare mountain-top. On reaching the summit the long-desired prospect burst upon his view. It was as if a new world were unfolded to him, separated from all hitherto known by this mighty barrier of mountains. Below him extended a vast chaos of rock and forest, and green savannas and wandering streams, while at a distance the waters of the promised ocean glittered in the morning sun.

At this glorious prospect Vasco Nunez sank upon his knees, and poured out thanks to God for being the first European to whom it was given to make that great discovery. He then called his people to ascend. "Behold, my friends," said he, "that glorious sight which we have so much desired. Let us give thanks to God that He has granted us this great honor and advantage. Let us pray to Him that He will guide and aid us to conquer the sea and land which we have discovered, and in which Christian has never entered to preach the holy doctrine of the Evangelists. As to yourselves, be as you have hitherto been, faithful and true to me, and by the favor of Christ you will become the richest Spaniards that have ever come to the Indies; you will render the greatest services to your king that ever vassal rendered to his lord; and you will have the eternal glory and advantage of all that is here discovered, conquered, and converted to our holy Catholic faith."

The Spaniards answered this speech by embracing Vasco Nunez and promising to follow him to death. Among them

was a priest named Andres de Vara, who lifted up his voice and chanted "Te Deum laudamus"—the usual anthem of Spanish discoverers. The people, kneeling down, joined in the strain with pious enthusiasm and tears of joy; and never did a more sincere oblation rise to the Deity from a sanctified altar than from that wild mountain summit. It was indeed one of the most sublime discoveries that had yet been made in the New World, and must have opened a boundless field of conjecture to the wondering Spaniards. The imagination delights to picture forth the splendid confusion of their thoughts. Was this the great Indian Ocean, studded with precious islands, abounding in gold, in gems, and spices, and bordered by the gorgeous cities and wealthy marts of the East? Or was it some lonely sea locked up in the embraces of savage uncultivated continents, and never traversed by a bark, excepting the light pirogue of the Indian? The latter could hardly be the case, for the natives had told the Spaniards of golden realms, and populous and powerful and luxurious nations upon its shores. Perhaps it might be bordered by various people, civilized in fact, but differing from Europe in their civilization; who might have peculiar laws and customs and arts and sciences; who might form, as it were, a world of their own, intercommuning by this mighty sea, and carrying on commerce between their own islands and continents; but who might exist in total ignorance and independence of the other hemisphere.

Such may naturally have been the ideas suggested by the sight of this unknown ocean. It was the prevalent belief of the Spaniards, however, that they were the first Christians who had made the discovery. Vasco Nunez, therefore, called upon all present to witness that he took possession of that sea, its islands, and surrounding lands, in the name of the sovereigns of Castile, and the notary of the expedition made a testimonial of the same, to which all present, to the number of sixty-seven men, signed their names. He then caused a fair and tall tree to be cut down and wrought into a cross, which was elevated on the spot from whence he had at first

beheld the sea. A mound of stones was likewise piled up to serve as a monument, and the names of the Castilian sovereigns were carved on the neighboring trees. The Indians beheld all these ceremonials and rejoicings in silent wonder, and, while they aided to erect the cross and pile up the mound of stones, marveled exceedingly at the meaning of these monuments, little thinking that they marked the subjugation of their land.

The memorable event here recorded took place on the 26th of September, 1513; so that the Spaniards had been twenty days performing the journey from the province of Careta to the summit of the mountain, a distance which at present, it is said, does not require more than six days' travel. Indeed the isthmus in this neighborhood is not more than eighteen leagues in breadth in its widest part, and in some places merely seven; but it consists of a ridge of extremely high and rugged mountains. When the discoverers traversed it, they had no route but the Indian paths, and often had to force their way amid all kinds of obstacles, both from the savage country and its savage inhabitants. In fact, the details of this narrative sufficiently account for the slowness of their progress, and present an array of difficulties and perils which, as has been well observed, none but those "men of iron" could have subdued and overcome.*

CHAPTER TEN

VASCO NUÑEZ MARCHES TO THE SHORES OF THE SOUTH SEA

HAVING taken possession of the Pacific Ocean and all its realms from the summit of the mountain, Vasco Nunez now descended with his little band to seek the regions of reputed wealth upon its shores. He had not proceeded far when he came to the province of a warlike cacique named Chiapes,

* Vidas de Espanoles Célebres, por Don Manuel Josef Quintana. Tom. ii., p. 40.

who, issuing forth at the head of his warriors, looked with scorn upon the scanty number of straggling Spaniards, and forbade them to set foot within his territories. Vasco Nunez depended for safety upon his power of striking terror into the ignorant savages. Ordering his arquebusiers to the front, he poured a volley into the enemy, and then let loose the bloodhounds. The flash and noise of the firearms, and the sulphurous smoke which was carried by the wind among the Indians, overwhelmed them with dismay. Some fell down in a panic as though they had been struck by thunderbolts, the rest betook themselves to headlong flight.

Vasco Nunez commanded his men to refrain from needless slaughter. He made many prisoners, and on arriving at the village, sent some of them in search of their cacique, accompanied by several of his Indian guides. The latter informed Chiapes of the supernatural power of the Spaniards, assuring him that they exterminated with thunder and lightning all who dared to oppose them, but loaded all such as submitted to them with benefits. They advised him, therefore, to throw himself upon their mercy and seek their friendship.

The cacique listened to their advice, and came trembling to the Spaniards, bringing with him five hundred pounds' weight of wrought gold as a peace-offering, for he had already learned the value they set upon that metal. Vasco Nunez received him with great kindness, and graciously accepted his gold, for which he gave him beads, hawks' bells, and looking-glasses, making him, in his own conceit, the richest potentate on that side of the mountains.

Friendship being thus established between them, Vasco Nunez remained at the village for a few days, sending back the guides who had accompanied him from Quaraqua, and ordering his people, whom he had left at that place, to rejoin him. In the meantime he sent out three scouting parties, of twelve men each, under Francisco Pizarro, Juan de Escary, and Alonzo Martin de Don Benito, to explore the surrounding country and discover the best route to the sea. Alonzo

Martin was the most successful. After two days' journey he came to a beach, where he found two large canoes lying high and dry, without any water being in sight. While the Spaniards were regarding these canoes, and wondering why they should be so far on land, the tide, which rises to a great height on that coast, came rapidly in and set them afloat; upon this, Alonzo Martin stepped into one of them, and called his companions to bear witness that he was the first European that embarked upon that sea; his example was followed by one Blas de Etienza, who called them likewise to testify that he was the second.*

We mention minute particulars of the kind as being characteristic of these extraordinary enterprises, and of the extraordinary people who undertook them. The humblest of these Spanish adventurers seemed actuated by a swelling and ambitious spirit, that rose superior at times to mere sordid considerations, and aspired to share the glory of these great discoveries. The scouting party having thus explored a direct route to the seacoast, returned to report their success to their commander.

Vasco Nunez, being rejoined by his men from Quaraqua, now left the greater part of his followers to repose and recover from their sickness and fatigues in the village of Chiapes, and, taking with him twenty-six Spaniards, well armed, he set out, on the 29th of September, for the seacoast, accompanied by the cacique and a number of his warriors. The thick forest which covered the mountains descended to the very margin of the sea, surrounding and overshadowing the wide and beautiful bays that penetrated far into the land. The whole coast, as far as the eye could reach, was perfectly wild, the sea without a sail, and both seemed never to have been under the dominion of civilized man.

Vasco Nunez arrived on the borders of one of those vast bays, to which he gave the name of Saint Michael, it being discovered on that saint's day. The tide was out, the water

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., d. 1. l. x. c. 2.

was above half a league distant, and the intervening beach was covered with mud; he seated himself, therefore, under the shade of the forest trees until the tide should rise. After a while the water came rushing in with great impetuosity, and soon reached nearly to the place where the Spaniards were reposing. Upon this, Vasco Nunez rose and took a banner, on which were painted the Virgin and Child, and under them the arms of Castile and Leon; then, drawing his sword and throwing his buckler on his shoulder, he marched into the sea until the water reached above his knees, and waving his banner, exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Long live the high and mighty monarchs, Don Ferdinand and Donna Juanna, sovereigns of Castile, of Leon, and of Aragon, in whose name, and for the royal crown of Castile, I take real, and corporal, and actual possession of these seas, and lands, and coasts, and ports, and islands of the South, and all thereunto annexed; and of the kingdoms and provinces which do or may appertain to them in whatever manner, or by whatever right or title, ancient or modern, in times past, present, or to come, without any contradiction; and if other prince or captain, Christian or Infidel, or of any law, sect, or condition whatsoever, shall pretend any right to these lands and seas, I am ready and prepared to maintain and defend them in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, present and future, whose is the empire and dominion over these Indias, islands, and terra firma, northern and southern, with all their seas, both at the arctic and antarctic poles, on either side of the equinoctial line, whether within or without the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn, both now and in all times, as long as the world endures, and until the final day of judgment of all mankind."

This swelling declaration and defiance being uttered with a loud voice, and no one appearing to dispute his pretensions, Vasco Nunez called upon his companions to bear witness of the fact of his having duly taken possession. They all declared themselves ready to defend his claim to the uttermost, as became true and loyal vassals to the Castilian sovereigns;

and the notary having drawn up a document for the occasion, they all subscribed it with their names.

This done, they advanced to the margin of the sea, and stooping down tasted its waters. When they found that, though severed by intervening mountains and continents, they were salt like the seas of the north, they felt assured that they had indeed discovered an ocean, and again returned thanks to God.

Having concluded all these ceremonies, Vasco Nunez drew a dagger from his girdle and cut a cross on a tree which grew within the water, and made two other crosses on two adjacent trees in honor of the Three Persons of the Trinity, and in token of possession. His followers likewise cut crosses on many of the trees of the adjacent forest, and lopped off branches with their swords to bear away as trophies.*

Such was the singular medley of chivalrous and religious ceremonial with which these Spanish adventurers took possession of the vast Pacific Ocean, and all its lands—a scene strongly characteristic of the nation and the age.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

ADVENTURES OF VASCO NUÑEZ ON THE BORDERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

WHILE he made the village of Chiapes his headquarters, Vasco Nunez foraged the adjacent country and obtained a considerable quantity of gold from the natives. Encouraged by his success he undertook to explore by sea the borders of a neighboring gulf of great extent, which penetrated far into the land. The cacique Chiapes warned him of the danger of venturing to sea in the stormy season, which comprises the months of October, November, and December, assuring him

* Many of the foregoing particulars are from the unpublished volume of Oviedo's History of the Indias.

that he had beheld many canoes swallowed up in the mighty waves and whirlpools which at such times render the gulf almost unnavigable.

These remonstrances were unavailing. Vasco Nunez expressed a confident belief that God would protect him, seeing that his voyage was to redound to the propagation of the faith and the augmentation of the power of the Castilian monarchs over the Infidels; and in truth this bigoted reliance on the immediate protection of Heaven seems to have been in a great measure the cause of the extravagant daring of the Spaniards in their expeditions in those days, whether against Moors or Indians.

Seeing his representations of no effect, Chiapes volunteered to take part in this perilous cruise, lest he should appear wanting in courage, or in good-will to his guest. Accompanied by the cacique, therefore, Vasco Nunez embarked on the 17th of October with sixty of his men in nine canoes, managed by Indians, leaving the residue of his followers to recruit their health and strength in the village of Chiapes.

Scarcely, however, had they put forth on the broad bosom of the gulf when the wisdom of the cacique's advice was made apparent. The wind began to blow freshly, raising a heavy and tumultuous sea, which broke in roaring and foaming surges on the rocks and reefs, and among the numerous islets with which the gulf was studded. The light canoes were deeply laden with men unskilled in their management. It was frightful to those in one canoe to behold their companions, one instant tossed on high on the breaking crest of a wave, the next plunging out of sight, as if swallowed in a watery abyss. The Indians themselves, though almost amphibious in their habits, showed signs of consternation; for amid these rocks and breakers even the skill of the expert swimmer would be of little avail. At length the Indians succeeded in tying the canoes in pairs, side by side, to prevent their being overturned, and in this way they kept afloat, until toward evening they were enabled to reach a small island. Here they landed, and fasten-

ing the canoes to the rocks, or to small trees that grew upon the shore, they sought an elevated dry place, and stretched themselves to take repose. They had but escaped from one danger to encounter another. Having been for a long time accustomed to the sea on the northern side of the isthmus, where there is little, if any, rise or fall of the tide, they had neglected to take any precaution against such an occurrence. In a little while they were awakened from their sleep by the rapid rising of the water. They shifted their situation to a higher ground, but the waters continued to gain upon them, the breakers rushing and roaring and foaming upon the beach like so many monsters of the deep seeking for their prey. Nothing, it is said, can be more dismal and appalling than the sullen bellowing of the sea among the islands of that gulf at the rising and falling of the tide. By degrees, rock after rock, and one sand bank after another disappeared, until the sea covered the whole island, and rose almost to the girdles of the Spaniards. Their situation was now agonizing. A little more and the waters would overwhelm them; or, even as it was, the least surge might break over them and sweep them from their unsteady footing. Fortunately the wind had lulled, and the sea, having risen above the rocks which had fretted it, was calm. The tide had reached its height and began to subside, and after a time they heard the retiring waves beating against the rocks below them.

When the day dawned they sought their canoes; but here a sad spectacle met their eyes. Some were broken to pieces, others yawning open in many parts. The clothing and food left in them had been washed away, and replaced by sand and water. The Spaniards gazed on the scene in mute despair; they were faint and weary, and needed food and repose, but famine and labor awaited them, even if they should escape with their lives. Vasco Nunez, however, rallied their spirits, and set them an example by his own cheerful exertions. Obeying his directions, they set to work to repair, in the best manner they were able, the damages of the canoes. Such as were not too much shattered they bound and braced

up with their girdles, with slips of the bark of trees, or with the tough long stalks of certain sea-weeds. They then peeled off the bark from the small sea plants, pounded it between stones, and mixed it with grass, and with this endeavored to calk the seams and stop the leaks that remained. When they re-embarked, their numbers weighed down the canoes almost to the water's edge, and as they rose and sank with the swelling waves there was danger of their being swallowed up. All day they labored with the sea, suffering excessively from the pangs of hunger and thirst, and at nightfall they landed in a corner of the gulf, near the abode of a cacique named Túmaco. Leaving a part of his men to guard the canoes, Vasco Nunez set out with the residue for the Indian town. He arrived there about midnight, but the inhabitants were on the alert to defend their habitations. The firearms and dogs soon put them to flight, and the Spaniards, pursuing them with their swords, drove them howling into the woods. In the village were found provisions in abundance, besides a considerable amount of gold and a great quantity of pearls, many of them of a large size. In the house of the cacique were several huge shells of mother-of-pearl, and four pearl oysters quite fresh, which showed that there was a pearl fishery in the neighborhood. Eager to learn the source of this wealth, Vasco Nunez sent several of the Indians of Chiapes in search of the cacique, who traced him to a wild retreat among the rocks. By their persuasions Túmaco sent his son, a fine young savage, as a mediator. The latter returned to his father loaded with presents, and extolling the benignity of these superhuman beings, who had shown themselves so terrible in battle. By these means, and by a mutual exchange of presents, a friendly intercourse was soon established. Among other things the cacique gave Vasco Nunez jewels of gold weighing six hundred and fourteen crowns, and two hundred pearls of great size and beauty, excepting that they were somewhat discolored in consequence of the oysters having been opened by fire.

The cacique, seeing the value which the Spaniards set

upon the pearls, sent a number of his men to fish for them at a place about ten miles distant. Certain of the Indians were trained from their youth to this purpose, so as to become expert divers, and to acquire the power of remaining a long time beneath the water. The largest pearls are generally found in the deepest water, sometimes in three and four fathoms, and are only sought in calm weather; the smaller sort are found at the depth of two and three feet, and the oysters containing them are often driven in quantities on the beach during violent storms.

The party of pearl divers sent by the cacique consisted of thirty Indians, with whom Vasco Nunez sent six Spaniards as eye-witnesses. The sea, however, was so furious at that stormy season that the divers dared not venture into the deep water. Such a number of the shellfish, however, had been driven on shore that they collected enough to yield pearls to the value of twelve marks of gold. They were small, but exceedingly beautiful, being newly taken and uninjured by fire. A number of these shellfish and their pearls were selected to be sent to Spain as specimens.

In reply to the inquiries of Vasco Nunez, the cacique informed him that the coast which he saw stretching to the west continued onward without end, and that far to the south there was a country abounding in gold, where the inhabitants made use of certain quadrupeds to carry burdens. He molded a figure of clay to represent these animals, which some of the Spaniards supposed to be a deer, others a camel, others a tapir, for as yet they knew nothing of the llama, the native beast of burden of South America. This was the second intimation received by Vasco Nunez of the great empire of Peru; and, while it confirmed all that had been told him by the son of Comagre, it filled him with glowing anticipations of the glorious triumphs that awaited him.

CHAPTER TWELVE

FURTHER ADVENTURES AND EXPLOITS OF VASCO NUÑEZ ON THE BORDERS OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

LEST any ceremonial should be wanting to secure this grand discovery to the crown of Spain, Vasco Nunez determined to sally from the gulf and take possession of the main land beyond. The cacique Túmaco furnished him with a canoe of state, formed from the trunk of an enormous tree, and managed by a great number of Indians. The handles of the paddles were inlaid with small pearls, a circumstance which Vasco Nunez caused his companions to testify before the notary, that it might be reported to the sovereigns as a proof of the wealth of this newly discovered sea.*

Departing in the canoe on the 29th of October, he was piloted cautiously by the Indians along the borders of the gulf, over drowned lands where the sea was fringed by inundated forests and as still as a pool. Arrived at the point of the gulf, Vasco Nunez landed on a smooth sandy beach, laved by the waters of the broad ocean, and, with buckler on arm, sword in hand, and banner displayed, again marched into the sea and took possession of it, with like ceremonials to those observed in the Gulf of St. Michael's.

The Indians now pointed to a line of land rising above the horizon about four or five leagues distant, which they described as being a great island, the principal one of an archipelago. The whole group abounded with pearls, but those taken on the coasts of this island were represented as being of immense size, many of them as large as a man's eye, and found in shellfish as big as bucklers. This island and the surrounding cluster of small ones, they added, were

* Oviedo, Hist. Gen., Part II., MS.

under the dominion of a tyrannical and puissant cacique, who often, during the calm seasons, made descents upon the mainland with fleets of canoes, plundering and desolating the coasts, and carrying the people into captivity.

Vasco Nunez gazed with an eager and wistful eye at this land of riches, and would have immediately undertaken an expedition to it, had not the Indians represented the danger of venturing on such a voyage in that tempestuous season in their frail canoes. His own recent experience convinced him of the wisdom of their remonstrances. He postponed his visit, therefore, to a future occasion, when, he assured his allies, he would avenge them upon this tyrant invader, and deliver their coasts from his maraudings. In the meantime he gave to this island the name of Isla Rica, and the little archipelago surrounding it the general appellation of the Pearl Islands.

On the third of November, Vasco Nunez departed from the province of Tumaco, to visit other parts of the coast. He embarked with his men in the canoes, accompanied by Chiapes and his Indians, and guided by the son of Tumaco, who had become strongly attached to the Spaniards. The young man piloted them along an arm of the sea, wide in some places, but in others obstructed by groves of mangrove trees, which grew within the water and interlaced their branches from shore to shore, so that at times the Spaniards were obliged to cut a passage with their swords.

At length they entered a great and turbulent river, which they ascended with difficulty, and early the next morning surprised a village on its banks, making the cacique Teaochan prisoner; who purchased their favor and kind treatment by a quantity of gold and pearls, and an abundant supply of provisions. As it was the intention of Vasco Nunez to abandon the shores of the Southern Ocean at this place, and to strike across the mountains for Darien, he took leave of Chiapes and of the youthful son of Tumaco, who were to return to their houses in the canoes. He sent at the same time a message to his men, whom he had left in the village

of Chiapes, appointing a place in the mountains where they were to rejoin him on his way back to Darien.

The talent of Vasco Nunez for conciliating and winning the good-will of the savages is often mentioned, and to such a degree had he exerted it in the present instance that the two chieftains shed tears at parting. Their conduct had a favorable effect upon the cacique Teaochan; he entertained Vasco Nunez with the most devoted hospitality during three days that he remained in his village; when about to depart he furnished him with a stock of provisions sufficient for several days, as his route would lay over rocky and sterile mountains. He sent also a numerous band of his subjects to carry the burdens of the Spaniards. These he placed under the command of his son, whom he ordered never to separate from the strangers, nor to permit any of his men to return without the consent of Vasco Nunez.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

VASCO NUÑEZ SETS OUT ON HIS RETURN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS—HIS CONTESTS WITH THE SAVAGES

TURNING their backs upon the Southern Sea, the Spaniards now began painfully to clamber the rugged mountains on their return to Darien.

In the early part of their route an unlooked-for suffering awaited them: there was neither brook nor fountain nor standing pool. The burning heat, which produced intolerable thirst, had dried up all the mountain torrents, and they were tantalized by the sight of naked and dusty channels where water had once flowed in abundance. Their sufferings at length increased to such a height that many threw themselves fevered and panting upon the earth, and were ready to give up the ghost. The Indians, however, encouraged them to proceed, by hopes of speedy relief, and after a while, turning aside from the direct course, led them into

a deep and narrow glen, refreshed and cooled by a fountain which bubbled out of a cleft of the rocks.

While refreshing themselves at the fountain, and reposing in the little valley, they learned from their guides that they were in the territories of a powerful chief named Poncra, famous for his riches. The Spaniards had already heard of the golden stores of this Crœsus of the mountains, and being now refreshed and invigorated pressed forward with eagerness for his village.

The cacique and most of his people fled at their approach, but they found an earnest of his wealth in the deserted houses, amounting to the value of three thousand crowns in gold. Their avarice thus whetted, they dispatched Indians in search of Poncra, who found him trembling in his secret retreat, and partly by threats, partly by promises, prevailed upon him and three of his principal subjects to come to Vasco Nunez. He was a savage, it is said, so hateful of aspect, so misshapen in body and deformed in all his members, that he was hideous to behold. The Spaniards endeavored by gentle means to draw from him information of the places from whence he had procured his gold. He professed utter ignorance in the matter, declaring that the gold found in his village had been gathered by his predecessors in times long past, and that as he himself set no value on the metal he had never troubled himself to seek it. The Spaniards resorted to menaces, and even, it is said, to tortures, to compel him to betray his reputed treasures, but with no better success. Disappointed in their expectations, and enraged at his supposed obstinacy, they listened too readily to charges advanced against him by certain caciques of the neighborhood, who represented him as a monster of cruelty, and as guilty of crimes repugnant to nature;* whereupon, in the heat of the moment, they gave him and his three companions, who were said to be equally guilty, to be torn in pieces by the dogs. A rash and cruel sentence, given on the evidence of avowed

* P. Martyr, d. iii. c. 2.

enemies; and which, however it may be palliated by the alleged horror and disgust of the Spaniards at the imputed crimes of the cacique, bears too much the stamp of haste and passion, and remains a foul blot on the character of Vasco Nunez.

The Spaniards remained for thirty days reposing in the village of the unfortunate Poncra, during which time they were rejoined by their companions, who had been left behind at the village of Chiapes. They were accompanied by a cacique of the mountains, who had lodged and fed them, and made them presents of the value of two thousand crowns in gold. This hospitable savage approached Vasco Nunez with a serene countenance, and taking him by the hand, "Behold," said he, "most valiant and powerful chief, I bring thee thy companions safe and well, as they entered under my roof. May he who made the thunder and lightning, and who gives us the fruits of the earth, preserve thee and thine in safety!"

So saying, he raised his eyes to the sun, as if he worshiped that as his deity and the dispenser of all temporal blessings.*

Departing from this village, and being still accompanied by the Indians of Teaochan, the Spaniards now bent their course along the banks of the river Comagre, which descends the northern side of the isthmus, and flows through the territories of the cacique of the same name. This wild stream, which in the course of ages had worn a channel through the deep clefts and ravines of the mountains, was bordered by precipices, or overhung by shagged forests; they soon abandoned it, therefore, and wandered on without any path, but guided by the Indians. They had to climb terrible precipices, and to descend into deep valleys, darkened by thick forests and beset by treacherous morasses, where, but for their guides, they might have been smothered in the mire.

In the course of this rugged journey they suffered excessively in consequence of their own avarice. They had been

* Herrera, d. i. l. x. c. 4.

warned of the sterility of the country they were about to traverse, and of the necessity of providing amply for the journey. When they came to load the Indians, however, who bore their burdens, their only thought was how to convey the most treasure; and they grudged even a slender supply of provisions, as taking up the place of an equal weight of gold. The consequences were soon felt. The Indians could carry but small burdens, and at the same time assisted to consume the scanty stock of food which formed part of their load. Scarcity and famine ensued, and relief was rarely to be procured; for the villages on this elevated part of the mountains were scattered and poor, and nearly destitute of provisions. They held no communication with each other; each contenting itself with the scanty produce of its own fields and forest. Some were entirely deserted; at other places, the inhabitants, forced from their retreats, implored pardon, and declared they had hidden themselves through shame, not having the means of properly entertaining such celestial visitors. They brought peace-offerings of gold, but no provisions. For once the Spaniards found that even their darling gold could fail to cheer their drooping spirits. Their sufferings from hunger became intense, and many of their Indian companions sank down and perished by the way. At length they reached a village where they were enabled to obtain supplies, and where they remained thirty days, to recruit their wasted strength.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

ENTERPRISE AGAINST TUBANAMA, THE WARLIKE CACIQUE OF THE MOUNTAINS—RETURN TO DARIEN

THE Spaniards had now to pass through the territories of Tubanama, the most potent and warlike cacique of the mountains. This was the same chieftain of whom a formidable

character had been given by the young Indian prince who first informed Vasco Nunez of the Southern Sea. He had erroneously represented the dominions of Tubanama as lying beyond the mountains; and, when he dwelt upon the quantities of gold to be found in them, had magnified the dangers that would attend any attempt to pass their borders. The name of this redoubtable cacique was, in fact, a terror throughout the country; and when Vasco Nunez looked round upon his handful of pale and emaciated followers, he doubted whether even the superiority of their weapons and their military skill would enable them to cope with Tubanama and his armies in open contest. He resolved, therefore, to venture upon a perilous stratagem. When he made it known to his men, every one pressed forward to engage in it. Choosing seventy of the most vigorous, he ordered the rest to maintain their post in the village.

As soon as night had fallen, he departed silently and secretly with his chosen band and made his way with such rapidity through the labyrinths of the forests and the defiles of the mountains that he arrived in the neighborhood of the residence of Tubanama by the following evening, though at the distance of two regular days' journey.

There, waiting until midnight, he assailed the village suddenly and with success, so as to surprise and capture the cacique and his whole family, in which were eighty females. When Tubanama found himself a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, he lost all presence of mind and wept bitterly. The Indian allies of Vasco Nunez, beholding their once-dreaded enemy thus fallen and captive, now urged that he should be put to death, accusing him of various crimes and cruelties. Vasco Nunez pretended to listen to their prayers, and gave orders that his captive should be tied hand and foot and given to the dogs. The cacique approached him trembling, and laid his hand upon the pommel of his sword. "Who can pretend," said he, "to strive with one who bears this weapon, which can cleave a man asunder with a blow? Ever since thy fame has reached among these mountains

have I reverenced thy valor. Spare my life and thou shalt have all the gold I can procure."

Vasco Nunez, whose anger was assumed, was readily pacified. As soon as the day dawned the cacique gave him armlets and other jewels of gold to the value of three thousand crowns, and sent messengers throughout his dominions ordering his subjects to aid in paying his ransom. The poor Indians, with their accustomed loyalty, hastened in crowds, bringing their golden ornaments, until, in the course of three days, they had produced an amount equal to six thousand crowns. This done, Vasco Nunez set the cacique at liberty, bestowing on him several European trinkets, with which he considered himself richer than he had been with all his gold. Nothing would draw from him, however, the disclosure of the mines from whence this treasure was procured. He declared that it came from the territories of his neighbors, where gold and pearls were to be found in abundance; but that his lands produced nothing of the kind. Vasco Nunez doubted his sincerity, and secretly caused the brooks and rivers in his dominions to be searched, where gold was found in such quantities that he determined at a future time to found two settlements in the neighborhood.

On parting with Tubanama, the cacique sent his son with the Spaniards to learn their language and religion. It is said, also, that the Spaniards carried off his eighty women; but of this particular fact Oviedo, who writes with the papers of Vasco Nunez before him, says nothing. He affirms generally, however, that the Spaniards, throughout this expedition, were not scrupulous in their dealings with the wives and daughters of the Indians; and adds that in this their commander set them the example.*

Having returned to the village, where he had left the greater part of his men, Vasco Nunez resumed his homeward march. His people were feeble and exhausted and several of them sick, so that some had to be carried and others led

* Oviedo, Hist. Gen., Part II., c. 4. MS.

by the arms. He himself was part of the time afflicted by a fever, and had to be borne in a hammock on the shoulders of the Indians.

Proceeding thus slowly and toilfully, they at length arrived on the northern seacoast, at the territories of their ally, Comagre. The old cacique was dead and had been succeeded by his son, the same intelligent youth who had first given information of the southern sea and the kingdom of Peru. The young chief, who had embraced Christianity, received them with great hospitality, making them presents of gold. Vasco Nunez gave him trinkets in return and a shirt and a soldier's cloak; with which, says Peter Martyr, he thought himself half a god among his naked countrymen. After having reposed for a few days, Vasco Nunez proceeded to Ponca, where he heard that a ship and caravel had arrived at Darien from Hispaniola with re-enforcements and supplies. Hastening, therefore, to Coyba, the territories of his ally, Careta, he embarked on the 18th of January, 1514, with twenty of his men, in the brigantine which he had left there, and arrived at Santa Maria de la Antigua in the river of Darien on the following day. All the inhabitants came forth to receive him; and, when they heard the news of the great southern sea, and of his returning from its shores laden with pearls and gold, there were no bounds to their joy. He immediately dispatched the ship and caravel to Coyba for the companions he had left behind, who brought with them the remaining booty, consisting of gold and pearls, mantles, hammocks, and other articles of cotton, and a great number of captives of both sexes. A fifth of the spoil was set apart for the crown; the rest was shared, in just proportions, among those who had been in the expedition and those who had remained at Darien. All were contented with their allotment, and elated with the prospect of still greater gain from future enterprises.

Thus ended one of the most remarkable expeditions of the early discoverers. The intrepidity of Vasco Nunez in penetrating with a handful of men far into the interior of a wild and mountainous country, peopled by warlike tribes· his

skill in managing his band of rough adventurers, stimulating their valor, enforcing their obedience, and attaching their affections, show him to have possessed great qualities as a general. We are told that he was always foremost in peril and the last to quit the field. He shared the toils and dangers of the meanest of his followers, treating them with frank affability; watching, fighting, fasting, and laboring with them; visiting and consoling such as were sick or infirm, and dividing all his gains with fairness and liberality. He was chargeable at times with acts of bloodshed and injustice, but it is probable that these were often called for as measures of safety and precaution; he certainly offended less against humanity than most of the early discoverers; and the unbounded amity and confidence reposed in him by the natives, when they became intimately acquainted with his character, speak strongly in favor of his kind treatment of them.

The character of Vasco Nunez had, in fact, risen with his circumstances, and now assumed a nobleness and grandeur from the discovery he had made, and the important charge it had devolved upon him. He no longer felt himself a mere soldier of fortune, at the head of a band of adventurers, but a great commander, conducting an immortal enterprise. "Behold," says old Peter Martyr, "Vasco Nunez de Balboa at once transformed from a rash roisterer to a politic and discreet captain." And thus it is that men are often made by their fortunes; that is to say, their latent qualities are brought out, and shaped and strengthened by events, and by the necessity of every exertion to cope with the greatness of their destiny.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

TRANSACTIONS IN SPAIN—PEDRARIAS DAVILA APPOINTED TO THE COMMAND OF DARIEN—TIDINGS RECEIVED IN SPAIN OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN

Vasco Nuñez de Balboa now flattered himself that he had made a discovery calculated to silence all his enemies at court, and to elevate him to the highest favor with his sovereign. He wrote letters to the king, giving a detail of his expedition, and setting forth all that he had seen or heard of this Southern Sea, and of the rich countries upon its borders. Besides the royal fifths of the profits of the expedition, he prepared a present for the sovereign, in the name of himself and his companions, consisting of the largest and most precious pearls they had collected. As a trusty and intelligent envoy to bear these tidings, he chose Pedro de Arbolancha, an old and tried friend, who had accompanied him in his toils and dangers, and was well acquainted with all his transactions.

The fate of Vasco Nunez furnishes a striking instance how prosperity and adversity, how even life and death hang balanced upon a point of time, and are effected by the improvement or neglect of moments. Unfortunately, the ship which was to convey the messenger to Spain lingered in port until the beginning of March; a delay which had a fatal influence on the fortunes of Vasco Nunez. It is necessary here to cast an eye back upon the events which had taken place in Spain while he was employed in his conquests and discoveries.

The Bachelor Enciso had arrived in Castile full of his wrongs and indignities. He had friends at court, who aided him in gaining a ready hearing, and he lost not a moment in availing himself of it. He declaimed eloquently upon the

alleged usurpation of Vasco Nunez, and represented him as governing the colony by force and fraud. It was in vain that the Alcalde Zamudio, the ancient colleague and the envoy of Vasco Nunez, attempted to speak in his defense; he was unable to cope with the facts and arguments of the Bachelor, who was a pleader by profession, and now pleaded his own cause. The king determined to send a new governor to Darien, with power to inquire into and remedy all abuses. For this office he chose Don Pedro Arias Davila, commonly called Pedrarias.* He was a native of Segovia, who had been brought up in the royal household, and had distinguished himself as a brave soldier, both in the war in Granada and at the taking of Oran and Bugia in Africa. He possessed those personal accomplishments which captivate the soldiery, and was called *el Galan*, for his gallant array and courtly demeanor, and *el Justador*, or *the Tilter*, for his dexterity in jousts and tournaments. These, it must be admitted, were not the qualifications most adapted for the government of rude and factious colonies in a wilderness; but he had an all-powerful friend in the Bishop Fonseca. The bishop was as thoroughgoing in patronage as in persecution. He assured the king that Pedrarias had understanding equal to his valor; that he was as capable of managing the affairs of peace as of war, and that, having been brought up in the royal household, his loyalty might be implicitly relied on.

Scarcely had Don Pedrarias been appointed, when Cayzedo and Colmenares arrived on their mission from Darien, to communicate the intelligence received from the son of the cacique Comagre, of the Southern Sea beyond the mountains, and to ask one thousand men to enable Vasco Nunez to make the discovery.

The avarice and ambition of Ferdinand were inflamed by the tidings. He rewarded the bearers of the intelligence, and, after consulting with Bishop Fonseca, resolved to dispatch immediately a powerful armada, with twelve hundred

* By the English historians he has generally been called Davila.

men, under the command of Pedrarias, to accomplish the enterprise.

Just about this time the famous Gonsalvo Hernandez de Cordova, commonly called the Great Captain, was preparing to return to Naples, where the allies of Spain had experienced a signal defeat, and had craved the assistance of this renowned general to retrieve their fortunes. The chivalry of Spain thronged to enlist under the banner of Gonsalvo. The Spanish nobles, with their accustomed prodigality, sold or mortgaged their estates to buy gorgeous armor, silks, brocades, and other articles of martial pomp and luxury, that they might figure, with becoming magnificence, in the campaigns of Italy. The armament was on the point of sailing for Naples with this host of proud and gallant spirits, when the jealous mind of Ferdinand took offense at the enthusiasm thus shown toward his general, and he abruptly countermanded the expedition. The Spanish cavaliers were overwhelmed with disappointment at having their dreams of glory thus suddenly dispelled; when, as if to console them, the enterprise of Pedrarias was set on foot, and opened a different career of adventure. The very idea of an unknown sea and splendid empire, where never European ship had sailed or foot had trodden, broke upon the imagination with the vague wonders of an Arabian tale. Even the countries already known, in the vicinity of the settlement of Darien, were described in the usual terms of exaggeration. Gold was said to lie on the surface of the ground, or to be gathered with nets out of the brooks and rivers; insomuch that the region hitherto called Terra Firma now received the pompous and delusive appellation of Castilla del Oro, or Golden Castile.

Excited by these reports, many of the youthful cavaliers, who had prepared for the Italian campaign, now offered themselves as volunteers to Don Pedrarias. He accepted their services and appointed Seville as the place of assemblage. The streets of that ancient city soon swarmed with young and noble cavaliers splendidly arrayed, full of spirits,

and eager for the sailing of the Indian armada. Pedrarias, on his arrival at Seville, made a general review of his forces, and was embarrassed to find that the number amounted to three thousand. He had been limited in his first armament to twelve hundred; on representing the nature of the case, however, the number was extended to fifteen hundred; but through influence, entreaty, and stratagem, upward of two thousand eventually embarked.* Happy did he think himself who could in any manner, and by any means, get admitted on board of the squadron. Nor was this eagerness for the enterprise confined merely to young and buoyant and ambitious adventurers; we are told that there were many covetous old men, who offered to go at their own expense, without seeking any pay from the king. Thus every eye was turned with desire to this squadron of modern Argonauts, as it lay anchored on the bosom of the Guadalquivir.

The pay and appointments of Don Pedrarias Davila were on the most liberal scale, and no expense was spared in fitting out the armament; for the objects of the expedition were both colonization and conquest. Artillery and powder were procured from Malaga. Besides the usual weapons, such as muskets, crossbows, swords, pikes, lances, and Neapolitan targets, there was armor devised of quilted cotton, as being light and better adapted to the climate, and sufficiently proof against the weapons of the Indians; and wooden bucklers from the Canary Islands, to ward off the poisoned arrows of the Caribs.

Santa Maria de la Antigua was, by royal ordinance, elevated into the metropolitan city of Golden Castile, and a Franciscan friar, named Juan de Quevedo, was appointed as bishop, with powers to decide in all cases of conscience. A number of friars were nominated to accompany him, and he was provided with the necessary furniture and vessels for a chapel.

Among the various regulations made for the good of the

* Oviedo, l. ii. c. 7, MS

infant colony, it was ordained that no lawyers should be admitted there, it having been found at Hispaniola and elsewhere that they were detrimental to the welfare of the settlements, by fomenting disputes and litigations. The judicial affairs were to be entirely confided to the Licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, who was to officiate as alcalde mayor or chief judge.

Don Pedrarias had intended to leave his wife in Spain. Her name was Dona Isabella de Bobadilla; she was niece to the Marchioness de Moya, a great favorite of the late Queen Isabella, who had been instrumental in persuading her royal mistress to patronize Columbus.* Her niece partook of her high and generous nature. She refused to remain behind in selfish security, but declared that she would accompany her husband in every peril, whether by sea or land. This self-devotion is the more remarkable when it is considered that she was past the romantic period of youth; and that she had a family of four sons and four daughters, whom she left behind her in Spain.

Don Pedrarias was instructed to use great indulgence toward the people of Darien who had been the followers of Nicuesa, and to remit the royal tithe of all the gold they might have collected previous to his arrival. Toward Vasco Nunez de Balboa alone the royal countenance was stern and severe. Pedrarias was to depose him from his assumed authority, and to call him to strict account before the alcalde mayor, Gaspar de Espinosa, for his treatment of the Bachelor Enciso.

The splendid fleet, consisting of fifteen sail, weighed anchor at St. Lucar on the 12th of April, 1514, and swept proudly out of the Guadalquivir, thronged with the chivalrous adventurers for Golden Castile. But a short time had elapsed after its departure when Pedro Arbolancho arrived

*This was the same Marchioness de Moya who, during the war of Granada, while the court and royal army were encamped before Malaga, was mistaken for the queen by a Moorish fanatic, and had nearly fallen beneath his dagger.

with the tardy mission of Vasco Nunez. Had he arrived a few days sooner, how different might have been the fortunes of his friend!

He was immediately admitted to the royal presence, where he announced the adventurous and successful expedition of Vasco Nunez, and laid before the king the pearls and golden ornaments which he had brought as the first fruits of the discovery. King Ferdinand listened with charmed attention to this tale of unknown seas and wealthy realms added to his empire. It filled, in fact, the imaginations of the most sage and learned with golden dreams, and anticipations of unbounded riches. Old Peter Martyr, who received letters from his friends in Darien, and communicated by word of mouth with those who came from thence, writes to Leo the Tenth in exulting terms of this event. "Spain," says he, "will hereafter be able to satisfy with pearls the greedy appetite of such as in wanton pleasures are like unto Cleopatra and Æsopus; so that henceforth we shall neither envy nor reverence the nice fruitfulness of Trapoban or the Red Sea. The Spaniards will not need hereafter to mine and dig far into the earth, nor to cut asunder mountains in quest of gold, but will find it plentifully, in a manner, on the upper crust of the earth, or in the sands of rivers dried up by the heats of summer. Certainly the reverend antiquity obtained not so great a benefit of nature, nor even aspired to the knowledge thereof, since never man before, from the known world, penetrated to these unknown regions."*

The tidings of this discovery at once made all Spain resound with the praises of Vasco Nunez; and, from being considered a lawless and desperate adventurer, he was lauded to the skies as a worthy successor to Columbus. The king repented of the harshness of his late measures toward him, and ordered the Bishop Fonseca to devise some mode of rewarding his transcendent services.

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* P. Martyr, decad. iii. chap. 3. Lok's translation.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

ARRIVAL AND GRAND ENTRY OF DON PEDRARIAS DAVILA INTO DARIEN.

WHILE honors and rewards were preparing in Europe for Vasco Nunez, that indefatigable commander, inspired by his fortunes with redoubled zeal and loftier ambition, was exercising the paternal forethought and discretion of a patriotic governor over the country subjected to his rule. His most strenuous exertions were directed to bring the neighborhood of Darien into such a state of cultivation as might render the settlement independent of Europe for supplies. The town was situated on the banks of a river, and contained upward of two hundred houses and cabins. Its population amounted to five hundred and fifteen Europeans, all men, and fifteen hundred Indians, male and female. Orchards and gardens had been laid out, where European as well as native fruits and vegetables were cultivated, and already gave promise of future abundance. Vasco Nunez devised all kinds of means to keep up the spirits of his people. On holidays they had their favorite national sports and games, and particularly tilting matches, of which chivalrous amusement the Spaniards in those days were extravagantly fond. Sometimes he gratified their restless and roving habits by sending them on expeditions to various parts of the country, to acquire a knowledge of its resources, and to strengthen his sway over the natives. He was so successful in securing the amity or exciting the awe of the Indian tribes, that a Spaniard might go singly about the land in perfect safety; while his own followers were zealous in their devotion to him, both from admiration of his past exploits and from hopes of soon being led by him to new discoveries and conquests. Peter Martyr, in his letter to Leo the Tenth,

speaks in high terms of these "old soldiers of Darien," the remnants of those well-tried adventurers who had followed the fortunes of Ojeda, Nicuesa and Vasco Nunez. "They were hardened," says he, "to abide all sorrows, and were exceedingly tolerant of labor, heat, hunger, and watching, insomuch that they merrily make their boast that they have observed a longer and sharper Lent than ever your Holiness enjoined, since, for the space of four years, their food has been herbs and fruits, with now and then fish, and very seldom flesh." *

Such were the hardy and well-seasoned veterans that were under the sway of Vasco Nunez; and the colony gave signs of rising in prosperity under his active and fostering management, when, in the month of June, the fleet of Don Pedrarias Davila arrived in the Gulf of Uraba.

The Spanish cavaliers who accompanied the new governor were eager to get on shore, and to behold the anticipated wonders of the land; but Pedrarias, knowing the resolute character of Vasco Nunez, and the devotion of his followers, apprehended some difficulty in getting possession of the colony. Anchoring, therefore, about a league and a half from the settlement, he sent a messenger on shore to announce his arrival. The envoy, having heard so much in Spain of the prowess and exploits of Vasco Nunez and the riches of Golden Castile, expected, no doubt, to find a blustering warrior, maintaining barbaric state in the government which he had usurped. Great was his astonishment, therefore, to find this redoubtable hero a plain, unassuming man, clad in a cotton frock and drawers, and hempen sandals, directing and aiding the labor of several Indians who were thatching a cottage in which he resided.

The messenger approached him respectfully, and announced the arrival of Don Pedrarias Davila as governor of the country.

Whatever Vasco Nunez may have felt at this intelligence,

* P. Martyr, decad. iii. c. 3. Lok's translation.

he suppressed his emotions, and answered the messenger with great discretion: "Tell Don Pedrarias Davila," said he, "that he is welcome, that I congratulate him on his safe arrival, and am ready, with all who are here, to obey his orders."

The little community of rough and daring adventurers was immediately in an uproar when they found a new governor had arrived. Some of the most zealous adherents of Vasco Nunez were disposed to sally forth, sword in hand, and repel the intruder; but they were restrained by their more considerate chieftain, who prepared to receive the new governor with all due submission.

Pedrarias disembarked on the thirtieth of June, accompanied by his heroic wife, Dona Isabella; who, according to old Peter Martyr, had sustained the roarings and rages of the ocean with no less stout courage than either her husband or even the mariners who had been brought up among the surges of the sea.

Pedrarias set out for the embryo city at the head of two thousand men, all well armed. He led his wife by the hand, and on the other side of him was the Bishop of Darien in his robes; while a brilliant train of youthful cavaliers, in glittering armor and brocade, formed a kind of bodyguard.

All this pomp and splendor formed a striking contrast with the humble state of Vasco Nunez, who came forth unarmed, in simple attire, accompanied by his councilors and a handful of the "old soldiers of Darien," scarred and battered, and grown half wild in Indian warfare, but without weapons, and in garments much the worse for wear.

Vasco Nunez saluted Don Pedrarias Davila with profound reverence, and promised him implicit obedience, both in his own name and in the name of the community. Having entered the town, he conducted his distinguished guests to his straw-thatched habitation, where he had caused a repast to be prepared of such cheer as his means afforded, consisting of roots and fruits, maize and cassava bread, with no other beverage than water from the river; a sorry palace and a

meager banquet in the eyes of the gay cavaliers, who had anticipated far other things from the usurper of Golden Castile. Vasco Nunez, however, acquitted himself in his humble wigwam with the courtesy and hospitality of a prince, and showed that the dignity of an entertainment depends more upon the giver than the feast. In the meantime a plentiful supply of European provisions was landed from the fleet, and a temporary abundance was diffused through the colony.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

PERFIDIOUS CONDUCT OF DON PEDRARIAS TOWARD VASCO NUÑEZ

On the day after his entrance into Darien, Don Pedrarias held a private conference with Vasco Nunez in presence of the historian Oviedo, who had come out from Spain as the public notary of the colony. The governor commenced by assuring him that he was instructed by the king to treat him with great favor and distinction, to consult him about the affairs of the colony, and to apply to him for information relative to the surrounding country. At the same time he professed the most amicable feelings on his own part, and an intention to be guided by his counsels in all public measures.

Vasco Nunez was of a frank, confiding nature, and was so captivated by this unexpected courtesy and kindness that he threw off all caution and reserve, and opened his whole soul to the politic courtier. Pedrarias availed himself of this communicative mood to draw from him a minute and able statement in writing, detailing the circumstances of the colony, and the information collected respecting various parts of the country; the route by which he had traversed the mountains; his discovery of the South Sea; the situation and reputed wealth of the Pearl Islands; the rivers and ravines most productive of gold; together with the names

and territories of the various caciques with whom he had made treaties.

When Pedrarias had thus beguiled the unsuspecting soldier of all the information necessary for his purposes, he dropped the mask, and within a few days proclaimed a judicial scrutiny into the conduct of Vasco Nunez and his officers. It was to be conducted by the Licentiate Gaspar de Espinosa, who had come out as alcalde mayor, or chief judge. The licentiate was an inexperienced lawyer, having but recently left the university of Salamanca. He appears to have been somewhat flexible in his opinions, and prone to be guided or governed by others. At the outset of his career he was much under the influence of Quevedo, the Bishop of Darien. Now, as Vasco Nunez knew the importance of this prelate in the colony, he had taken care to secure him to his interests by paying him the most profound deference and respect, and by giving him a share in his agricultural enterprises and his schemes of traffic. In fact, the good bishop looked upon him as one eminently calculated to promote his temporal prosperity, to which he was by no means insensible. Under the influence of the prelate, therefore, the alcalde commenced his investigation in the most favorable manner. He went largely into an examination of the discoveries of Vasco Nunez, and of the nature and extent of his various services. The governor was alarmed at the course which the inquiry was taking. If thus conducted, it would but serve to illustrate the merits and elevate the reputation of the man whom it was his interest and intent to ruin. To counteract it he immediately set on foot a secret and invidious course of interrogatories of the followers of Nicuesa and Ojeda, to draw from them testimony which might support the charge against Vasco Nunez of usurpation and tyrannical abuse of power. The bishop and the alcalde received information of this inquisition, carried on thus secretly, and without their sanction. They remonstrated warmly against it, as an infringement of their rights, being coadjutors in the government, and they spurned the testimony of the followers

of Ojeda and Nicuesa, as being dictated and discolored by ancient enmity. Vasco Nunez was, therefore, acquitted by them of the criminal charges made against him, though he remained involved in difficulties from the suits brought against him by individuals, for losses and damages occasioned by his measures.

Pedrarias was incensed at this acquittal, and insisted upon the guilt of Vasco Nunez, which he pretended to have established to his conviction by his secret investigations; and he even determined to send him in chains to Spain, to be tried for the death of Nicuesa, and for other imputed offenses.

It was not the inclination or the interest of the bishop that Vasco Nunez should leave the colony; he therefore managed to awaken the jealous apprehensions of the governor as to the effect of his proposed measure. He intimated that the arrival of Vasco Nunez in Spain would be signalized by triumph rather than disgrace. By that time his grand discoveries would be blazoned to the world, and would atone for all his faults. He would be received with enthusiasm by the nation, with favor by the king, and would probably be sent back to the colony clothed with new dignity and power.

Pedrarias was placed in a perplexing dilemma by these suggestions; his violent proceedings against Vasco Nunez were also in some measure restrained by the influence of his wife, Dona Isabel de Bobadilla, who felt a great respect and sympathy for the discoverer. In his perplexity, the wily governor adopted a middle course. He resolved to detain Vasco Nunez at Darien under a cloud of imputation, which would gradually impair his popularity; while his patience and means would be silently consumed by protracted and expensive litigation. In the meantime, however, the property which had been sequestrated was restored to him.

While Pedrarias treated Vasco Nunez with this severity, he failed not to avail himself of the plans of that able commander. The first of these was to establish a line of posts across the mountains between Darien and the South Sea. It

was his eager desire to execute this before any order should arrive from the king in favor of his predecessor, in order that he might have the credit of having colonized the coast, and Vasco Nunez merely that of having discovered and visited it.* Before he could complete these arrangements, however, unlooked-for calamities fell upon the settlement, that for a time interrupted every project and made every one turn his thoughts merely to his own security.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

CALAMITIES OF THE SPANISH CAVALIERS AT DARIEN

THE town of Darien was situated in a deep valley surrounded by lofty hills, which, while they kept off the breezes so grateful in a sultry climate, reflected and concentrated the rays of the sun, insomuch that at noontide the heat was insupportable; the river which passed it was shallow, with a muddy channel and bordered by marshes; overhanging forests added to the general humidity, and the very soil on which the town was built was of such a nature that on digging to the depth of a foot there would ooze forth brackish water.†

It is not matter of surprise that a situation of this kind, in a tropical climate, should be fatal to the health of Europeans. Many of those who had recently arrived were swept off speedily; Pedrarias himself fell sick and was removed, with most of his people, to a healthier spot on the river Corobari; the malady, however, continued to increase. The provisions which had been brought out in the ships had been partly damaged by the sea, the residue grew scanty, and the people were put upon short allowance; the debility thus produced increased the ravages of the disease; at length

* Oviedo, Hist. Ind., Part II. c. 8. † P. Martyr, decad. iii. c. 6.

the provisions were exhausted and the horrors of absolute famine ensued.

Every one was more or less affected by these calamities; even the veterans of the colony quailed beneath them; but to none were they more fatal than to the crowd of youthful cavaliers who had once glittered so gayly about the streets of Seville, and had come out to the New World elated with the most sanguine expectations. From the very moment of their landing they had been disheartened at the savage scenes around them, and disgusted with the squalid life they were doomed to lead. They shrunk with disdain from the labors with which alone wealth was to be procured in this land of gold and pearls, and were impatient of the humble exertions necessary for the maintenance of existence. As the famine increased, their case became desperate; for they were unable to help themselves, and their rank and dignity commanded neither deference nor aid at a time when common misery made every one selfish. Many of them who had mortgaged estates in Spain to fit themselves out sumptuously for their Italian campaign now perished for lack of food. Some would be seen bartering a robe of crimson silk, or some garment of rich brocade, for a pound of Indian bread or European biscuit; others sought to satisfy the cravings of hunger with the herbs and roots of the field, and one of the principal cavaliers absolutely expired of hunger in the public streets.

In this wretched way, and in the short space of one month, perished seven hundred of the little army of youthful and buoyant spirits who had embarked with Pedrarias. The bodies of some remained for a day or two without sepulcher, their friends not having sufficient strength to bury them. Unable to remedy the evil, Pedrarias gave permission for his men to flee from it. A shipload of starving adventurers departed for Cuba, where some of them joined the standard of Diego Velasquez, who was colonizing that island; others made their way back to Spain, where they arrived broken in health, in spirits, and in fortune.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

FRUITLESS EXPEDITION OF PEDRARIAS

THE departure of so many hungry mouths was some temporary relief to the colony; and Pedrarias, having recovered from his malady, bestirred himself to send expeditions in various directions for the purpose of foraging the country and collecting the treasure.

These expeditions, however, were intrusted to his own favorites and partisans; while Vasco Nunez, the man most competent to carry them into effect, remained idle and neglected. A judicial inquiry, tardily carried on, overshadowed him, and though it substantiated nothing, served to embarrass his actions, to cool his friends, and to give him the air of a public delinquent. Indeed, to the other evils of the colony was now added that of excessive litigation, arising out of the disputes concerning the government of Vasco Nunez, and which increased to such a degree that, according to the report of the Alcalde Espinosa, if the lawsuits should be divided among the people, at least forty would fall to each man's share.* This too was in a colony into which the government had commanded that no lawyer should be admitted!

Wearied and irritated by the check which had been given to his favorite enterprises, and confident of the ultimate approbation of the king, Vasco Nunez now determined to take his fortunes in his own hands, and to prosecute in secret his grand project of exploring the regions beyond the mountains. For this purpose he privately dispatched one Andres Garabito to Cuba to enlist men and to make the requisite provisions for an expedition across the isthmus, from Nombre de Dios, and for the founding a colony on the shores of the

* Herrera, decad. ii. l. i. c. 1.

Southern Ocean, from whence he proposed to extend his discoveries by sea and land.

While Vasco Nunez awaited the return of Garabito, he had the mortification of beholding various of his colonizing plans pursued and marred by Pedrarias. Among other enterprises, the governor dispatched his lieutenant-general, Juan de Ayora, at the head of four hundred men, to visit the provinces of those caciques with whom Vasco Nunez had sojourned and made treaties on his expedition to the Southern Sea. Ayora partook of the rash and domineering spirit of Pedrarias, and harassed and devastated the countries which he pretended to explore. He was received with amity and confidence by various caciques who had formed treaties with Vasco Nunez; but he repaid their hospitality with the basest ingratitude, seizing upon their property, taking from them their wives and daughters, and often torturing them to make them reveal their hidden or supposed treasures. Among those treated with this perfidy we grieve to enumerate the youthful cacique who first gave Vasco Nunez information of the sea beyond the mountains.

The enormities of Ayora and of other captains of Pedrarias produced the usual effect; the natives were roused to desperate resistance; caciques who had been faithful friends were converted into furious enemies, and the expedition ended in disappointment and disaster.

The adherents of Vasco Nunez did not fail to contrast these disastrous enterprises with those which had been conducted with so much glory and advantage by their favorite commander; and their sneers and reproaches had such an effect upon the jealous and irritable disposition of Pedrarias that he determined to employ their idol in a service that would be likely to be attended with defeat and to impair his popularity. None seemed more fitting for the purpose than an expedition to Dobayba, where he had once already attempted in vain to penetrate, and where so many of his followers had fallen victims to the stratagems and assaults of the natives.

CHAPTER TWENTY

SECOND EXPEDITION OF VASCO NUNEZ IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF DOBAYBA

THE rich mines of Dobayba and the treasures of its golden temple had continued to form a favorite theme with the Spanish adventurers. It was ascertained that Vasco Nunez had stopped short of the wealthy region on his former expedition, and had mistaken a frontier village for the residence of the cacique. The enterprise of the temple was therefore still to be achieved; and it was solicited by several of the cavaliers in the train of Pedrarias with all the chivalrous ardor of that romantic age. Indeed, common report had invested the enterprise with difficulties and danger sufficient to stimulate the ambition of the keenest seeker of adventure. The savages who inhabited that part of the country were courageous and adroit. They fought by water as well as by land, forming ambuscades with their canoes in the bays and rivers. The country was intersected by dreary fens and morasses, infested by all kinds of reptiles. Clouds of gnats and mosquitoes filled the air; there were large bats also, supposed to have the baneful properties of the vampire; alligators lurked in the waters, and the gloomy recesses of the fens were said to be the dens of dragons! *

Besides these objects of terror, both true and fabulous, the old historian, Peter Martyr, makes mention of another monstrous animal said to infest this golden region, and which deserves to be cited, as showing the imaginary dangers with which the active minds of the discoverers peopled the unexplored wilderness around them.

According to the tales of the Indians, there had occurred

* P. Martyr.

shortly before the arrival of the Spaniards a violent tempest, or rather hurricane, in the neighborhood of Dobayba, which demolished houses, tore up trees by the roots, and laid waste whole forests. When the tempest had subsided, and the affrighted inhabitants ventured to look abroad, they found that two monstrous animals had been brought into the country by the hurricane. According to their accounts, they were not unlike the ancient harpies, and one being smaller than the other was supposed to be its young. They had the faces of women, with the claws and wings of eagles, and were of such prodigious size that the very boughs of the trees on which they alighted broke beneath them. They would sweep down and carry off a man as a hawk would bear off a chicken, flying with him to the tops of the mountains, where they would tear him in pieces and devour him. For some time they were the scourge and terror of the land, until the Indians succeeded in killing the old one by stratagem, and, hanging her on their long spears, bore her through all the towns to assuage the alarm of the inhabitants. The younger harpy, says the Indian tradition, was never seen afterward.*

Such were some of the perils, true and fabulous, with which the land of Dobayba was said to abound; and, in fact, the very Indians had such a dread of its dark and dismal morasses that in their journeyings they carefully avoided them, preferring the circuitous and rugged paths of the mountains.

Several of the youthful cavaliers, as has been observed, were stimulated, rather than deterred, by these dangers, and contended for the honor of the expedition; but Pedrarias selected his rival for the task, hoping, as has been hinted, that it would involve him in disgrace. Vasco Nunez promptly accepted the enterprise, for his pride was concerned in its success. Two hundred resolute men were given to him for the purpose; but his satisfaction was diminished when he

* P. Martyr, decad. vii. c. 10.

found that Luis Carrillo, an officer of Pedrarias, who had failed in a perilous enterprise, was associated with him in the command.

Few particulars remain to us of the events of this affair. They embarked in a fleet of canoes, and, traversing the gulf, arrived at the river which flowed down from the region of Dobayba. They were not destined, however, to achieve the enterprise of the golden temple. As they were proceeding rather confidently and unguardedly up the river, they were suddenly surprised and surrounded by an immense swarm of canoes, filled with armed savages, which darted out from lurking places along the shores. Some of the Indians assailed them with lances, others with clouds of arrows, while some, plunging into the water, endeavored to overturn their canoes. In this way one-half of the Spaniards were killed or drowned. Among the number fell Luis Carrillo, pierced through the breast by an Indian lance. Vasco Nunez himself was wounded, and had great difficulty in escaping to the shore with the residue of his forces.

The Indians pursued him and kept up a skirmishing attack, but he beat them off until the night, when he silently abandoned the shore of the river and directed his retreat toward Darien. It is easier to imagine than to describe the toils and dangers and horrors which beset him and the remnant of his men, as they traversed rugged mountains or struggled through these fearful morasses, of which they had heard such terrific tales. At length they succeeded in reaching the settlement of Darien.

The partisans of Pedrarias exulted in seeing Vasco Nunez return thus foiled and wounded, and taunted his adherents with their previous boastings. The latter, however, laid all the blame upon the unfortunate Carrillo. "Vasco Nunez," said they, "had always absolute command in his former enterprises, but in this he has been embarrassed by an associate. Had the expedition been confided to him alone, the event had been far different."

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

LETTERS FROM THE KING IN FAVOR OF VASCO NUÑEZ—ARRIVAL OF GARABITO—ARREST OF VASCO NUÑEZ—(1515)

ABOUT this time dispatches arrived from Spain that promised to give a new turn to the fortunes of Vasco Nunez and to the general affairs of the colony. They were written after the tidings of the discovery of the South Sea, and the subjugation of so many important provinces of the isthmus. In a letter addressed to Vasco Nunez, the king expressed his high sense of his merits and services, and constituted him adelantado of the South Sea, and governor of the provinces of Panama and Coyba, though subordinate to the general command of Pedrarias. A letter was likewise written by the king to Pedrarias, informing him of this appointment and ordering him to consult Vasco Nunez on all public affairs of importance. This was a humiliating blow to the pride and consequence of Pedrarias, but he hoped to parry it. In the meantime, as all letters from Spain were first delivered into his hands, he withheld that intended for Vasco Nunez, until he should determine what course of conduct to adopt. The latter, however, heard of the circumstance, as did his friend the Bishop of Darien. The prelate made loud complaints of this interruption of the royal correspondence, which he denounced, even from the pulpit, as an outrage upon the rights of the subject and an act of disobedience to the sovereign.

Upon this the governor called a council of his public officers; and, after imparting the contents of his letter, requested their opinion as to the propriety of investing Vasco Nunez with the dignities thus granted to him. The alcalde mayor, Espinosa, had left the party of the bishop and was now devoted to the governor. He insisted, vehemently, that

the offices ought in no wise to be given to Vasco Nunez, until the king should be informed of the result of the inquest which was still going on against him. In this he was warmly supported by the treasurer and the accountant. The bishop replied, indignantly, that it was presumptuous and disloyal in them to dispute the commands of the king, and to interfere with the rewards conscientiously given by him to a meritorious subject. In this way, he added, they were defeating, by their passions, the grateful intentions of their sovereign. The governor was overawed by the honest warmth of the bishop, and professed to accord with him in opinion. The council lasted until midnight; and it was finally agreed that the titles and dignities should be conferred on Vasco Nunez on the following day.*

Pedrarias and his officers reflected, however, that if the jurisdiction implied by these titles were absolutely vested in Vasco Nunez the government of Darien and Castilla del Oro would virtually be reduced to a trifling matter; they resolved, therefore, to adopt a middle course; to grant him the empty titles, but to make him give security not to enter upon the actual government of the territories in question until Pedrarias should give him permission. The bishop and Vasco Nunez assented to this arrangement; satisfied, for the present, with securing the titles, and trusting to the course of events to get dominion over the territories.†

The new honors of Vasco Nunez were now promulgated to the world, and he was everywhere addressed by the title of adelantado. His old friends lifted up their heads with exultation, and new adherents flocked to his standard. Parties began to form for him and for Pedrarias, for it was deemed impossible they could continue long in harmony.

The jealousy of the governor was excited by these circumstances; and he regarded the newly created adelantado

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* Oviedo, Part II., c. 9, MS. Oviedo, the historian, was present at this consultation, and says that he wrote down the opinions given on the occasion, which the parties signed with their proper hands.

† Oviedo, Part II., c. 9, MS.

as a dangerous rival and an insidious foe. Just at this critical juncture, Andres Garabito, the agent of Vasco Nunez, arrived on the coast in a vessel which he had procured at Cuba, and had freighted with arms and ammunition, and seventy resolute men, for the secret expedition to the shores of the Pacific Ocean. He anchored six leagues from the harbor, and sent word privately to Vasco Nunez of his arrival.

Information was immediately carried to Pedrarias that a mysterious vessel, full of armed men, was hovering on the coast, and holding secret communication with his rival. The suspicious temper of the governor immediately took the alarm. He fancied some treasonable plot against his authority; his passions mingled with his fears; and, in the first burst of his fury, he ordered that Vasco Nunez should be seized and confined in a wooden cage. The Bishop of Darien interposed in time to prevent an indignity which it might have been impossible to expiate. He prevailed upon the passionate governor, not merely to retract the order respecting the cage, but to examine the whole matter with coolness and deliberation. The result proved that his suspicions had been erroneous; and that the armament had been set on foot without any treasonable intent. Vasco Nunez was therefore set at liberty, after having agreed to certain precautionary conditions; but he remained cast down in spirit and impoverished in fortune, by the harassing measures of Pedrarias.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

EXPEDITION OF MORALES AND PIZARRO TO THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN—THEIR VISIT TO THE PEARL ISLANDS—THEIR DISASTROUS RETURN ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS

THE Bishop of Darien, encouraged by the success of his intercession, endeavored to persuade the governor to go still further, and to permit the departure of Vasco Nunez on his

expedition to the South Sea. The jealousy of Pedrarias, however, was too strong to permit him to listen to such counsel. He was aware of the importance of the expedition, and was anxious that the Pearl Islands should be explored, which promised such abundant treasures; but he feared to increase the popularity of Vasco Nunez by adding such an enterprise to the number of his achievements. Pedrarias, therefore, set on foot an expedition, consisting of sixty men, but gave the command to one of his own relations, named Gaspar Morales. The latter was accompanied by Francisco Pizarro, who had already been to those parts in the train of Vasco Nunez, and who soon rose to importance in the present enterprise by his fierce courage and domineering genius.

A brief notice of the principal incidents of this expedition is all that is necessary for the present narration.

Morales and Pizarro traversed the mountains of the isthmus by a shorter and more expeditious route than that which had been taken by Vasco Nunez, and arrived on the shores of the South Sea at the territories of a cacique named Tutibra, by whom they were amicably entertained. Their great object was to visit the Pearl Islands: the cacique, however, had but four canoes, which were insufficient to contian their whole party. One-half of their number, therefore, remained at the village of Tutibra, under the command of a captain named Peñalosa; the residue embarked in the canoes with Morales and Pizarro. After a stormy and perilous voyage, they landed on one of the smaller islands, where they had some skirmishing with the natives, and thence made their way to the principal island of the archipelago, to which, from the report of its great pearl fishery, Vasco Nunez had given the name of Isla Rica.

The cacique of this island had long been the terror of the neighboring coasts, invading the mainland with fleets of canoes, and carrying off the inhabitants into captivity. His reception of the Spaniards was worthy of his fame. Four times did he sally forth to defend his territory, and as often

was he repulsed with great slaughter. His warriors were overwhelmed with terror at the firearms of the Spaniards, and at their ferocious bloodhounds. Finding all resistance unavailing, the cacique was at length compelled to sue for peace. His prayers being granted, he received the conquerors into his habitation, which was well built and of immense size. Here he brought them, as a peace-offering, a basket curiously wrought, and filled with pearls of great beauty. Among these were two of extraordinary size and value. One weighed twenty-five carats; the other was of the size of a Muscadine pear, weighing upward of three drachms, and of Oriental color and luster. The cacique considered himself more than repaid by a present of hatchets, beads, and hawks'-bells; and, on the Spaniards smiling at his joy, observed, "These things I can turn to useful purpose, but of what value are those pearls to me?"

Finding, however, that these baubles were precious in the eyes of the Spaniards, he took Morales and Pizarro to the summit of a wooden tower, commanding an unbounded prospect. "Behold before you," said he, "the infinite sea, which extends even beyond the sunbeams. As to these islands which lie to the right and left, they are all subject to my sway. They possess but little gold, but the deep places of the sea around them are full of pearls. Continue to be my friends, and you shall have as many as you desire; for I value your friendship more than pearls, and, as far as in me lies, will never forfeit it."

He then pointed to the mainland, where it stretched toward the east, mountain beyond mountain, until the summit of the last faded in the distance and was scarcely seen above the watery horizon. In that direction, he said, there lay a vast country of inexhaustible riches, inhabited by a mighty nation. He went on to repeat the vague but wonderful rumors which the Spaniards had frequently heard about the great kingdom of Peru. Pizarro listened greedily to his words, and while his eye followed the finger of the cacique, as it ranged along the line of shadowy coast, his daring mind kin-

dled with the thought of seeking this golden empire beyond the waters.*

Before leaving the island, the two captains impressed the cacique with so great an idea of the power of the king of Castile that he agreed to become his vassal, and to render him an annual tribute of one hundred pounds' weight of pearls.

The party having returned in safety to the mainland, though to a different place from that where they had embarked, Gaspar Morales sent his relation, Bernardo Morales, with ten men in quest of Penalosa and his companions, who had remained in the village of Tutibra.

Unfortunately for the Spaniards, during the absence of the commanders, this Penalosa had so exasperated the natives by his misconduct that a conspiracy had been formed by the caciques along the coast to massacre the whole of the strangers, when the party should return from the islands.

Bernardo Morales and his companions, on their way in quest of Penalosa, put up for the night in the village of a cacique named Chuchama, who was one of the conspirators. They were entertained with pretended hospitality. In the dead of the night, however, the house in which they were sleeping was wrapped in flames, and most of them were destroyed. Chuchama then prepared with his confederates to attack the main body of the Spaniards who remained with Morales and Pizarro.

Fortunately for the latter, there was among the Indians who had accompanied them to the islands a cacique named Chiruca, who was in secret correspondence with the conspirators. Some circumstances in his conduct excited their suspicions; they put him to the torture and drew from him a relation of the massacre of their companions, and of the attack with which they were menaced.

Morales and Pizarro were at first appalled by the overwhelming danger which surrounded them. Concealing their agitation, however, they compelled Chiruca to send a mes-

*Herrera, d. ii. l. i. c. 4. P. Martyr, d. iii. c. 10.

sage to each of the confederate caciques, inviting him to a secret conference, under pretense of giving him important information. The caciques came at the summons: they were thus taken one by one to the number of eighteen, and put in chains. Just at this juncture Penalosa arrived with the thirty men who had remained with him at Tutibra. Their arrival was hailed with joy by their comrades, who had given them up for lost. Encouraged by this unexpected reenforcement, the Spaniards now attacked by surprise the main body of confederate Indians, who, being ignorant of the discovery of their plot, and capture of their caciques, were awaiting the return of the latter in a state of negligent security.

Pizarro led the van, and set upon the enemy at daybreak with the old Spanish war-cry of Santiago! It was a slaughter rather than a battle, for the Indians were unprepared for resistance. Before sunrise, seven hundred lay dead upon the field. Returning from the massacre, the commanders doomed the caciques who were in chains to be torn in pieces by the bloodhounds; nor was even Chiruca spared from this sanguinary sentence. Notwithstanding this bloody revenge, the vindictive spirit of the commanders was still unappeased, and they set off to surprise the village of a cacique named Biru, who dwelt on the eastern side of the Gulf of St. Michael's. He was famed for valor and for cruelty: his dwelling was surrounded by the weapons and other trophies of those whom he had vanquished; and he was said never to give quarter.

The Spaniards assailed his village before daybreak with fire and sword, and made dreadful havoc. Biru escaped from his burning habitation, rallied his people, kept up a galling fight throughout the greater part of that day, and handled the Spaniards so roughly that, when he drew off at night, they did not venture to pursue him, but returned right gladly from his territory. According to some of the Spanish writers, the kingdom of Peru derived its name from this warlike cacique, through a blunder of the early discoverers; the assertion, however, is believed to be erroneous.

The Spaniards had pushed their bloody revenge to an extreme, and were now doomed to suffer from the recoil. In the fury of their passions they had forgotten that they were but a handful of men surrounded by savage nations. Returning wearied and disheartened from the battle with Biru, they were waylaid and assaulted by a host of Indians led on by the son of Chiruca. A javelin from his hand pierced one of the Spaniards through the breast and came out between the shoulders; several others were wounded, and the remainder were harassed by a galling fire kept up from among rocks and bushes.

Dismayed at the implacable vengeance they had aroused, the Spaniards hastened to abandon these hostile shores and make the best of their way back to Darien. The Indians, however, were not to be appeased by the mere departure of the intruders. They followed them perseveringly for seven days, hanging on their skirts, and harassing them by continual alarms. Morales and Pizarro, seeing the obstinacy of their pursuit, endeavored to gain a march upon them by stratagem. Making large fires as usual one night about the place of their encampment, they left them burning to deceive the enemy while they made a rapid retreat. Among their number was one poor fellow named Velasquez, who was so grievously wounded that he could not walk. Unable to accompany his countrymen in their flight, and dreading to fall into the merciless hands of the savages, he determined to hang himself, nor could the prayers and even tears of his comrades dissuade him from his purpose.

The stratagem of the Spaniards, however, was unavailing. Their retreat was perceived, and at daybreak, to their dismay, they found themselves surrounded by three squadrons of savages. Unable, in their haggard state, to make head against so many foes, they remained drawn up all day on the defensive, some watching while others reposed. At night they lighted their fires and again attempted to make a secret retreat. The Indians, however, were as usual on their traces, and wounded several with arrows. Thus pressed

and goaded, the Spaniards became desperate, and fought like madmen, rushing upon the very darts of the enemy.

Morales now resorted to an inhuman and fruitless expedient to retard his pursuers. He caused several Indian prisoners to be slain, hoping that their friends would stop to lament over them; but the sight of their mangled bodies only increased the fury of the savages and the obstinacy of their pursuit.

For nine days were the Spaniards hunted in this manner about the woods and mountains, the swamps and fens, wandering they knew not whither, and returning upon their steps, until, to their dismay, they found themselves in the very place where, several days previously, they had been surrounded by the three squadrons.

Many now began to despair of ever escaping with life from this trackless wilderness, thus teeming with deadly foes. It was with difficulty their commanders could rally their spirits and encourage them to persevere. Entering a thick forest they were again assailed by a band of Indians, but despair and fury gave them strength: they fought like wild beasts rather than like men, and routed the foe with dreadful carnage. They had hoped to gain a breathing time by this victory, but a new distress attended them. They got entangled in one of those deep and dismal marshes which abound on those coasts, and in which the wanderer is often drowned or suffocated. For a whole day they toiled through brake and bramble, and miry fen, with the water reaching to their girdles. At length they extricated themselves from the swamp, and arrived at the seashore. The tide was out, but was about to return, and on this coast it rises rapidly to a great height. Fearing to be overwhelmed by the rising surf, they hastened to climb a rock out of reach of the swelling waters. Here they threw themselves on the earth, panting with fatigue and abandoned to despair. A savage wilderness filled with still more savage foes was on one side, on the other the roaring sea. How were they to extricate themselves from these surrounding perils? While reflecting on

their desperate situation, they heard the voices of Indians. On looking cautiously round, they beheld four canoes entering a neighboring creek. A party was immediately dispatched who came upon the savages by surprise, drove them into the woods, and seized upon the canoes. In these frail barks the Spaniards escaped from their perilous neighborhood, and, traversing the Gulf of St. Michael's, landed in a less hostile part, from whence they set out a second time across the mountains.

It is needless to recount the other hardships they endured, and their further conflicts with the Indians; suffice it to say, after a series of almost incredible sufferings and disasters, they at length arrived in a battered and emaciated condition at Darien. Throughout all their toils and troubles, however, they had managed to preserve a part of the treasure they had gained in the islands; especially the pearls given them by the cacique of Isla Rica. These were objects of universal admiration. One of them was put up at auction, and bought by Pedrarias, and was afterward presented by his wife Dona Isabella de Bobadilla to the Empress, who, in return, gave her four thousand ducats.*

Such was the cupidity of the colonists that the sight of these pearls and the reputed wealth of the islands of the Southern Sea, and the kingdoms on its borders, made far greater impression on the public mind than the tale told by the adventurers of all the horrors they had passed; and every one was eager to seek these wealthy regions beyond the mountains.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

UNFORTUNATE ENTERPRISES OF THE OFFICERS OF PEDRARIAS—MATRIMONIAL COMPACT BETWEEN THE GOVERNOR AND VASCO NUÑEZ

In narrating the preceding expedition of Morales and Pizarro, we have been tempted into what may almost be

* Herrera, Hist Ind., d. ii. l. i. c. 4.

deemed an episode, though it serves to place in a proper light the lurking difficulties and dangers which beset the expeditions of Vasco Nunez to the same regions, and his superior prudence and management in avoiding them. It is not the object of this narrative, however, to record the general events of the colony under the administration of Don Pedrarias Davila. We refrain, therefore, from detailing various expeditions set on foot by him to explore and subjugate the surrounding country; and which, being ignorantly or rashly conducted, too often ended in misfortune and disgrace. One of these was to the province of Zenu, where gold was supposed to be taken in the rivers in nets; and where the Bachelor Enciso once undertook to invade the sepulchers. A captain named Francisco Becerra penetrated into this country at the head of one hundred and eighty men, well armed and equipped, and provided with three pieces of artillery; but neither the commander nor any of his men returned. An Indian boy who accompanied them was the only one who escaped, and told the dismal tale of their having fallen victims to the assaults and stratagems and poisoned arrows of the Indians.

Another band was defeated by Tubanama, the ferocious cacique of the mountains, who bore as banners the bloody shirts of the Spaniards he had slain in former battles. In fine, the colony became so weakened by these repeated losses, and the savages so emboldened by success, that the latter beleaguered it with their forces, harassed it by assaults and ambuscades, and reduced it to great extremity. Such was the alarm in Darien, says the Bishop Las Casas, that the people feared to be burned in their houses. They kept a watchful eye upon the mountains, the plains, and the very branches of the trees. Their imaginations were infected by their fears. If they looked toward the land, the long, waving grass of the savannas appeared to them to be moving hosts of Indians. If they looked toward the sea, they fancied they beheld fleets of canoes in the distance. Pedrarias endeavored to prevent all rumors from abroad that might

increase this fevered state of alarm; at the same time he ordered the smelting-house to be closed, which was never done but in time of war. This was done at the suggestion of the bishop, who caused prayers to be put up, and fasts proclaimed, to avert the impending calamities.

While Pedrarias was harassed and perplexed by these complicated evils, he was haunted by continual apprehensions of the ultimate ascendency of Vasco Nunez. He knew him to be beloved by the people, and befriended by the bishop; and he had received proofs that his services were highly appreciated by the king. He knew also that representations had been sent home by him and his partisans of the evils and abuses of the colony under the present rule, and of the necessity of a more active and efficient governor. He dreaded lest these representations should ultimately succeed; that he should be undermined in the royal favor, and Vasco Nunez be elevated upon his ruins.

The politic bishop perceived the uneasy state of the governor's mind, and endeavored, by means of his apprehensions, to effect that reconciliation which he had sought in vain to produce through more generous motives. He represented to him that his treatment of Vasco Nunez was odious in the eyes of the people, and must eventually draw on him the displeasure of his sovereign. "But why persist," added he, "in driving a man to become your deadliest enemy whom you may grapple to your side as your firmest friend? You have several daughters—give him one in marriage; you will then have for a son-in-law a man of merit and popularity, who is a hidalgo by birth, and a favorite of the king. You are advanced in life and infirm; he is in the prime and vigor of his days, and possessed of great activity. You can make him your lieutenant; and while you repose from your toils, he can carry on the affairs of the colony with spirit and enterprise; and all his achievements will redound to the advancement of your family and the splendor of your administration."

The governor and his lady were won by the eloquence of

the bishop and readily listened to his suggestions; and Vasco Nunez was but too happy to effect a reconciliation on such flattering terms. Written articles were accordingly drawn up and exchanged, contracting a marriage between him and the eldest daughter of Pedrarias. The young lady was then in Spain, but was to be sent for, and the nuptials were to be celebrated on her arrival at Darien.

Having thus fulfilled his office of peace-maker, and settled, as he supposed, all feuds and jealousies on the sure and permanent foundation of family alliance, the worthy bishop departed shortly afterward for Spain.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

VASCO NUNEZ TRANSPORTS SHIPS ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN—(1516)

BEHOLD Vasco Nunez once more in the high career of prosperity! His most implacable enemy had suddenly been converted into his dearest friend; for the governor, now that he looked upon him as his son-in-law, loaded him with favors. Above all, he authorized him to build brigantines and make all the necessary preparations for his long-desired expedition to explore the Southern Ocean. The place appointed for these purposes was the port of Careta, situated to the west of Darien; from whence there was supposed to be the most convenient route across the mountains. A town called Acla had been founded at this port; and the fortress was already erected, of which Lope de Olano was alcalde. Vasco Nunez was now empowered to continue the building of the town. Two hundred men were placed under his command to aid him in carrying his plans into execution, and a sum of money was advanced to him out of the royal treasury. His supply of funds, however, was not sufficient; but he received assistance from a private source. There was a notary at Darien named Hernando de Arguello, a man of some consequence in

the community, and who had been one of the most furious opponents of the unfortunate Nicuesa. He had amassed considerable property, and now embarked a great part of it in the proposed enterprise, on condition, no doubt, of sharing largely in its anticipated profits.

On arriving at Acla, Vasco Nunez set to work to prepare the materials of four brigantines that were to be launched into the South Sea. The timber was felled on the Atlantic seaboard; and was then, with the anchors and rigging, transported across the lofty ridge of mountains to the opposite shores of the isthmus. Several Spaniards, thirty negroes, and a great number of Indians, were employed for the purpose. They had no other roads but Indian paths, straggling through almost impervious forests, across torrents, and up rugged defiles, broken by rocks and precipices. In this way they toiled like ants up the mountains, with their ponderous burdens, under the scorching rays of a tropical sun. Many of the poor Indians sank by the way and perished under this stupendous task. The Spaniards and negroes, being of hardier constitutions, were better able to cope with the incredible hardships to which they were subjected. On the summit of the mountains a house had been provided for their temporary repose. After remaining here a little time to refresh themselves and gain new strength, they renewed their labors, descending the opposite side of the mountains until they reached the navigable part of a river, which they called the Balsas, and which flowed into the Pacific.

Much time and trouble and many lives were expended on this arduous undertaking, before they had transported to the river sufficient timber for two brigantines; while the timber for the other two, and the rigging and munitions for the whole, yet remained to be brought. To add to their difficulties, they had scarcely begun to work upon the timber before they discovered that it was totally useless, being subject to the ravages of the worms from having been cut in the vicinity of salt water. They were obliged, therefore, to begin anew, and fell trees on the border of the river.

Vasco Nunez maintained his patience and perseverance, and displayed admirable management under these delays and difficulties. Their supply of food being scanty, he divided his people, Spaniards, negroes, and Indians, into three bands; one was to cut and saw the wood, another to bring the rigging and iron-work from Acla, which was twenty-two leagues distant; and the third to forage the neighboring country for provisions.

Scarcely was the timber felled and shaped for use when the rains set in, and the river swelled and overflowed its banks so suddenly that the workmen barely escaped with their lives by clambering into the trees; while the wood on which they had been working was either buried in sand or slime, or swept away by the raging torrent. Famine was soon added to their other distresses. The foraging party was absent and did not return with food: and the swelling of the river cut them off from that part of the country from whence they obtained their supplies. They were reduced, therefore, to such scarcity as to be fain to assuage their hunger with such roots as they could gather in the forests.

In this extremity the Indians bethought themselves of one of their rude and simple expedients. Plunging into the river they fastened a number of logs together with withes, and connected them with the opposite bank, so as to make a floating bridge. On this a party of the Spaniards crossed with great difficulty and peril, from the violence of the current, and the flexibility of the bridge, which often sank beneath them until the water rose above their girdles. On being safely landed, they foraged the neighborhood, and procured a supply of provisions sufficient for the present emergency.

When the river subsided the workmen again resumed their labors; a number of recruits arrived from Acla, bringing various supplies, and the business of the enterprise was pressed with redoubled ardor, until, at length, after a series of incredible toils and hardships, Vasco Nunez had the satisfaction to behold two of his brigantines floating on the river

Balsas. As soon as they could be equipped for sea, he embarked in them with as many Spaniards as they could carry; and, issuing forth from the river, launched triumphantly on the great ocean he had discovered.

We can readily imagine the exultation of this intrepid adventurer, and how amply he was repaid for all his sufferings when he first spread a sail upon that untraversed ocean and felt that the range of an unknown world was open to him.

There are points in the history of these Spanish discoveries of the western hemisphere that make us pause with wonder and admiration at the daring spirit of the men who conducted them and the appalling difficulties surmounted by their courage and perseverance. We know few instances, however, more striking than this piecemeal transportation across the mountains of Darien of the first European ships that plowed the waves of the Pacific; and we can readily excuse the boast of the old Castilian writers when they exclaim "That none but Spaniards could ever have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking, and no commander in the New World but Vasco Nunez could have conducted it to a successful issue." *

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

CRUISE OF VASCO NUÑEZ IN THE SOUTHERN SEA—RUMORS FROM ACLA

THE first cruise of Vasco Nunez was to the group of Pearl Islands, on the principal one of which he disembarked the greater part of his crews, and dispatched the brigantines to the mainland to bring off the remainder. It was his intention to construct the other two vessels of his proposed squadron at this island. During the absence of the brigantines he ranged the island with his men to collect provisions and to establish a complete sway over the natives. On the return of his vessels, and while preparations were making for the

* Herrera, d. ii, l. ii. c. 11.

building of the others, he embarked with a hundred men and departed on a reconnoitering cruise to the eastward toward the region pointed out by the Indians as abounding in riches.

Having passed about twenty leagues beyond the Gulf of San Miguel, the mariners were filled with apprehension at beholding a great number of whales, which resembled a reef of rocks stretching far into the sea and lashed by breakers. In an unknown ocean like this every unusual object is apt to inspire alarm. The seamen feared to approach these fancied dangers in the dark; Vasco Nunez anchored, therefore, for the night under a point of land, intending to continue in the same direction on the following day. When the morning dawned, however, the wind had changed and was contrary; whereupon he altered his course and thus abandoned a cruise which, if persevered in, might have terminated in the discovery of Peru! Steering for the mainland, he anchored on that part of the coast governed by the cacique Chuchama, who had massacred Bernardo Morales and his companions when reposing in his village. Here, landing with his men, Vasco Nunez came suddenly upon the dwelling of the cacique. The Indians sallied forth to defend their homes, but were routed with great loss; and ample vengeance was taken upon them for their outrage upon the laws of hospitality. Having thus avenged the death of his countrymen, Vasco Nunez re-embarked and returned to Isla Rica.

He now applied himself diligently to complete the building of his brigantines, dispatching men to Acla to bring the necessary stores and rigging across the mountains. While thus occupied, a rumor reached him that a new governor named Lope de Sosa was coming out from Spain to supersede Pedrarias. Vasco Nunez was troubled at these tidings. A new governor would be likely to adopt new measures, or to have new favorites. He feared, therefore, that some order might come to suspend or embarrass his expedition, or that the command of it might be given to another. In his perplexity he held a consultation with several of his confidential officers.

After some debate, it was agreed among them that a trusty and intelligent person should be sent as a scout to Acla under pretense of procuring munitions for the ships. Should he find Pedrarias in quiet possession of the government, he was to account to him for the delay of the expedition; to request that the time allotted to it might be extended, and to request re-enforcements and supplies. Should he find, however, that a new governor was actually arrived, he was to return immediately with the tidings. In such case it was resolved to put to sea before any contrary orders could arrive, trusting eventually to excuse themselves on the plea of zeal and good intentions.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

RECONNOITERING EXPEDITION OF GARABITO—STRATAGEM OF PEDRARIAS TO ENTRAP VASCO NUÑEZ

The person intrusted with the reconnoitering expedition to Acla was Andres Garabito, in whose fidelity and discretion Vasco Nunez had implicit confidence. His confidence was destined to be fatally deceived. According to the assertions of contemporaries, this Garabito cherished a secret and vindictive enmity against his commander, arising from a simple but a natural cause. Vasco Nunez had continued to have a fondness for the Indian damsel, daughter of the cacique Careta, whom he had received from her father as a pledge of amity. Some dispute arose concerning her on one occasion between him and Garabito, in the course of which he expressed himself in severe and galling language. Garabito was deeply mortified at some of his expressions, and, being of a malignant spirit, determined on a dastardly revenge. He wrote privately to Pedrarias assuring him that Vasco Nunez had no intention of solemnizing his marriage with his daughter, being completely under the influence of an Indian paramour; that he made use of the friendship of Pedrarias merely to further his own selfish views, intending, as soon as

his ships were ready, to throw off all allegiance, and to put to sea as an independent commander.

This mischievous letter Garabito had written immediately after the last departure of Vasco Nunez from Acla. Its effects upon the proud and jealous spirit of the governor may easily be conceived. All his former suspicions were immediately revived. They acquired strength during a long interval that elapsed without tidings being received from the expedition. There were designing and prejudiced persons at hand who perceived and quickened these jealous feelings of the governor. Among these was the Bachelor Corral, who cherished a deep grudge against Vasco Nunez for having once thrown him into prison for his factious conduct; and Alonzo de la Puente, the royal treasurer, whom Vasco Nunez had affronted by demanding the repayment of a loan. Such was the tempest that was gradually gathering in the factious little colony of Darien.

The subsequent conduct of Garabito gives much confirmation to the charge of perfidy that has been advanced against him. When he arrived at Acla he found that Pedrarias remained in possession of the government; for his intended successor had died in the very harbor. The conduct and conversation of Garabito was such as to arouse suspicions; he was arrested, and his papers and letters were sent to Pedrarias. When examined he readily suffered himself to be wrought upon by threats of punishment and promises of pardon, and revealed all that he knew, and declared still more that he suspected and surmised, of the plans and intentions of Vasco Nunez.

The arrest of Garabito, and the seizure of his letters, produced a great agitation at Darien. It was considered a revival of the ancient animosity between the governor and Vasco Nunez, and the friends of the latter trembled for his safety.

Hernando de Arguello especially was in great alarm. He had embarked the most of his fortune in the expedition, and the failure of it would be ruinous to him. He wrote to Vasco

Nunez, informing him of the critical posture of affairs, and urging him to put to sea without delay. He would be protected at all events, he said, by the Jeronimite Fathers at San Domingo, who were at that time all-powerful in the New World, and who regarded his expedition as calculated to promote the glory of God as well as the dominion of the king.* This letter fell into the hands of Pedrarias, and convinced him of the existence of a dangerous plot against his authority. He immediately ordered Arguello to be arrested; and now devised means to get Vasco Nunez within his power. While the latter remained on the shores of the South Sea with his brigantines and his band of hearty and devoted followers, Pedrarias knew that it would be in vain to attempt to take him by force. Dissembling his suspicions and intentions, therefore, he wrote to him in the most amicable terms, requesting him to repair immediately to Acla, as he wished to hold a conference with him about the impending expedition. Fearing, however, that Vasco Nunez might suspect his motives and refuse to comply, he, at the same time, ordered Francisco Pizarro to muster all the armed force he could collect, and to seek and arrest his late patron and commander wherever he might be found.

So great was the terror inspired by the arrest of Arguello, and by the general violence of Pedrarias, that, though Vasco Nunez was a favorite with the great mass of the people, no one ventured to warn him of the danger that attended his return to Acla.

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* In consequence of the eloquent representations made to the Spanish government by the venerable Las Casas of the cruel wrongs and oppressions practiced upon the Indians in the colonies, the Cardinal Ximenes, in 1516, sent out three Jeronimite Friars, chosen for their zeal and abilities, clothed with full powers to inquire into and remedy all abuses, and to take all proper measures for the good government, religious instruction, and effectual protection of the natives. The exercise of their powers at San Domingo made a great sensation in the New World, and, for a time, had a beneficial effect in checking the oppressive and licentious conduct of the colonists.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

VASCO NUÑEZ AND THE ASTROLOGER—HIS RETURN TO ACLA

THE old Spanish writers who have treated of the fortunes of Vasco Nunez record an anecdote which is worthy of being cited, as characteristic of the people and the age. Among the motley crowd of adventurers lured across the ocean by the reputed wealth and wonders of the New World was an Italian astrologer, a native of Venice, named Micer Codro. At the time that Vasco Nunez held supreme sway at Darien, this reader of the stars had cast his horoscope, and pretended to foretell his destiny. Pointing one night to a certain star, he assured him that in the year in which he should behold that star in a part of the heavens which he designated, his life would be in imminent jeopardy; but should he survive this year of peril, he would become the richest and most renowned captain throughout the Indies.

Several years, it is added, had elapsed since this prediction was made; yet that it still dwelt in the mind of Vasco Nunez was evident from the following circumstance. While waiting the return of his messenger, Garabito, he was on the shore of Isla Rica one serene evening, in company with some of his officers, when, regarding the heavens, he beheld the fated star exactly in that part of the firmament which had been pointed out by the Italian astrologer. Turning to his companions with a smile, "Behold," said he, "the wisdom of those who believe in sooth-sayers, and, above all, in such an astrologer as Micer Codro! According to his prophecy, I should now be in imminent peril of my life; yet, here I am, within reach of all my wishes; sound in health, with four brigantines and three hundred men at my command, and on the point of exploring this great southern ocean."

At this fated juncture, says the chroniclers, arrived the hypocritical letter of Pedrarias, inviting him to an interview

at Acla! The discreet reader will decide for himself what credit to give to this anecdote, or, rather, what allowance to make for the little traits of coincidence gratuitously added to the original fact by writers who delight in the marvelous. The tenor of this letter awakened no suspicion in the breast of Vasco Nunez, who reposed entire confidence in the amity of the governor as his intended father-in-law, and appears to have been unconscious of anything in his own conduct that could warrant hostility. Leaving his ships in command of Francisco Compañon, he departed immediately to meet the governor at Acla, unattended by any armed force.

The messengers who had brought the letter maintained at first a cautious silence as to the events which had transpired at Darien. They were gradually won, however, by the frank and genial manners of Vasco Nunez, and grieved to see so gallant a soldier hurrying into the snare. Having crossed the mountains and drawn near to Acla, their kind feelings got the better of their caution, and they revealed the true nature of their errand, and the hostile intentions of Pedrarias. Vasco Nunez was struck with astonishment at the recital; but, being unconscious, it is said, of any evil intention, he could scarcely credit this sudden hostility in a man who had but recently promised him his daughter in marriage. He imagined the whole to be some groundless jealousy which his own appearance would dispel, and accordingly continued on his journey. He had not proceeded far, however, when he was met by a band of armed men, led by Francisco Pizarro. The latter stepped forward to arrest his ancient commander. Vasco Nunez paused for a moment, and regarded him with a look of reproachful astonishment. "How is this, Francisco?" exclaimed he. "Is this the way you have been accustomed to receive me?" Offering no further remonstrance, he suffered himself quietly to be taken prisoner by his former adherent, and conducted in chains to Acla. Here he was thrown into prison, and Bartolome Hurtado, once his favorite officer, was sent to take command of his squadron.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

TRIAL OF VASCO NUÑEZ

Don Pedrarias concealed his exultation at the success of the stratagem by which he had ensnared his generous and confiding rival. He even visited him in prison, and pretended deep concern at being obliged to treat him with this temporary rigor, attributing it entirely to certain accusations lodged against him by the treasurer Alonzo de la Puente, which his official situation compelled him to notice and investigate.

"Be not afflicted, however, my son!" said the hypocrite, "an investigation will, doubtless, not merely establish your innocence, but serve to render your zeal and loyalty toward your sovereign still more conspicuous."

While Pedrarias assumed this soothing tone toward his prisoner, he urged the alcalde mayor Espinosa to proceed against him with the utmost rigor of the law.

The charge brought against him of a treasonable conspiracy to cast off all allegiance to the crown, and to assume an independent sway on the borders of the Southern Sea, was principally supported by the confessions of Andres Garabito. The evidence is also cited of a soldier who stood sentinel one night near the quarters of Vasco Nunez on Isla Rica, and who, being driven to take shelter from the rain under the eaves of the house, overheard a conversation between that commander and certain of his officers, wherein they agreed to put to sea with the squadron on their own account, and to set the governor at defiance. This testimony, according to Las Casas, arose from a misconstruction on the part of the sentinel, who only heard a portion of their conversation, relating to their intention of sailing without waiting for orders, in case a new governor should arrive to supersede Pedrarias.

The governor in the meantime informed himself from day

to day and hour to hour, of the progress of the trial, and, considering the evidence sufficiently strong to warrant his personal hostility, he now paid another visit to his prisoner, and, throwing off all affectation of kindness, upbraided him in the most passionate manner.

"Hitherto," said he, "I have treated you as a son, because I thought you loyal to your king, and to me as his representative; but as I find you have meditated rebellion against the crown of Castile, I cast you off from my affections, and shall henceforth treat you as an enemy."

Vasco Nunez indignantly repelled the charge, and appealed to the confiding frankness of his conduct as a proof of innocence. "Had I been conscious of my guilt," said he, "what could have induced me to come here and put myself into your hands? Had I meditated rebellion, what prevented me from carrying it into effect? I had four ships ready to weigh anchor, three hundred brave men at my command, and an open sea before me. What had I to do but to spread sail and press forward? There was no doubt of finding a land, whether rich or poor, sufficient for me and mine, far beyond the reach of your control. In the innocence of my heart, however, I came here promptly, at your mere request, and my reward is slander, indignity, and chains!"

The noble and ingenuous appeal of Vasco Nunez had no effect on the prejudiced feelings of the governor; on the contrary he was but the more exasperated against his prisoner, and ordered that his irons should be doubled.

The trial was now urged by him with increased eagerness. Lest the present accusation should not be sufficient to effect the ruin of his victim, the old inquest into his conduct as governor, which had remained suspended for many years, was revived, and he was charged anew with the wrongs inflicted on the Bachelor Enciso, and with the death of the unfortunate Nicuesa.

Notwithstanding all these charges, the trial went on slowly, with frequent delays; for the alcalde mayor, Gaspar de Espinosa, seems to have had but little relish for the task

assigned him, and to have needed frequent spurring from the eager and passionate governor. He probably considered the accused as technically guilty, though innocent of all intentional rebellion, but was ordered to decide according to the strict letter of the law. He therefore at length gave a reluctant verdict against Vasco Nunez, but recommended him to mercy, on account of his great services, or entreated that, at least, he might be permitted to appeal. "No!" said the unrelenting Pedrarias. "If he has merited death, let him suffer death!" He accordingly condemned him to be beheaded. The same sentence was passed upon several of his officers who were implicated in his alleged conspiracy; among these was Hernando de Arguello, who had written the letter to Vasco Nunez, informing him of the arrest of his messenger, and advising him to put to sea, without heeding the hostility of Pedrarias. As to the perfidious informer Garabito, he was pardoned and set at liberty.

In considering this case, as far as we are enabled, from the imperfect testimony that remains on reccord, we are inclined to think it one where passion and self-interest interfered with the pure administration of justice. Pedrarias had always considered Vasco Nunez as a dangerous rival, and, though his jealousy had been for some time lulled by looking on him as an intended son-in-law, it was revived by the suggestion that he intended to evade his alliance, and to dispute his authority. His exasperated feelings hurried him too far to retreat, and, having loaded his prisoner with chains and indignities, his death became indispensable to his own security.

For our own part, we have little doubt that it was the fixed intention of Vasco Nunez, after he had once succeeded in the arduous undertaking of transporting his ships across the mountains, to suffer no capricious order from Pedrarias, or any other governor, to defeat the enterprise which he had so long meditated, and for which he had so laboriously prepared. It is probable he may have expressed such general determination in the hearing of Garabito

and of others of his companions. We can find ample excuse for such a resolution in his consciousness of his own deserts; his experience of past hinderances to his expedition, arising from the jealousy of others; his feeling of some degree of authority, from his office of adelantado; and his knowledge of the favorable disposition and kind intentions of his sovereign toward him. We acquit him entirely of the senseless idea of rebelling against the crown; and suggest these considerations in palliation of any meditated disobedience of Pedrarias, should such a charge be supposed to have been substantiated.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

EXECUTION OF VASCO NUÑEZ—(1517)

It was a day of gloom and horror at Acla when Vasco Nunez and his companions were led forth to execution. The populace were moved to tears at the unhappy fate of a man whose gallant deeds had excited their admiration, and whose generous qualities had won their hearts. Most of them regarded him as the victim of a jealous tyrant; and even those who thought him guilty saw something brave and brilliant in the very crime imputed to him. Such, however, was the general dread inspired by the severe measures of Pedrarias that no one dared to lift up his voice, either in murmur or remonstrance.

The public crier walked before Vasco Nunez, proclaiming, "This is the punishment inflicted by command of the king and his lieutenant, Don Pedrarias Davila, on this man, as a traitor and a usurper of the territories of the crown."

When Vasco Nunez heard these words, he exclaimed indignantly, "It is false! Never did such a crime enter my mind. I have ever served my king with truth and loyalty, and sought to augment his dominions."

These words were of no avail in his extremity, but they were fully believed by the populace.

The execution took place in the public square of Acla; and we are assured by the historian, Oviedo, who was in the colony at the time, that the cruel Pedrarias was a secret witness of the bloody spectacle, which he contemplated from between the reeds of the wall of a house about twelve paces from the scaffold!*

Vasco Nunez was the first to suffer death. Having confessed himself and partaken of the sacrament, he ascended the scaffold with a firm step and a calm and manly demeanor; and laying his head upon the block, it was severed in an instant from his body. Three of his officers, Valderrabano, Botello, and Hernan Munos, were in like manner brought one by one to the block, and the day had nearly expired before the last of them was executed.

One victim still remained. It was Hernan de Arguello, who had been condemned as an accomplice, for having written the intercepted letter.

The populace could no longer restrain their feelings. They had not dared to intercede for Vasco Nunez, knowing the implacable enmity of Pedrarias; but they now sought the governor, and throwing themselves at his feet, entreated that this man might be spared, as he had taken no active part in the alleged treason. The daylight, they said, was at an end, and it seemed as if God had hastened the night, to prevent the execution.

The stern heart of Pedrarias was not to be touched. "No," said he, "I would sooner die myself than spare one of them." The unfortunate Arguello was led to the block. The brief tropical twilight was past, and in the gathering gloom of the night the operations on the scaffold could not be distinguished. The multitude stood listening in breathless silence, until the stroke of the executioner told that all was accomplished. They then dispersed to their homes with hearts filled with grief and bitterness, and a night of lamentation succeeded to this day of horrors.

The vengeance of Pedrarias was not satisfied with the

* Oviedo, Hist. Ind., Part II., c. 9, MS.

death of his victim; he confiscated his property and dishonored his remains, causing his head to be placed upon a pole and exposed for several days in the public square.*

Thus perished, in his forty-second year, in the prime and vigor of his days and the full career of his glory, one of the most illustrious and deserving of the Spanish discoverers—a victim to the basest and most perfidious envy.

How vain are our most confident hopes, our brightest triumphs! When Vasco Nunez from the mountains of Darien beheld the Southern Ocean revealed to his gaze, he considered its unknown realms at his disposal. When he had launched his ships upon its waters, and his sails were in a manner flapping in the wind, to bear him in quest of the wealthy empire of Peru, he scoffed at the prediction of the astrologer, and defied the influence of the stars. Behold him interrupted at the very moment of his departure; betrayed into the hands of his most invidious foe; the very enterprise that was to have crowned him with glory wrested into a crime; and himself hurried to a bloody and ignominious grave, at the foot, as it were, of the mountain from whence he had made his discovery. His fate, like that of his renowned predecessor, Columbus, proves that it is sometimes dangerous even to discern too greatly!

THE FORTUNES OF VALDIVIA AND HIS COMPANIONS

It was in the year 1512 that Valdivia, the regidor of Darien, was sent to Hispaniola by Vasco Nunez de Balboa for re-enforcements and supplies for the colony. He set sail in a caravel, and pursued his voyage prosperously until he arrived in sight of the island of Jamaica. Here he was encountered by one of the violent hurricanes which sweep those latitudes, and driven on the shoals and sunken rocks called the Vipers, since infamous for many a shipwreck. His

* Oviedo, ubi sup.

vessel soon went to pieces, and Valdivia and his crew, consisting of twenty men, escaped with difficulty in the boat, without having time to secure a supply either of water or provisions. Having no sails, and their oars being scarcely fit for use, they were driven about for thirteen days at the mercy of the currents of those unknown seas. During this time their sufferings from hunger and thirst were indescribable. Seven of their number perished, and the rest were nearly famished, when they were stranded on the eastern coast of Yucatan, in a province called Maya. Here they were set upon by the natives, who broke their boat in pieces, and carried them off captive to the cacique of the province, by whose orders they were mewed up in a kind of pen.

At first their situation appeared tolerable enough considering the horrors from which they had escaped. They were closely confined, it is true, but they had plenty to eat and drink, and soon began to recover flesh and vigor. In a little while, however, their enjoyment of this good cheer met with a sudden check, for the unfortunate Valdivia, and four of his companions, were singled out by the cacique, on account of their improved condition, to be offered up to his idols. The natives of this coast in fact were cannibals, devouring the flesh of their enemies and of such strangers as fell into their hands. The wretched Valdivia and his fellow victims, therefore, were sacrificed in the bloody temple of the idol, and their limbs afterward served up at a grand feast held by the cacique and his subjects.

The horror of the survivors may be more readily imagined than described. Their hearts died within them when they heard the yells and howlings of the savages over their victims, and the still more horrible revelry of their cannibal orgies. They turned with loathing from the food set so abundantly before them, at the idea that it was but intended to fatten them for a future banquet.

Recovering from the first stupor of alarm, their despair lent them additional force. They succeeded in breaking, in the night, from the kind of cage in which they were confined,

and fled to the depths of the forest. Here they wandered about forlorn, exposed to all the dangers and miseries of the wilderness; famishing with hunger, yet dreading to approach the haunts of men. At length their sufferings drove them forth from the woods into another part of the country, where they were again taken captive. The cacique of this province, however, was an enemy to the one from whom they had escaped, and of less cruel propensities. He spared their lives, and contented himself with making them slaves, exacting from them the severest labor. They had to cut and draw wood, to procure water from a distance, and to carry enormous burdens. The cacique died soon after their capture, and was succeeded by another called Taxmar. He was a chief of some talent and sagacity, but he continued the same rigorous treatment of the captives. By degrees they sank beneath the hardships of their lot, until only two were left; one of them, a sturdy sailór named Gonzalo Guerrero, the other a kind of clerical adventurer, named Jeronimo de Aguilar. The sailor had the good luck to be transferred to the service of the cacique of the neighboring province of Chatemal, by whom he was treated with kindness. Being a thorough son of the ocean, seasoned to all weathers, and ready for any chance or change, he soon accommodated himself to his new situation, followed the cacique to the wars, rose by his hardihood and prowess to be a distinguished warrior, and succeeded in gaining the heart and hand of an Indian princess.

The other survivor, Jeronimo de Aguilar, was of a different complexion. He was a native of Ecija in Andalusia, and had been brought up to the church and regularly ordained, and shortly afterward had sailed in one of the expeditions to San Domingo, from whence he had passed to Darien.

He proceeded in a different mode from that adopted by his comrade the sailor in his dealings with the Indians, and in one more suited to his opposite calling. Instead of playing the hero among the men and the gallant among the women, he recollected his priestly obligations to humility and chastity.

Accordingly, he made himself a model of meekness and obedience to the cacique and his warriors, while he closed his eyes to the charms of the infidel women. Nay, in the latter respect, he re-enforced his clerical vows by a solemn promise to God to resist all temptations of the flesh so he might be delivered out of the hands of these Gentiles.

Such were the opposite measures of the sailor and the saint, and they appear to have been equally successful. Aguilar, by his meek obedience to every order, however arbitrary and capricious, gradually won the good-will of the cacique and his family. Taxmar, however, subjected him to many trials before he admitted him to his entire confidence. One day when the Indians, painted and decorated in warlike style, were shooting at a mark, a warrior, who had for some time fixed his eyes on Aguilar, approached suddenly and seized him by the arm. "Thou seest," said he, "the certainty of these archers; if they aim at the eye, they hit the eye—if at the mouth, they hit the mouth—what wouldst thou think if thou wert to be placed instead of the mark and they were to shoot at and miss thee?"

Aguilar secretly trembled lest he should be the victim of some cruel caprice of the kind. Dissembling his fears, however, he replied with great submission, "I am your slave and you may do with me as you please, but you are too wise to destroy a slave who is so useful and obedient." His answer pleased the cacique, who had secretly sent this warrior to try his humility.

Another trial of the worthy Jeronimo was less stern and fearful indeed, but equally perplexing. The cacique had remarked his unexampled discretion with respect to the sex, but doubted his sincerity. After laying many petty temptations in his way, which Jeronimo resisted with the self-denial of a saint, he at length determined to subject him to a fiery ordeal. He accordingly sent him on a fishing expedition accompanied by a buxom damsel of fourteen years of age; they were to pass the night by the seaside, so as to be ready to fish at the first dawn of day, and were allowed but one ham-

mock to sleep in. It was an embarrassing predicament—not apparently to the Indian beauty but certainly to the scrupulous Jeronimo. He remembered, however, his double vow, and, suspending his hammock to two trees, resigned it to his companion; while, lighting a fire on the seashore, he stretched himself before it on the sand. It was, as he acknowledged, a night of fearful trial, for his sandy couch was cold and cheerless, the hammock warm and tempting; and the infidel damsel had been instructed to assail him with all manner of blandishments and reproaches. His resolution, however, though often shaken, was never overcome; and the morning dawned upon him still faithful to his vow.

The fishing over, he returned to the residence of the cacique, where his companion, being closely questioned, made known the triumph of his self-denial before all the people. From that time forward he was held in great respect; the cacique especially treated him with unlimited confidence, intrusting to him the care not merely of his house, but of his wives, during his occasional absence.

Aguilar now felt ambitious of rising to greater consequence among the savages, but this he knew was only to be done by deeds of arms. He had the example of the sturdy seaman, Gonzalo Guerrero, before his eyes, who had become a great captain in the province in which he resided. He entreated Taxmar, therefore, to intrust him with bow and arrows, buckler and war-club, and to enroll him among his warriors. The cacique complied. Aguilar soon made himself expert at his new weapons, signalized himself repeatedly in battle, and, from his superior knowledge of the arts of war, rendered Taxmar such essential service as to excite the jealousy of some of the neighboring caciques. One of them remonstrated with Taxmar for employing a warrior who was of a different religion, and insisted that Aguilar should be sacrificed to their gods. "No," replied Taxmar, "I will not make so base a return for such signal services; surely the gods of Aguilar must be good, since they aid him so effectually in maintaining a just cause."

The cacique was so incensed at this reply that he assembled his warriors and marched to make war upon Taxmar. Many of the counselors of the latter urged him to give up the stranger who was the cause of this hostility. Taxmar, however, rejected their counsel with disdain and prepared for battle. Aguilar assured him that his faith in the Christian's God would be rewarded with victory; he, in fact, concerted a plan of battle which was adopted. Concealing himself with a chosen band of warriors among thickets and herbage, he suffered the enemy to pass by in making their attack. Taxmar and his host pretended to give way at the first onset. The foe rushed heedlessly in pursuit; whereupon Aguilar and his ambuscade assaulted them in the rear. Taxmar turned upon them in front; they were thrown in confusion, routed with great slaughter, and many of their chiefs taken prisoners. This victory gave Taxmar the sway over the land, and strengthened Aguilar more than ever in his good graces.

Several years had elapsed in this manner, when, in 1517, intelligence was brought to the province of the arrival on the neighboring coast of great vessels of wonderful construction, filled with white and bearded men, who fought with thunder and lightning. It was, in fact, the squadron of Francisco Hernandez de Cordova, then on a voyage of discovery. The tidings of this strange invasion spread consternation through the country, heightened, if we may credit the old Spanish writers, by a prophecy current among the savages of these parts, and uttered in former times by a priest named Chilam Cambal, who foretold that a white and bearded people would come from the region of the rising sun, who would overturn their idols and subjugate the land.

The heart of Jeronimo de Aguilar beat quick with hope when he heard of European ships at hand; he was distant from the coast, however, and perceived that he was too closely watched by the Indians to have any chance of escape. Dissembling his feelings, therefore, he affected to hear of the ships with perfect indifference, and to have no desire to join

the strangers. The ships disappeared from the coast, and he remained disconsolate at heart, but was regarded with increased confidence by the natives.

His hopes were again revived in the course of a year or two by the arrival on the coast of other ships, which were those commanded by Juan de Grijalva, who coasted Yucatan in 1518; Aguilar, however, was again prevented by the jealous watchfulness of the Indians from attempting his escape, and when this squadron left the coast he considered all chance of deliverance at an end.

Seven years had gone by since his capture, and he had given up all hopes of being restored to his country and friends, when, in 1519, there arrived one day at the village three Indians, natives of the small island of Cozumel, which lies a few leagues in the sea, opposite the eastern coast of Yucatan. They brought tidings of another visit of white bearded men to their shores, and one of them delivered a letter to Aguilar, which, being entirely naked, he had concealed in the long tresses of his hair which were bound round his head.

Aguilar received the letter with wonder and delight and read it in presence of the cacique and his warriors. It proved to be from Hernando Cortez, who was at that time on his great expedition which ended in the conquest of Mexico. He had been obliged by stress of weather to anchor at the island of Cozumel, where he learned from the natives that several white men were detained in captivity among the Indians on the neighboring coast of Yucatan. Finding it impossible to approach the mainland with his ships, he prevailed upon three of the islanders, by means of gifts and promises, to venture upon an embassy among their cannibal neighbors, and to convey a letter to the captive white men. Two of the smallest caravels of the squadron were sent under the command of Diego de Ordas, who was ordered to land the three messengers at the point of Cotoche, and to wait there eight days for their return.

The letter brought by these envoys informed the Christian captives of the force and destination of the squadron of

Cortez, and of his having sent the caravels to wait for them at the point of Cotoche, with a ransom for their deliverance, inviting them to hasten and join him at Cozumel.

The transport of Aguilar on first reading the letter was moderated when he reflected on the obstacles that might prevent him from profiting by this chance of deliverance. He had made himself too useful to the cacique to hope that he would readily give him his liberty, and he knew the jealous and irritable nature of the savages too well not to fear that even an application for leave to depart might draw upon him the severest treatment. He endeavored, therefore, to operate upon the cacique through his apprehensions. To this end he informed him that the piece of paper which he held in his hand brought him a full account of the mighty armament that had arrived on the coast. He described the number of the ships and various particulars concerning the squadron, all which were amply corroborated by the testimony of the messengers. The cacique and his warriors were astonished at this strange mode of conveying intelligence from a distance, and regarded the letter as something mysterious and supernatural. Aguilar went on to relate the tremendous and superhuman powers of the people in these ships, who, armed with thunder and lightning, wreaked destruction on all who displeased them, while they dispensed inestimable gifts and benefits on such as proved themselves their friends. He at the same time spread before the cacique various presents brought by the messengers, as specimens of the blessings to be expected from the friendship of the strangers. The intimation was effectual. The cacique was filled with awe at the recital of the terrific powers of the white men, and his eyes were dazzled by the glittering trinkets displayed before him. He entreated Aguilar, therefore, to act as his embassador and mediator, and to secure him the amity of the strangers.

Aguilar saw with transport the prospect of a speedy deliverance. In this moment of exultation, he bethought himself of the only surviving comrade of his past fortunes, Gon-

zalo Guerrero, and, sending the letter of Cortez to him, invited him to accompany him in his escape. The sturdy seaman was at this time a great chieftain in his province, and his Indian bride had borne him a numerous progeny. His heart, however, yearned after his native country, and he might have been tempted to leave his honors and dignities, his infidel wife and half-savage offspring behind him, but an insuperable, though somewhat ludicrous, obstacle presented itself to his wishes. Having long since given over all expectation of a return to civilized life, he had conformed to the customs of the country, and had adopted the external signs and decorations that marked him as a warrior and a man of rank. His face and hands were indelibly painted or tattoed; his ears and lips were slit to admit huge Indian ornaments, and his nose was drawn down almost to his mouth by a massy ring of gold and a dangling jewel.

Thus curiously garbled and disfigured, the honest seaman felt that, however he might be admired in Yucatan, he should be apt to have the rabble at his heels in Spain. He made up his mind, therefore, to remain a great man among the savages rather than run the risk of being shown as a man-monster at home.

Finding that he declined accompanying him, Jeronimo de Aguilar set off for the point of Cotoche, escorted by three Indians. The time he had lost in waiting for Guerrero had nearly proved fatal to his hopes, for when he arrived at the point, the caravels sent by Cortez had departed, though several crosses of reeds set up in different places gave tokens of the recent presence of Christians.

The only hope that remained was that the squadron of Cortez might yet linger at the opposite island of Cozumel. But how was he to get there? While wandering disconsolately along the shore, he found a canoe, half buried in sand and water, and with one side in a state of decay. With the assistance of the Indians he cleaned it and set it afloat, and on looking further he found the stave of a hogshead which might serve for a paddle. It was a frail embarkation in

which to cross an arm of the sea, several leagues wide; but there was no alternative. Prevailing on the Indians to accompany him, he launched forth in the canoe and coasted the mainland until he came to the narrowest part of the strait, where it was but four leagues across; here he stood directly for Cozumel, contending, as well as he was able, with a strong current, and at length succeeded in reaching the island.

He had scarce landed when a party of Spaniards, who had been lying in wait, rushed forth from their concealment, sword in hand. The three Indians would have fled, but Aguilar reassured them, and, calling out to the Spaniards in their own language, assured them that he was a Christian. Then throwing himself upon his knees, and raising his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, he gave thanks to God for having restored him to his countrymen.

The Spaniards gazed at him with astonishment: from his language he was evidently a Castilian, but to all appearance he was an Indian. He was perfectly naked; wore his hair braided round his head in the manner of the country, and his complexion was burned by the sun to a tawny color. He had a bow in his hand, a quiver at his shoulder, and a network pouch at his side in which he carried his provisions.

The Spaniards proved to be a reconnoitering party, sent out by Cortez to watch the approach of the canoe, which had been descried coming from Yucatan. Cortez had given up all hopes of being joined by the captives, the caravel having waited the allotted time at Cotoche, and returned without news of them. He had, in fact, made sail to prosecute his voyage, but fortunately one of his ships had sprung a leak, which had obliged him to return to the island.

When Jeronimo de Aguilar and his companions arrived in presence of Cortez, who was surrounded by his officers, they made a profound reverence, squatted on the ground, laid their bows and arrows beside them, and touching their right hands, wet with spittle, on the ground, rubbed them about the region of the heart, such being their sign of the most devoted submission.

Cortez greeted Aguilar with a hearty welcome, and raising him from the earth, took from his own person a large yellow mantle lined with crimson, and threw it over his shoulders. The latter, however, had for so long a time gone entirely naked that even this scanty covering was at first almost insupportable, and he had become so accustomed to the diet of the natives that he found it difficult to reconcile his stomach to the meat and drink set before him.

When he had sufficiently recovered from the agitation of his arrival among Christians, Cortez drew from him the particulars of his story, and found that he was related to one of his own friends, the licentiate Marcos de Aguilar. He treated him, therefore, with additional kindness and respect, and retained him about his person to aid him as an interpreter in his great Mexican expedition.

The happiness of Jeronimo de Aguilar at once more being restored to his countrymen was doomed to suffer some alloy from the disasters that had happened in his family. Peter Martyr records a touching anecdote of the effect that had been produced upon his mother by the tidings of his misfortune. A vague report had reached her in Spain that her son had fallen into the hands of cannibals. All the horrible tales that circulated in Spain concerning the treatment of these savages to their prisoners rushed to her imagination, and she went distracted. Whenever she beheld roasted meat, or flesh upon the spit, she would fill the house with her outcries. "Oh, wretched mother! oh, most miserable of women!" would she exclaim, "behold the limbs of my murdered son."*

It is to be hoped that the tidings of his deliverance had a favorable effect upon her intellects, and that she lived to rejoice at his after-fortunes. He served Hernando Cortez with great courage and ability throughout his Mexican conquests, acting sometimes as a soldier, sometimes as interpreter and embassador to the Indians, and, in reward of his fidelity and services, was appointed regidor or civil governor of the city of Mexico.

* P. Martyr, decad. iv., c. 6.

MICER CODRO, THE ASTROLOGER

THE fate of the Italian astrologer, Micer Codro, who predicted the end of Vasco Nunez, is related by the historian Oviedo, with some particulars that border upon the marvelous. It appears that after the death of his patron he continued for several years rambling about the New World in the train of the Spanish discoverers; but intent upon studying the secrets of its natural history rather than searching after its treasures.

In the course of his wanderings he was once coasting the shores of the Southern Ocean in a ship commanded by one Geronimo de Valenzuela, from whom he received such cruel treatment as to cause his death, though what the nature of the treatment was we are not precisely informed.

Finding his end approaching, the unfortunate astrologer addressed Valenzuela in the most solemn manner: "Captain," said he, "you have caused my death by your cruelty; I now summon you to appear with me within a year before the judgment seat of God!"

The captain made a light and scoffing answer, and treated his summons with contempt.

They were then off the coast of Veragua, near the verdant islands of Zebaco, which lie at the entrance of the Gulf of Paria. The poor astrologer gazed wistfully with his dying eyes upon the green and shady groves, and entreated the pilot or mate of the caravel to land him on one of the islands, that he might die in peace. "Micer Codro," replied the pilot, "those are not islands, but points of land; there are no islands hereabout."

"There are, indeed," replied the astrologer, "two good and pleasant islands, well watered, and near to the coast, and within them is a great bay with a harbor. Land me, I pray you, upon one of these islands, that I may have comfort in my dying hour."

The pilot, whose rough nature had been touched with pity for the condition of the unfortunate astrologer, listened to his prayer, and conveyed him to the shore, where he found the opinion he had given of the character of the coast to be correct. He laid him on the herbage in the shade, where the poor wanderer soon expired. The pilot then dug a grave at the foot of a tree, where he buried him with all possible decency, and carved a cross on the bark to mark the grave.

Some time afterward, Oviedo, the historian, was on the island with this very pilot, who showed him the cross on the tree, and gave his honest testimony to the good character and worthy conduct of Micer Codro. Oviedo, as he regarded the nameless grave, passed the eulogium of a scholar upon the poor astrologer: "He died," says he, "like Pliny, in the discharge of his duties, traveling about the world to explore the secrets of nature." According to his account, the prediction of Micer Codro held good with respect to Valenzuela, as it had in the case of Vasco Nunez. The captain died within the term in which he had summoned him to appear before the tribunal of God!*

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* Vide Oviedo, Hist. Gen., l. xxxix., c. 2.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON

CONQUEROR OF PORTO RICO AND DISCOVERER OF FLORIDA

CHAPTER ONE

RECONNOITERING EXPEDITION OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON TO THE ISLAND OF BORIQUEN—(1508)

MANY years had elapsed since the discovery and colonization of Hayti, yet its neighboring island of Boriquen, or, as the Spaniards called it, St. Juan (since named Porto Rico), remained unexplored. It was beautiful to the eye as beheld from the sea, having lofty mountains clothed with forest trees of prodigious size and magnificent foliage. There were broad fertile valleys also, always fresh and green; for the frequent showers and abundant streams in these latitudes, and the absence of all wintry frost, produce a perpetual verdure. Various ships had occasionally touched at the island, but their crews had never penetrated into the interior. It was evident, however, from the number of hamlets and scattered houses, and the smoke rising in all directions from among the trees, that it was well peopled. The inhabitants still continued to enjoy their life of indolence and freedom, unmolested by the ills that overwhelmed the neighboring island of Hayti. The time had arrived, however, when they were to share the common lot of their fellow savages, and to sink beneath the yoke of the white man.

At the time when Nicholas de Ovando, Governor of Hispaniola, undertook to lay waste the great province of Higuey, which lay at the eastern end of Hayti, he sent, as commander of part of the troops, a veteran soldier named

Juan Ponce de Leon. He was a native of Leon, in Spain, and in his boyhood had been page to Pedro Nunez de Guzman, Senor of Toral.* From an early age he had been schooled to war, and had served in the various campaigns against the Moors of Granada. He accompanied Columbus in his second voyage in 1493, and was afterward, it is said, one of the partisans of Francisco Roldan, in his rebellion against the admiral. Having distinguished himself in various battles with the Indians, and acquired a name for sagacity as well as valor, he received a command subordinate to Juan de Esquibel, in the campaign against Higuey, and seconded his chief so valiantly in that sanguinary expedition that after the subjugation of the province he was appointed to the command of it as lieutenant of the Governor of Hispaniola.

Juan Ponce de Leon had all the impatience of quiet life and the passion for exploit of a veteran campaigner. He had not been long in the tranquil command of his province of Higuey before he began to cast a wistful eye toward the green mountains of Boriquen. They were directly opposite, and but twelve or fourteen leagues distant, so as to be distinctly seen in the transparent atmosphere of the tropics. The Indians of the two islands frequently visited each other, and in this way Juan Ponce received the usual intelligence that the mountains he had eyed so wistfully abounded with gold. He readily obtained permission from Governor Ovando to make an expedition to this island, and embarked in the year 1508 in a caravel, with a few Spaniards and several Indian interpreters and guides.

After an easy voyage he landed on the woody shores of the island, near to the residence of the principal cacique, Agueybana. He found the chieftain seated in patriarchal style under the shade of his native groves, and surrounded by his family, consisting of his mother, stepfather, brother, and sister, who vied with each other in paying homage to

* Incas, Garcilaso de la Vega, Hist. Florida, t. iv., c. 37.

the strangers. Juan Ponce, in fact, was received into the bosom of the family, and the cacique exchanged names with him, which is the Indian pledge of perpetual amity. Juan Ponce also gave Christian names to the mother and step-father of the cacique, and would fain have baptized them, but they declined the ceremony, though they always took a pride in the names thus given them.

In his zeal to gratify his guests the cacique took them to various parts of the island. They found the interior to correspond with the external appearance. It was wild and mountainous, but magnificently wooded, with deep rich valleys fertilized by limpid streams. Juan Ponce requested the cacique to reveal to him the riches of the island. The simple Indian showed him his most productive fields of Yuca, the groves laden with the most delicious fruit, the sweetest and purest fountains, and the coolest runs of water.

Ponce de Leon heeded but little these real blessings, and demanded whether the island produced no gold. Upon this, the cacique conducted him to two rivers, the Manatuabon and the Zebuco, where the very pebbles seemed richly veined with gold, and large grains shone among the sand through the limpid water. Some of the largest of these were gathered by the Indians and given to the Spaniards. The quantity thus procured confirmed the hopes of Juan Ponce; and leaving several of his companions in the house of the hospitable cacique, he returned to Hayti to report the success of his expedition. He presented the specimens of gold to the Governor Ovando, who assayed them in a crucible. The ore was not so fine as that of Hispaniola, but as it was supposed to exist in greater quantities, the governor determined on the subjugation of the island, and confided the enterprise to Juan Ponce de Leon.

CHAPTER TWO

JUAN PONCE ASPIRES TO THE GOVERNMENT OF PORTO RICO—(1509)

THE natives of Boriquen were more warlike than those of Hispaniola; being accustomed to the use of arms from the necessity of repelling the frequent invasions of the Caribs. It was supposed, therefore, that the conquest of their island would be attended with some difficulty, and Juan Ponce de Leon made another, and, as it were, a preparatory visit, to make himself acquainted with the country, and with the nature and resources of the inhabitants. He found the companions whom he had left there on his former visit in good health and spirits, and full of gratitude toward the cacique Agueybana, who had treated them with undiminished hospitality. There appeared to be no need of violence to win the island from such simple-hearted and confiding people. Juan Ponce flattered himself with the hopes of being appointed to its government by Ovando, and of bringing it peaceably into subjection. After remaining some time on the island, he returned to San Domingo to seek the desired appointment, but, to his surprise, found the whole face of affairs had changed during his absence.

His patron, the Governor Ovando, had been recalled to Spain, and Don Diego Columbus, son of the renowned discoverer, appointed in his place to the command at San Domingo. To add to the perplexities of Juan Ponce, a cavalier had already arrived from Spain, empowered by the king to form a settlement and build a fortress on the island of Porto Rico. His name was Christoval de Sotomayor; he was brother to the Count of Camina, and had been secretary to Philip I., surnamed the Handsome, king of Castile, and father of Charles V.

Don Diego Columbus was highly displeased with the act of the king in granting these powers to Sotomayor, as it had been done without his knowledge and consent, and of course in disregard of his prerogative as viceroy, to be consulted as to all appointments made within his jurisdiction. He refused, therefore, to put Sotomayor in possession of the island. He paid as little respect to the claims of Juan Ponce de Leon, whom he regarded with an ungracious eye as a favorite of his predecessor Ovando. To settle the matter effectually, he exerted what he considered his official and hereditary privilege, and chose officers to suit himself, appointing one Juan Ceron to the government of Porto Rico, and Miguel Diaz to serve as his lieutenant.*

Juan Ponce de Leon and his rival candidate, Christoval de Sotomayor, bore their disappointment with a good grace. Though the command was denied them, they still hoped to improve their fortunes in the island, and accordingly joined the crowd of adventurers that accompanied the newly appointed governor.

New changes soon took place in consequence of the jealousies and misunderstandings between King Ferdinand and the admiral as to points of privilege. The former still seemed disposed to maintain the right of making appointments without consulting Don Diego, and exerted it in the present instance; for, when Ovando, on his return to Spain, made favorable representation of the merits of Juan Ponce de Leon, and set forth his services in exploring Porto Rico, the king appointed him governor of that island, and signified specifically that Don Diego Columbus should not presume to displace him.

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* If the reader has perused the history of Columbus, he may remember the romantic adventure of this Miguel Diaz with a female cacique, which led to the discovery of the gold-mines of Hayna and the founding of the city of San Domingo.

CHAPTER THREE

JUAN PONCE RULES WITH A STRONG HAND—EXASPERATION OF THE INDIANS—THEIR EXPERIMENT TO PROVE WHETHER THE SPANIARDS WERE MORTAL

JUAN PONCE DE LEON assumed the command of the island of Boriquen in the year 1509. Being a fiery, high-handed old soldier, his first step was to quarrel with Juan Ceron and Miguel Diaz, the ex-governor and his lieutenant, and to send them prisoners to Spain.*

He was far more favorable to his late competitor, Christoval de Sotomayor. Finding him to be a cavalier of noble blood and high connections, yet void of pretension, and of most accommodating temper, he offered to make him his lieutenant, and to give him the post of alcalde mayor, an offer which was very thankfully accepted.

The pride of rank, however, which follows a man even into the wilderness, soon interfered with the quiet of Sotomayor; he was ridiculed for descending so much below his birth and dignity as to accept a subaltern situation to a simple gentleman in the island which he had originally aspired to govern. He could not withstand these sneers, but resigned his appointment, and remained in the island as a private individual; establishing himself in a village where he had a large repartimiento or allotment of Indians assigned to him by a grant from the king.

Juan Ponce fixed his seat of government in a town called Caparra, which he founded on the northern side of the island, about a league from the sea, in a neighborhood supposed to abound in gold. It was in front of the port called

* Herrera, decad. i., l. vii., c. 13.

Rico, which subsequently gave its name to the island. The road to the town was up a mountain, through a dense forest, and so rugged and miry that it was the bane of man and beast. It cost more to convey provisions and merchandise up this league of mountain than it had to bring them from Spain.

Juan Ponce, being firmly seated in his government, began to carve and portion out the island, to found towns, and to distribute the natives into repartimientos, for the purpose of exacting their labor.

The poor Indians soon found the difference between the Spaniards as guests and the Spaniards as masters. They were driven to despair by the heavy tasks imposed upon them; for to their free spirits and indolent habits restraint and labor were worse than death. Many of the most hardy and daring proposed a general insurrection, and a massacre of their oppressors; the great mass, however, were deterred by the belief that the Spaniards were supernatural beings and could not be killed.

A shrewd and skeptical cacique named Brayoan determined to put their immortality to the test. Hearing that a young Spaniard named Salzedo was passing through his lands, he sent a party of his subjects to escort him, giving them secret instructions how they were to act. On coming to a river they took Salzedo on their shoulders to carry him across, but, when in the midst of the stream, they let him fall, and, throwing themselves upon him, pressed him under water until he was drowned. Then dragging his body to the shore, and still doubting his being dead, they wept and howled over him, making a thousand apologies for having fallen upon him, and kept him so long beneath the surface.

The cacique Brayoan came to examine the body and pronounced it lifeless; but the Indians, still fearing it might possess lurking immortality and ultimately revive, kept watch over it for three days, until it showed incontestable signs of putrefaction.

Being now convinced that the strangers were mortal men like themselves, they readily entered into a general conspiracy to destroy them.*

CHAPTER FOUR

CONSPIRACY OF THE CACIQUES—THE FATE OF SOTOMAYOR

THE prime mover of the conspiracy among the natives was Agueybana, brother and successor to the hospitable cacique of the same name, who had first welcomed the Spaniards to the island, and who had fortunately closed his eyes in peace before his native groves were made the scenes of violence and oppression. The present cacique had fallen within the repartimiento of Don Christoval de Sotomayor, and, though treated by that cavalier with kindness, could never reconcile his proud spirit to the yoke of vassalage.

Agueybana held secret councils with his confederate caciques, in which they concerted a plan of operations. As the Spaniards were scattered about in different places, it was agreed that, at a certain time, each cacique should dispatch those within his province. In arranging the massacre of those within his own domains, Agueybana assigned to one of his inferior caciques the task of surprising the village of Sotomayor, giving him three thousand warriors for the purpose. He was to assail the village in the dead of the night, to set fire to the houses, and to slaughter all the inhabitants. He proudly, however, reserved to himself the honor of killing Don Christoval with his own hand.

Don Christoval had an unsuspected friend in the very midst of his enemies. Being a cavalier of gallant appearance and amiable and courteous manners, he had the won the affections of an Indian princess, the sister of the cacique Agueybana. She had overheard enough of the war-council

* Herrera, decad. i., l. viii., c. 13.

of her brother and his warriors to learn that Sotomayor was in danger. The life of her lover was more precious in her eyes than the safety of her brother and her tribe; hastening, therefore, to him, she told him all that she knew or feared, and warned him to be upon his guard. Sotomayor appears to have been of the most easy and incautious nature, void of all evil and deceit himself, and slow to suspect anything of the kind in others. He considered the apprehension of the princess as dictated by her fond anxiety, and neglected to profit by her warning.

He received, however, about the same time, information from a different quarter, tending to the same point. A Spaniard, versed in the language and customs of the natives, had observed a number gathering together one evening, painted and decorated as if for battle. Suspecting some lurking mischief, he stripped and painted himself in their manner, and, favored by the obscurity of the night, succeeded in mingling among them undiscovered. They were assembled round a fire performing one of their mystic war-dances, to the chant of an Areyto or legendary ballad. The strophes and responses treated of revenge and slaughter, and repeatedly mentioned the death of Sotomayor.

The Spaniard withdrew unperceived, and hastened to apprise Don Christoval of his danger. The latter still made light of these repeated warnings; revolving them, however, in his mind in the stillness of the night, he began to feel some uneasiness, and determined to repair in the morning to Juan Ponce de Leon, in his stronghold at Caparra. With his fated heedlessness, or temerity, however, he applied to Agueybana for Indians to carry his baggage, and departed slightly armed, and accompanied by but three Spaniards, although he had to pass through close and lonely forests, where he would be at the mercy of any treacherous or lurking foe.

The cacique watched the departure of his intended victim and set out shortly afterward, dogging his steps at a distance through the forest, accompanied by a few chosen warriors. Agueybana and his party had not proceeded far when they

met a Spaniard named Juan Gonzalez, who spoke the Indian language. They immediately assailed him and wounded him in several places. He threw himself at the feet of the cacique, imploring his life in the most abject terms. The chief spared him for the moment, being eager to make sure of Don Christoval. He overtook that incautious cavalier in the very heart of the woodland, and stealing silently upon him, burst forth suddenly with his warriors from the covert of the thickets, giving the fatal war-whoop. Before Sotomayor could put himself upon his guard a blow from the war club of the cacique felled him to the earth, when he was quickly dispatched by repeated blows. The four Spaniards who accompanied him shared his fate, being assailed, not merely by the warriors who had come in pursuit of them, but by their own Indian guides.

When Agueybana had glutted his vengeance on this unfortunate cavalier, he returned in quest of Juan Gonzalez. The latter, however, had recovered sufficiently from his wounds to leave the place where he had been assailed, and, dreading the return of the savages, had climbed into a tree and concealed himself among the branches. From thence, with trembling anxiety, he watched his pursuers as they searched all the surrounding forest for him. Fortunately they did not think of looking up into the trees, but, after beating the bushes for some time, gave up the search. Though he saw them depart, yet he did not venture from his concealment until the night had closed; he then descended from the tree and made the best of his way to the residence of certain Spaniards, where his wounds were dressed. When this was done he waited not to take repose, but repaired by a circuitous route to Caparra, and informed Juan Ponce de Leon of the danger he supposed to be still impending over Sotomayor, for he knew not that the enemy had accomplished his death. Juan Ponce immediately sent out forty men to his relief. They came to the scene of massacre, where they found the body of the unfortunate cavalier, partly buried, but with the feet out of the earth.

In the meantime the savages had accomplished the destruction of the village of Sotomayor. They approached it unperceived, through the surrounding forest, and entering it in the dead of the night, set fire to the straw-thatched houses, and attacked the Spaniards as they endeavored to escape from the flames.

Several were slain at the onset, but a brave Spaniard named Diego de Salazar rallied his countrymen, inspirited them to beat off the enemy, and succeeded in conducting the greater part of them, though sorely mangled and harassed, to the stronghold of the governor at Caparra. Scarcely had these fugitives gained the fortress, when others came hurrying in from all quarters, bringing similar tales of conflagration and massacre. For once a general insurrection, so often planned in savage life, against the domination of the white men, was crowned with success. All the villages founded by the Spaniards had been surprised, about a hundred of their inhabitants destroyed, and the survivors driven to take refuge in a beleaguered fortress.

CHAPTER FIVE

WAR OF JUAN PONCE WITH THE CACIQUE AGUEYBANA

Juan Ponce de Leon might now almost be considered a governor without territories, and a general without soldiers. His villages were smoking ruins, and his whole force did not amount to a hundred men, several of whom were disabled by their wounds. He had an able and implacable foe in Agueybana, who took the lead of all the other caciques, and even sent envoys to the Caribs of the neighboring islands, entreating them to forget all ancient animosities, and to make common cause against these strangers—the deadly enemies of the whole Indian race. In the meantime the whole of this wild island was in rebellion, and the forests around the fortress of Caparra rang with the whoops and yells of the savages, the

blasts of their war conchs, and the stormy roaring of their drums.

Juan Ponce was a stanch and wary old soldier, and not easily daunted. He remained grimly ensconced within his fortress, from whence he dispatched messengers in all haste to Hispaniola, imploring immediate assistance. In the meantime he tasked his wits to divert the enemy and to keep them at bay. He divided his little force into three bodies of about thirty men each, under the command of Diego Salazar, Miguel de Toro, and Luis de Anasco, and sent them out alternately to make sudden surprises and assaults, to form ambuscades, and to practice the other stratagems of partisan warfare, which he had learned in early life, in his campaigns against the Moors of Granada.

One of his most efficient warriors was a dog named Berezillo, renowned for courage, strength, and sagacity. It is said that he could distinguish those of the Indians who were allies from those who were enemies of the Spaniards. To the former he was docile and friendly, to the latter fierce and implacable. He was the terror of the natives, who were unaccustomed to powerful and ferocious animals, and did more service in this wild warfare than could have been rendered by several soldiers. His prowess was so highly appreciated that his master received for him the pay, allowance, and share of booty, assigned to a crossbow man, which was the highest stipend given.*

At length the stout old cavalier Juan Ponce was re-enforced in his stronghold by troops from Hispaniola, whereupon he sallied forth boldly to take revenge upon those who had thus held him in a kind of durance. His foe Agueybana

* This famous dog was killed some years afterward by a poisoned arrow as he was swimming in the sea in pursuit of a Carib Indian. He left, however, a numerous progeny and a great name behind him, and his merits and exploits were long a favorite theme among the Spanish colonists. He was father to the renowned Leoncico, the faithful dog of Vasco Nuñez, which resembled him in looks and equaled him in prowess.

was at that time encamped in his own territories with more than five thousand warriors, but in a negligent, unwatchful state, for he knew nothing of the re-enforcements of the Spaniards, and supposed Juan Ponce shut up with his handful of men in Caparra. The old soldier, therefore, took him completely by surprise, and routed him with great slaughter. Indeed, it is said the Indians were struck with a kind of panic when they saw the Spaniards as numerous as ever, notwithstanding the number they had massacred. Their belief in their immortality revived; they fancied that those whom they had slain had returned to life, and they despaired of victory over beings who could thus arise with renovated vigor from the grave.

Various petty actions and skirmishes afterward took place, in which the Indians were defeated. Agueybana, however, disdained this petty warfare, and stirred up his countrymen to assemble their forces, and by one grand assault to decide the fate of themselves and their island. Juan Ponce received secret tidings of their intent, and of the place where they were assembling. He had at that time barely eighty men at his disposal, but then they were cased in steel and proof against the weapons of the savages. Without stopping to reflect, the high-mettled old cavalier put himself at their head and led them through the forest in quest of the foe.

It was nearly sunset when he came in sight of the Indian camp, and the multitude of warriors assembled there made him pause, and almost repent of his temerity. He was as shrewd, however, as he was hardy and resolute. Ordering some of his men in the advance to skirmish with the enemy, he hastily threw up a slight fortification with the assistance of the rest. When it was finished he withdrew his forces into it and ordered them to keep merely on the defensive. The Indians made repeated attacks, but were as often repulsed with loss. Some of the Spaniards, impatient of this covert warfare, would sally forth in open field with pike and crossbow, but were called back within the fortification by their wary commander.

The cacique Agueybana was enraged at finding his host of warriors thus baffled and kept at bay by a mere handful of Spaniards. He beheld the night closing in, and feared that in the darkness the enemy would escape. Summoning his choicest warriors round him, therefore, he led the way in a general assault, when, as he approached the fortress, he received a mortal wound from an arquebuse and fell dead upon the spot.

The Spaniards were not aware at first of the importance of the chief whom they had slain. They soon surmised it, however, from the confusion that ensued among the enemy, who bore off the body with great lamentations, and made no further attack.

The wary Juan Ponce took advantage of the evident distress of the foe to draw off his small forces in the night, happy to get out of the terrible jeopardy into which a rash confidence had betrayed him. Some of his fiery-spirited officers would have kept the field in spite of the overwhelming force of the enemy. "No, no," said the shrewd veteran; "it is better to protract the war than to risk all upon a single battle."

While Juan Ponce de Leon was fighting hard to maintain his sway over the island, his transient dignity was overturned by another power, against which the prowess of the old soldier was of no avail. King Ferdinand had repented of the step he had ill-advisedly taken in superseding the governor and lieutenant-governor appointed by Don Diego Columbus. He became convinced, though rather tardily, that it was an infringement of the rights of the admiral, and that policy, as well as justice, required him to retract it. When Juan Ceron and Miguel Diaz, therefore, came prisoners to Spain, he received them graciously, conferred many favors on them to atone for their rough ejectment from office, and finally, after some time, sent them back, empowered to resume the command of the island. They were ordered, however, on no account to manifest rancor or ill-will against Juan Ponce de Leon, or to interfere with any property he might hold, either

in houses, lands, or Indians; but on the contrary, to cultivate the most friendly understanding with him. The king also wrote to the hardy veteran explaining to him that this restitution of Ceron and Diaz had been determined upon in council, as a mere act of justice due to them, but was not intended as a censure upon his conduct, and that means should be sought to indemnify him for the loss of his command.

By the time the governor and his lieutenant reached the island, Juan Ponce had completed its subjugation. The death of the island champion, the brave Agueybana, had in fact been a death blow to the natives, and shows how much, in savage warfare, depends upon a single chieftain. They never made head of war afterward; but, dispersing among their forests and mountains, fell gradually under the power of the Spaniards. Their subsequent fate was like that of their neighbors of Hayti. They were employed in the labor of the mines, and in other rude toils so repugnant to their nature that they sank beneath them, and, in a little while, almost all the aboriginals disappeared from the island.

CHAPTER SIX

JUAN PONCE DE LEON HEARS OF A WONDERFUL COUNTRY AND MIRACULOUS FOUNTAIN

JUAN PONCE DE LEON resigned the command of Porto Rico with tolerable grace. The loss of one wild island and wild government was of little moment, when there was a New World to be shared out, where a bold soldier like himself, with sword and buckler, might readily carve out new fortunes for himself. Besides, he had now amassed wealth to assist him in his plans, and, like many of the early discoverers, his brain was teeming with the most romantic enterprises. He had conceived the idea that there was yet a third world to be discovered, and he hoped to be the first to reach

its shores, and thus to secure a renown equal to that of Columbus.

While cogitating these things, and considering which way he should strike forth in the unexplored regions around him, he met with some old Indians who gave him tidings of a country which promised, not merely to satisfy the cravings of his ambition, but to realize the fondest dreams of the poets. They assured him that, far to the north, there existed a land abounding in gold and in all manner of delights; but, above all, possessing a river of such wonderful virtue that whoever bathed in it would be restored to youth! They added that in times past, before the arrival of the Spaniards, a large party of the natives of Cuba had departed northward in search of this happy land and this river of life, and, having never returned, it was concluded that they were flourishing in renovated youth, detained by the pleasures of that enchanting country.

Here was the dream of the alchemist realized! One had but to find this gifted land and revel in the enjoyment of boundless riches and perennial youth! Nay, some of the ancient Indians declared that it was not necessary to go so far in quest of these rejuvenating waters, for that, in a certain island of the Bahama group, called Bimini, which lay far out in the ocean, there was a fountain possessing the same marvelous and inestimable qualities.

Juan Ponce de Leon listened to these tales with fond credulity. He was advancing in life, and the ordinary term of existence seemed insufficient for his mighty plans. Could he but plunge into this marvelous fountain or gifted river, and come out with his battered, war-worn body restored to the strength and freshness and suppleness of youth, and his head still retaining the wisdom and knowledge of age, what enterprises might he not accomplish in the additional course of vigorous years insured to him!

It may seem incredible, at the present day, that a man of years and experience could yield any faith to a story which resembles the wild fiction of an Arabian tale; but the won-

ders and novelties breaking upon the world in that age of discovery almost realized the illusions of fable, and the imaginations of the Spanish voyagers had become so heated that they were capable of any stretch of credulity.

So fully persuaded was the worthy old cavalier of the existence of the region described to him that he fitted out three ships at his own expense to prosecute the discovery, nor had he any difficulty in finding adventurers in abundance ready to cruise with him in quest of this fairyland.*

CHAPTER SEVEN

CRUISE OF JUAN PONCE DE LEON IN SEARCH OF THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH—(1512)

It was on the third of March, 1512, that Juan Ponce sailed with his three ships from the Port of St. Germain in the island of Porto Rico. He kept for some distance along the coast of Hispaniola, and then, stretching away to the northward, made for the Bahama islands, and soon fell in with the first of the group. He was favored with propitious

* It was not the credulous minds of voyagers and adventurers alone that were heated by these Indian traditions and romantic fables. Men of learning and eminence were likewise beguiled by them; witness the following extract from the second decade of Peter Martyr, addressed to Leo X., then Bishop of Rome: "Among the islands on the north side of Hispaniola there is one about 325 leagues distant, as they say which have searched the same, in the which is a continual spring of running water, of such marvelous virtue that the water thereof being drunk, perhaps with some diet, maketh olde men young again. And here I must make protestation to your holiness not to think this to be said lightly or rashly, for they have so spread this rumour for a truth throughout all the court, that not only all the people, but also many of them whom wisdom or fortune hath divided from the common sort, think it to be true; but, if you will ask my opinion herein, I will answer that I will not attribute so great power to nature, but that God hath no lesse preserved this prerogative to Himself than to search the hearts of men," etc.—*P. Martyr*, d. ii., c. 10. *Lok's translation.*

weather and tranquil seas, and glided smoothly with wind and current along that verdant archipelago, visiting one island after another, until, on the fourteenth of the month, he arrived at Guanahani, or San Salvador's, where Christopher Columbus had first put his foot on the shores of the New World. His inquiries for the island of Bimini were all in vain, and as to the fountain of youth, he may have drunk of every fountain, and river, and lake in the archipelago, even to the salt pools of Turk's Island, without being a whit the younger.

Still he was not discouraged; but, having repaired his ships, he again put to sea and shaped his course to the northwest. On Sunday, the 27th of March, he came in sight of what he supposed to be an island, but was prevented from landing by adverse weather. He continued hovering about it for several days, buffeted by the elements, until, in the night of the second of April, he succeeded in coming to anchor under the land in thirty degrees eight minutes of latitude. The whole country was in the fresh bloom of spring; the trees were gay with blossoms, and the fields covered with flowers; from which circumstance, as well as from having discovered it on Palm Sunday (Pascua Florida), he gave it the name of Florida, which it retains to the present day. The Indian name of the country was Cautio.*

Juan Ponce landed, and took possession of the country in the name of the Castilian sovereigns. He afterward continued for several weeks ranging the coasts of this flowery land, and struggling against the Gulf Stream and the various currents which sweep it. He doubled Cape Canaveral, and reconnoitered the southern and eastern shores without suspecting that this was a part of Terra Firma. In all his attempts to explore the country he met with resolute and implacable hostility on the part of the natives, who appeared to be a fierce and warlike race. He was disappointed also in his hopes of finding gold, nor did any of the rivers or

* Herrera, Hist. Ind., d. i., l. ix., c. 10.

fountains which he examined possess the rejuvenating virtue. Convinced, therefore, that this was not the promised land of Indian tradition, he turned his prow homeward on the 14th of June, with the intention in the way of making one more attempt to find the island of Bimini.

In the outset of his return he discovered a group of islets abounding with sea-fowl and marine animals. On one of them his sailors, in the course of a single night, caught one hundred and seventy turtles, and might have taken many more had they been so inclined. They likewise took fourteen sea wolves, and killed a vast quantity of pelicans and other birds. To this group Juan Ponce gave the name of the Tortugas, or Turtles, which they still retain.

Proceeding in his cruise, he touched at another group of islets near the Lucayos, to which he gave the name of La Vieja, or the Old Woman group, because he found no inhabitant there but one old Indian woman.* This ancient sybil he took on board his ship to give him information about the labyrinth of islands into which he was entering, and perhaps he could not have had a more suitable guide in the eccentric quest he was making. Notwithstanding her pilotage, however, he was exceedingly baffled and perplexed in his return voyage among the Bahama islands, for he was forcing his way, as it were, against the course of nature, and encountering the currents which sweep westward along these islands, and the trade-wind which accompanies them. For a long time he struggled with all kinds of difficulties and dangers; and was obliged to remain upward of a month in one of the islands to repair the damages which his ship had suffered in a storm.

Disheartened at length by the perils and trials with which nature seemed to have beset the approach to Bimini, as to some fairy island in romance, he gave up the quest in person, and sent in his place a trusty captain, Juan Perez de Ortubia, who departed in one of the other ships, guided by

* Herrera, d. i., l. ix.

the experienced old woman of the isles, and by another Indian. As to Juan Ponce, he made the best of his way back to Porto Rico, where he arrived infinitely poorer in purse and wrinkled in brow, by this cruise after inexhaustible riches and perpetual youth.

He had not been long in port when his trusty envoy, Juan Perez, likewise arrived. Guided by the sage old woman, he had succeeded in finding the long-sought-for Bimini. He described it as being large, verdant, and covered with beautiful groves. There were crystal springs and limpid streams in abundance, which kept the island in perpetual verdure, but none that could restore to an old man the vernal greenness of his youth.

Thus ended the romantic expedition of Juan Ponce de Leon. Like many other pursuits of a chimera, it terminated in the acquisition of a substantial good. Though he had failed in finding the fairy fountain of youth, he had discovered in place of it the important country of Florida.*

CHAPTER EIGHT

EXPEDITION OF JUAN PONCE AGAINST THE CARIBS—HIS DEATH—(1514)

JUAN PONCE DE LEON now repaired to Spain to make a report of his voyage to King Ferdinand. The hardy old cavalier experienced much raillery from the witlings of the

*The belief of the existence, in Florida, of a river like that sought by Juan Ponce, was long prevalent among the Indians of Cuba, and the caciques were anxious to discover it. That a party of the natives of Cuba once went in search of it, and remained there, appears to be a fact, as their descendants were afterward to be traced among the people of Florida. Las Casas says that, even in his days, many persisted in seeking this mystery, and some thought that the river was no other than that called the Jordan, at the point of St. Helena; without considering that the name was given to it by the Spaniards in the year 1520, when they discovered the land of Chicora.

court on account of his visionary voyage, though many wise men had been as credulous as himself at the outset. The king, however, received him with great favor, and conferred on him the title of adelantado of Bimini and Florida, which last was as yet considered an island. Permission was also granted him to recruit men either in Spain or in the colonies for a settlement in Florida; but he deferred entering on his command for the present, being probably discouraged and impoverished by the losses in his last expedition, or finding a difficulty in enlisting adventurers. At length another enterprise presented itself. The Caribs had by this time become a terror to the Spanish inhabitants of many of the islands, making descents upon the coasts and carrying off captives, who it was supposed were doomed to be devoured by these cannibals. So frequent were their invasions of the island of Porto Rico that it was feared they would ultimately oblige the Spaniards to abandon it.

At length King Ferdinand, in 1514, ordered that three ships, well armed and manned, should be fitted out in Seville, destined to scour the islands of the Caribs, and to free the seas from those cannibal marauders. The command of the armada was given to Juan Ponce de Leon, from his knowledge in Indian warfare, and his varied and rough experience which had mingled in him the soldier with the sailor. He was instructed in the first place to assail the Caribs of those islands most contiguous and dangerous to Porto Rico, and then to make war on those of the coast of Terra Firma, in the neighborhood of Carthagena. He was afterward to take the captaincy of Porto Rico, and to attend to the repartimientos or distributions of the Indians in conjunction with a person to be appointed by Diego Columbus.

The enterprise suited the soldier-like spirit of Juan Ponce de Leon, and the gallant old cavalier set sail full of confidence in January, 1515, and steered direct for the Caribbees, with a determination to give a wholesome castigation to the whole savage archipelago. Arriving at the island of Guadaloupe, he cast anchor, and sent men on shore for wood and

water, and women to wash the clothing of the crews, with a party of soldiers to mount guard.

Juan Ponce had not been as wary as usual, or he had to deal with savages unusually adroit in warfare. While the people were scattered carelessly on shore, the Caribs rushed forth from an ambuscade, killed the greater part of the men, and carried off the women to the mountains.

This blow at the very outset of his vaunted expedition sank deep into the heart of Juan Ponce, and put an end to all his military excitement. Humbled and mortified, he set sail for the island of Porto Rico, where he relinquished all further prosecution of the enterprise, under pretext of ill health, and gave the command of the squadron to a captain named Zuniga; but it is surmised that his malady was not so much of the flesh as of the spirit. He remained in Porto Rico as governor; but, having grown testy and irritable through vexations and disappointments, he gave great offense, and caused much contention on the island by positive and strong-handed measures, in respect to the distribution of the Indians.

He continued for several years in that island, in a state of growling repose, until the brilliant exploits of Hernando Cortez, which threatened to eclipse the achievements of all the veteran discoverers, roused his dormant spirit.

Jealous of being cast in the shade in his old days, he determined to sally forth on one more expedition. He had heard that Florida, which he had discovered, and which he had hitherto considered a mere island, was part of Terra Firma, possessing vast and unknown regions in its bosom. If so, a grand field of enterprise lay before him, wherein he might make discoveries and conquests to rival, if not surpass, the far-famed conquest of Mexico.

Accordingly, in the year 1521 he fitted out two ships at the island of Porto Rico, and embarked almost the whole of his property in the undertaking. His voyage was toilsome and tempestuous, but at length he arrived at the wished-for land. He made a descent upon the coast with a great part

of his men, but the Indains sallied forth with unusual valor to defend their shores. A bloody battle ensued, several of the Spaniards were slain, and Juan Ponce was wounded by an arrow in the thigh. He was borne on board his ship, and finding himself disabled for further action, set sail for Cuba, where he arrived ill in body and dejected in heart.

He was of an age when there is no longer prompt and healthful reaction either mental or corporeal. The irritations of humiliated pride and disappointed hope exasperated the fever of his wound, and he died soon after his arrival at the island. "Thus fate," says one of the quaint old Spanish writers, "delights to reverse the schemes of man. The discovery that Juan Ponce flattered himself was to lead to a means of perpetuating his life had the ultimate effect of hastening his death."

It may be said, however, that he has at least attained the shadow of his desire, since, though disappointed in extending the natural term of his existence, his discovery has insured a lasting duration to his name.

The following epitaph was inscribed upon his tomb, which does justice to the warrior qualities of the stout old cavalier:

"Mole sub hac fortis requiescat ossa Leonis,
Qui vicit factis nomina magna suis."

It has thus been paraphrased in Spanish by the Licentiate Juan de Castellanos.

"Aqueste lugar estrecho
Es sepulchro del varon,
Que en el nombre fue Leon,
Y mucho mas en el hecho."

"In this sepulcher rest the bones of a man who was a lion by name, and still more by nature."

APPENDIX

A VISIT TO PALOS

[The following narrative was actually commenced, by the author of this work, as a letter to a friend, but unexpectedly swelled to its present size. He has been induced to insert it here from the idea that many will feel the same curiosity to know something of the present state of Palos and its inhabitants that led him to make the journey.]

SEVILLE, 1828.

SINCE I last wrote to you I have made what I may term an American Pilgrimage, to visit the little port of Palos in Andalusia, where Columbus fitted out his ships, and whence he sailed for the discovery of the New World. Need I tell you how deeply interesting and gratifying it has been to me? I had long meditated this excursion as a kind of pious, and if I may so say, filial duty of an American, and my intention was quickened when I learned that many of the edifices mentioned in the history of Columbus still remained in nearly the same state in which they existed at the time of his sojourn at Palos, and that the descendants of the intrepid Pinzons, who aided him with ships and money, and sailed with him in the great voyage of discovery, still flourished in the neighborhood.

The very evening before my departure from Seville on the excursion, I heard that there was a young gentleman of the Pinzon family studying law in the city. I got introduced to him, and found him of most prepossessing appearance and manners. He gave me a letter of introduction to his father, Don Juan Fernandez Pinzon, resident of Moguer, and the present head of the family.

As it was in the middle of August, and the weather intensely hot, I hired a calesa for the journey. This is a two-wheeled carriage, resembling a cabriolet, but of the most primitive and rude construction; the harness is profusely ornamented with brass, and the horse's head decorated with

tufts and tassels and dangling bobs of scarlet and yellow worsted. I had, for calasero, a tall, long-legged Andalusian, in short jacket, little round-crowned hat, breeches decorated with buttons from the hip to the knees, and a pair of russet leather bottinas or spatter-dashes. He was an active fellow, though uncommonly taciturn for an Andalusian, and strode along beside his horse, rousing him occasionally to greater speed by a loud malediction or a hearty thwack of his cudgel.

In this style I set off late in the day to avoid the noontide heat, and after ascending the lofty range of hills that borders the great valley of the Guadalquivir, and having a rough ride among their heights, I descended about twilight into one of those vast, silent, melancholy plains, frequent in Spain, where I beheld no other signs of life than a roaming flock of bustards, and a distant herd of cattle, guarded by a solitary herdsman, who, with a long pike planted in the earth, stood motionless in the midst of the dreary landscape, resembling an Arab of the desert. The night had somewhat advanced when we stopped to repose for a few hours at a solitary venta or inn, if it might so be called, being nothing more than a vast low-roofed stable, divided into several compartments for the reception of the troops of mules and arrieros (or carriers) who carry on the internal trade of Spain. Accommodation for the traveler there was none—not even for a traveler so easily accommodated as myself. The landlord had no food to give me, and as to a bed, he had none but a horse cloth, on which his only child, a boy of eight years old, lay naked on the earthen floor. Indeed the heat of the weather and the fumes from the stables made the interior of the hovel insupportable, so I was fain to bivouac on my cloak on the pavement at the door of the venta, where, on waking after two or three hours of sound sleep, I found a contrabandista (or smuggler) snoring beside me, with his blunderbuss on his arm.

I resumed my journey before break of day, and had made several leagues by ten o'clock, when we stopped to breakfast and to pass the sultry hours of midday in a large village, from whence we departed about four o'clock, and, after passing through the same kind of solitary country, arrived just after sunset at Moguer. This little city (for at present it is a city) is situated about a league from Palos, of which place it has gradually absorbed all the respectable inhabitants, and, among the number, the whole family of the Pinzons.

So remote is this little place from the stir and bustle of travel, and so destitute of the show and vainglory of this world, that my calesa, as it rattled and jingled along the narrow and ill-paved streets, caused a great sensation; the children shouted and scampered along by its side, admiring its splendid trappings of brass and worsted, and gazing with reverence at the important stranger who came in so gorgeous an equipage.

I drove up to the principal posada, the landlord of which was at the door. He was one of the very civilest men in the world, and disposed to do everything in his power to make me comfortable; there was only one difficulty, he had neither bed nor bedroom in his house. In fact, it was a mere venta for muleteers, who are accustomed to sleep on the ground with their mule-cloths for beds and pack-saddles for pillows. It was a hard case, but there was no better posada in the place. Few people travel for pleasure or curiosity in these out-of-the-way parts of Spain, and those of any note are generally received into private houses. I had traveled sufficiently in Spain to find out that a bed, after all, is not an article of indispensable necessity, and was about to bespeak some quiet corner where I might spread my cloak, when, fortunately, the landlord's wife came forth. She could not have a more obliging disposition than her husband, but then —God bless the women!—they always know how to carry their good wishes into effect. In a little while a small room about ten feet square, that had formed a thoroughfare between the stables and a kind of shop or barroom, was cleared of a variety of lumber, and I was assured that a bed should be put up there for me. From the consultations I saw my hostess holding with some of her neighbor gossips, I fancied the bed was to be a kind of piecemeal contribution among them for the credit of the house.

As soon as I could change my dress, I commenced the historical researches which were the object of my journey, and inquired for the abode of Don Juan Fernandez Pinzon. My obliging landlord himself volunteered to conduct me thither, and I set off full of animation at the thoughts of meeting with the lineal representative of one of the coadjutors of Columbus.

A short walk brought us to the house, which was most respectable in its appearance, indicating easy if not affluent circumstances. The door, as is customary in Spanish villages during summer, stood wide open. We entered with

the usual salutation, or rather summons, "Ave Maria!" A trim Andalusian handmaid answered to the call, and, on our inquiring for the master of the house, led the way across a little patio or court in the center of the edifice, cooled by a fountain surrounded by shrubs and flowers, to a back court or terrace, likewise set out with flowers, where Don Juan Fernandez was seated with his family enjoying the serene evening in the open air.

I was much pleased with his appearance. He was a venerable old gentleman, tall and somewhat thin, with fair complexion and gray hair. He received me with great urbanity, and, on reading the letter from his son, appeared struck with surprise to find I had come quite to Moguer merely to visit the scene of the embarkation of Columbus; and still more so on my telling him that one of my leading objects of curiosity was his own family connection; for it would seem that the worthy cavalier had troubled his head but little about the enterprises of his ancestors.

I now took my seat in the domestic circle and soon felt myself quite at home, for there is generally a frankness in the hospitality of Spaniards that soon puts a stranger at his ease beneath their roof. The wife of Don Juan Fernandez was extremely amiable and affable, possessing much of that natural aptness for which the Spanish women are remarkable. In the course of conversation with them, I learned that Don Juan Fernandez, who is seventy-two years of age, is the eldest of five brothers, all of whom are married, have numerous offspring, and live in Moguer and its vicinity in nearly the same condition and rank of life as at the time of the discovery. This agreed with what I had previously heard respecting the families of the discoverers. Of Columbus no lineal and direct descendant exists; his was an exotic stock that never took deep and lasting root in the country; but the race of the Pinzons continues to thrive and multiply in its native soil.

While I was yet conversing, a gentleman entered who was introduced to me as Don Luis Fernandez Pinzon, the youngest of the brothers. He appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, somewhat robust, with fair complexion and gray hair, and a frank and manly deportment. He is the only one of the present generation that has followed the ancient profession of the family; having served with great applause as an officer of the royal navy, from which he retired on his marriage about twenty-two years since. He

is the one also who takes the greatest interest and pride in the historical honors of his house, carefully preserving all the legends and documents of the achievements and distinctions of his family, a manuscript volume of which he lent me for my inspection.

Don Juan now expressed a wish that during my residence in Moguer I would make his house my home. I endeavored to excuse myself, alleging that the good people at the posada had been at such extraordinary trouble in preparing quarters for me that I did not like to disappoint them. The worthy old gentleman undertook to arrange all this, and, while supper was preparing, we walked together to the posada. I found that my obliging host and hostess had indeed exerted themselves to an uncommon degree. An old rickety table had been spread out in a corner of the little room as a bedstead, on top of which was propped up a grand *cama de luxo*, or state bed, which appeared to be the admiration of the house. I could not for the soul of me appear to undervalue what the poor people had prepared with such hearty goodwill and considered such a triumph of art and luxury; so I again entreated Don Juan to dispense with my sleeping at his house, promising most faithfully to make my meals there while I should stay at Moguer, and, as the old gentleman understood my motives for declining his invitation and felt a good-humored sympathy in them, we readily arranged the matter. I returned, therefore, with Don Juan to his house and supped with his family. During the repast a plan was agreed upon for my visit to Palos and to the convent La Rabida, in which Don Juan volunteered to accompany me and be my guide, and the following day was allotted to the expedition. We were to breakfast at a hacienda or country-seat which he possessed in the vicinity of Palos in the midst of his vineyards, and were to dine there on our return from the convent. These arrangements being made, we parted for the night; I returned to the posada highly gratified with my visit, and slept soundly in the extraordinary bed, which, I may almost say, had been invented for my accommodation.

On the following morning, bright and early, Don Juan Fernandez and myself set off in the calesa for Palos. I felt apprehensive at first that the kind-hearted old gentleman, in his anxiety to oblige, had left his bed at too early an hour, and was exposing himself to fatigues unsuited to his age. He laughed at the idea, and assured me that he was an early riser, and accustomed to all kinds of exercise on horse and

foot, being a keen sportsman, and frequently passing days together among the mountains on shooting expeditions, taking with him servants, horses, and provisions, and living in a tent. He appeared, in fact, to be of an active habit, and to possess a youthful vivacity of spirit. His cheerful disposition rendered our morning drive extremely agreeable; his urbanity was shown to every one whom we met on the road; even the common peasant was saluted by him with the appellation of *caballero*, a mark of respect ever gratifying to the poor but proud Spaniard, when yielded by a superior.

As the tide was out we drove along the flat grounds bordering the Tinto. The river was on our right, while on our left was a range of hills, jutting out into promontories, one beyond the other, and covered with vineyards and fig trees. The weather was serene, the air soft and balmy, and the landscape of that gentle kind calculated to put one in a quiet and happy humor. We passed close by the skirts of Palos, and drove to the hacienda, which is situated at some little distance from the village, between it and the river. The house is a low stone building, well whitewashed, and of great length; one end being fitted up as a summer residence, with saloons, bedrooms, and a domestic chapel; and the other as a bodega or magazine for the reception of the wine produced on the estate.

The house stands on a hill, amid vineyards which are supposed to cover a part of the site of the ancient town of Palos, now shrunk to a miserable village. Beyond these vineyards, on the crest of a distant hill, are seen the white walls of the convent of La Rabida rising above a dark wood of pine trees.

Below the hacienda flows the river Tinto, on which Columbus embarked. It is divided by a low tongue of land, or rather the sand bar of Saltes, from the river Odiel, with which it soon mingles its waters and flows on to the ocean. Beside this sand bar, where the channel of the river runs deep, the squadron of Columbus was anchored, and from hence he made sail on the morning of his departure.

The soft breeze that was blowing scarcely ruffled the surface of this beautiful river; two or three picturesque barks, called mysticks, with long lateen sails, were gliding down it. A little aid of the imagination might suffice to picture them as the light caravels of Columbus, sallying forth on their eventful expedition, while the distant bells of the town of

Huelva, which were ringing melodiously, might be supposed as cheering the voyagers with a farewell peal.

I cannot express to you what were my feelings on treading the shore which had once been animated by the bustle of departure, and whose sands had been printed by the last footstep of Columbus. The solemn and sublime nature of the event that had followed, together with the fate and fortunes of those concerned in it, filled the mind with vague yet melancholy ideas. It was like viewing the silent and empty stage of some great drama when all the actors had departed. The very aspect of the landscape, so tranquilly beautiful, had an effect upon me, and as I paced the deserted shore by the side of a descendant of one of the discoverers I felt my heart swelling with emotions and my eyes filling with tears.

What surprised me was to find no semblance of a seaport; there was neither wharf nor landing-place—nothing but a naked river bank, with the hulk of a ferryboat, which I was told carried passengers to Huelva, lying high and dry on the sands, deserted by the tide. Palos, though it has doubtless dwindled away from its former size, can never have been important as to extent and population. If it possessed warehouses on the beach, they have disappeared. It is at present a mere village of the poorest kind, and lies nearly a quarter of a mile from the river, in a hollow among hills. It contains a few hundred inhabitants, who subsist principally by laboring in the fields and vineyards. Its race of merchants and mariners is extinct. There are no vessels belonging to the place, nor any show of traffic, excepting at the season of fruit and wine, when a few mysticks and other light barks anchor in the river to collect the produce of the neighborhood. The people are totally ignorant, and it is probable that the greater part of them scarce know even the name of America. Such is the place from whence sallied forth the enterprise for the discovery of the western world!

We were now summoned to breakfast in a little saloon of the hacienda. The table was covered with natural luxuries produced upon the spot—fine purple and muscatel grapes from the adjacent vineyard, delicious melons from the garden, and generous wines made on the estate. The repast was heightened by the genial manners of my hospitable host, who appeared to possess the most enviable cheerfulness of spirit and simplicity of heart.

After breakfast we set off in the calesa to visit the Convent of La Rabida, which is about half a league distant.

The road, for a part of the way, lay through the vineyards, and was deep and sandy. The calasero had been at his wits' end to conceive what motive a stranger like myself, apparently traveling for mere amusement, could have in coming so far to see so miserable a place as Palos, which he set down as one of the very poorest places in the whole world; but this additional toil and struggle through deep sand to visit the old Convent of La Rabida completed his confusion. "Hombre!" exclaimed he, "es una ruina! no hay mas que dos frailes!"—"Zounds! why, it's a ruin! there are only two friars there!" Don Juan laughed, and told him that I had come all the way from Seville precisely to see that old ruin and those two friars. The calasero made the Spaniard's last reply when he is perplexed—he shrugged his shoulders and crossed himself.

After ascending a hill and passing through the skirts of a straggling pine wood, we arrived in front of the convent. It stands in a bleak and solitary situation, on the brow of a rocky height or promontory, overlooking to the west a wide range of sea and land, bounded by the frontier mountains of Portugal, about eight leagues distant. The convent is shut out from a view of the vineyard of Palos by the gloomy forest of pines which I have mentioned, which cover the promontory to the east and darken the whole landscape in that direction.

There is nothing remarkable in the architecture of the convent; part of it is Gothic, but the edifice, having been frequently repaired, and being whitewashed, according to a universal custom in Andalusia, inherited from the Moors, it has not that venerable aspect which might be expected from its antiquity.

We alighted at the gate where Columbus, when a poor pedestrian, a stranger in the land, asked bread and water for his child! As long as the convent stands, this must be a spot calculated to awaken the most thrilling interest. The gate remains apparently in nearly the same state as at the time of his visit, but there is no longer a porter at hand to administer to the wants of the wayfarer. The door stood wide open, and admitted us into a small courtyard. From thence we passed through a Gothic portal into the chapel, without seeing a human being. We then traversed two interior cloisters, equally vacant and silent, and bearing a look of neglect and dilapidation. From an open window we had a peep at what had once been a garden, but that had also

gone to ruin; the walls were broken and thrown down; a few shrubs, and a scattered fig-tree or two, were all the traces of cultivation that remained. We passed through the long dormitories, but the cells were shut up and abandoned; we saw no living thing except a solitary cat stealing across a distant corridor, which fled in a panic at the unusual sight of strangers. At length, after patroling nearly the whole of the empty building to the echo of our own footsteps, we came to where the door of a cell, being partly open, gave us the sight of a monk within, seated at a table writing. He rose and received us with much civility, and conducted us to the superior, who was reading in an adjacent cell. They were both rather young men, and, together with a novitiate and a lay-brother, who officiated as cook, formed the whole community of the convent.

Don Juan Fernandez communicated to them the object of my visit, and my desire also to inspect the archives of the convent to find if there was any record of the sojourn of Columbus. They informed us that the archives had been entirely destroyed by the French. The younger monk, however, who had perused them, had a vague recollection of various particulars concerning the transactions of Columbus at Palos, his visit to the convent, and the sailing of his expedition. From all that he cited, however, it appeared to me that all the information on the subject contained in the archives had been extracted from Herrera and other well-known authors.

The monk was talkative and eloquent, and soon diverged from the subject of Columbus to one which he considered of infinitely greater importance—the miraculous image of the Virgin possessed by their convent, and known by the name of "Our Lady of La Rabida." He gave us a history of the wonderful way in which the image had been found buried in the earth, where it had lain hidden for ages, since the time of the conquest of Spain by the Moors; the disputes between the convent and different places in the neighborhood for the possession of it; the marvelous protection it extended to the adjacent country, especially in preventing all madness, either in man or dog; for this malady was anciently so prevalent in this place as to gain it the appellation of La Rabia, by which it was originally called; a name which, thanks to the beneficent influence of the Virgin, it no longer merited or retained. Such are the legends and relics with which every convent in Spain is enriched, which

are zealously cried up by the monks, and devoutly credited by the populace.

Twice a year on the festival of our Lady of La Rabida, and on that of the patron saint of the order, the solitude and silence of the convent are interrupted by the intrusion of a swarming multitude, composed of the inhabitants of Moguer, of Huelva, and the neighboring plains and mountains. The open esplanade in front of the edifice resembles a fair, the adjacent forest teems with the motley throng, and the image of our Lady of La Ribada is borne forth in triumphant procession.

While the friar was thus dilating upon the merits and renown of the image, I amused myself with those day dreams or conjurings of the imagination to which I am a little given. As the internal arrangements of convents are apt to be the same from age to age, I pictured to myself this chamber as the same inhabited by the guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, at the time of the visit of Columbus. Why might not the old and ponderous table before me be the very one on which he displayed his conjectural maps, and expounded his theory of a western route to India? It required but another stretch of the imagination to assemble the little conclave around the table; Juan Perez the friar, Garci Fernandez the physician, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the bold navigator, all listening with rapt attention to Columbus, or to the tale of some old seaman of Palos, about islands seen in the western parts of the ocean.

The friars, as far as their poor means and scanty knowledge extended, were disposed to do everything to promote the object of my visit. They showed us all parts of the convent, which, however, has little to boast of, excepting the historical associations connected with it. The library was reduced to a few volumes, chiefly on ecclesiastical subjects, piled promiscuously in the corner of a vaulted chamber, and covered with dust. The chamber itself was curious, being the most ancient part of the edifice, and supposed to have formed part of a temple in the time of the Romans.

We ascended to the roof of the convent to enjoy the extensive prospect it commands. Immediately below the promontory on which it is situated runs a narrow but tolerably deep river, called the Domingo Rubio, which empties itself into the Tinto. It is the opinion of Don Luis Fernandez Pinzon that the ships of Columbus were careened and fitted out in this river, as it affords better shelter than the Tinto, and

its shores are not so shallow. A lonely bark of a fisherman was lying in this stream, and not far off, on a sandy point, were the ruins of an ancient watch-tower. From the roof of the convent all the windings of the Odiel and the Tinto were to be seen, and their junction into the main stream, by which Columbus sallied forth to sea. In fact, the convent serves as a landmark, being, from its lofty and solitary situation, visible for a considerable distance to vessels coming on the coast. On the opposite side I looked down upon the lonely road, through the wood of pine trees, by which the zealous guardian of the convent, Fray Juan Perez, departed at midnight on his mule, when he sought the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella in the Vega of Granada, to plead the project of Columbus before the queen.

Having finished our inspection of the convent, we prepared to depart, and were accompanied to the outward portal by the two friars. Our calasero brought his rattling and rickety vehicle for us to mount; at sight of which one of the monks exclaimed, with a smile, "Santa Maria! only to think! A calesa before the gate of the convent of La Rabida!" And, indeed, so solitary and remote is this ancient edifice, and so simple is the mode of living of the people in this by-corner of Spain, that the appearance of even a sorry calesa might well cause astonishment. It is only singular that in such a by-corner the scheme of Columbus should have found intelligent listeners and coadjutors, after it had been discarded, almost with scoffing and contempt, from learned universities and splendid courts.

On our way back to the hacienda we met Don Rafael, a younger son of Don Juan Fernandez, a fine young man about twenty-one years of age, and who, his father informed me, was at present studying French and mathematics. He was well mounted on a spirited gray horse, and dressed in the Andalusian style, with the little round hat and jacket. He sat his horse gracefully and managed him well. I was pleased with the frank and easy terms on which Don Juan appeared to live with his children. This I was inclined to think his favorite son, as I understood he was the only one that partook of the old gentleman's fondness for the chase, and that accompanied him in his hunting excursions.

A dinner had been prepared for us at the hacienda by the wife of the capitaz, or overseer, who, with her husband, seemed to be well pleased with this visit from Don Juan, and to be confident of receiving a pleasant answer from the

good-humored old gentleman whenever they addressed him. The dinner was served up about two o'clock, and was a most agreeable meal. The fruits and wines were from the estate, and were excellent; the rest of the provisions were from Moguer, for the adjacent village of Palos is too poor to furnish anything. A gentle breeze from the sea played through the hall, and tempered the summer heat. Indeed I do not know when I have seen a more enviable spot than this country retreat of the Pinzons. Its situation on a breezy hill, at no great distance from the sea, and in a southern climate, produces a happy temperature, neither hot in summer nor cold in winter. It commands a beautiful prospect, and is surrounded by natural luxuries. The country abounds with game, the adjacent river affords abundant sport in fishing, both by day and night, and delightful excursions for those fond of sailing. During the busy seasons of rural life, and especially at the joyous period of vintage, the family pass some time here, accompanied by numerous guests, at which times, Don Juan assured me, there was no lack of amusements, both by land and water.

When we had dined, and taken the siesta or afternoon nap, according to the Spanish custom in summer-time, we set out on our return to Moguer, visiting the village of Palos in the way. Don Gabriel had been sent in advance to procure the keys of the village church, and to apprise the curate of our wish to inspect the archives. The village consists principally of two streets of low whitewashed houses. Many of the inhabitants have very dark complexions, betraying a mixture of African blood.

On entering the village, we repaired to the lowly mansion of the curate. I had hoped to find him some such personage as the curate in "Don Quixote," possessed of shrewdness and information in his limited sphere, and that I might gain some anecdotes from him concerning his parish, its worthies, its antiquities, and its historical events. Perhaps I might have done so at any other time, but, unfortunately, the curate was something of a sportsman, and had heard of some game among the neighboring hills. We met him just sallying forth from his house, and, I must confess, his appearance was picturesque. He was a short, broad, sturdy little man, and had doffed his cassock and broad clerical beaver for a short jacket and a little round Andalusian hat; he had his gun in hand, and was on the point of mounting a donkey which had been led forth by an ancient withered

handmaid. Fearful of being detained from his foray, he accosted my companion the moment he came in sight. "God preserve you, Senor Don Juan! I have received your message, and have but one answer to make. The archives have all been destroyed. We have no trace of anything you seek for—nothing—nothing. Don Rafael has the keys of the church. You can examine it at your leisure.—Adios, caballero!" With these words the galliard little curate mounted his donkey, thumped his ribs with the butt end of his gun, and trotted off to the hills.

In our way to the church we passed by the ruins of what had once been a fair and spacious dwelling, greatly superior to the other houses of the village. This, Don Juan informed me, was an old family possession, but since they had removed from Palos it had fallen to decay for want of a tenant. It was probably the family residence of Martin Alonzo or Vicente Yanez Pinzon in the time of Columbus.

We now arrived at the church of St. George, in the porch of which Columbus first proclaimed to the inhabitants of Palos the order of the sovereigns, that they should furnish him with ships for his great voyage of discovery. This edifice has lately been thoroughly repaired, and, being of solid mason-work, promises to stand for ages, a monument of the discoverers. It stands outside of the village, on the brow of a hill, looking along a little valley toward the river. The remains of a Moorish arch prove it to have been a mosque in former times; just above it, on the crest of the hill, is the ruin of a Moorish castle.

I paused in the porch and endeavored to recall the interesting scene that had taken place there, when Columbus, accompanied by the zealous friar, Juan Perez, caused the public notary to read the royal order in presence of the astonished alcaldes, regidors, and alguazils; but it is difficult to conceive the consternation that must have been struck into so remote a little community by this sudden apparition of an entire stranger among them, bearing a command that they should put their persons and ships at his disposal, and sail with him away into the unknown wilderness of the ocean.

The interior of the church has nothing remarkable, excepting a wooden image of St. George vanquishing the Dragon, which is erected over the high altar, and is the admiration of the good people of Palos, who bear it about the streets in grand procession on the anniversary of the saint. This group existed in the time of Columbus, and now

flourishes in renovated youth and splendor, having been newly painted and gilded, and the countenance of the saint rendered peculiarly blooming and lustrous.

Having finished the examination of the church, we resumed our seats in the calesa and returned to Moguer. One thing only remained to fulfill the object of my pilgrimage. This was to visit the chapel of the Convent of Santa Clara. When Columbus was in danger of being lost in a tempest on his way home from his great voyage of discovery, he made a vow that, should he be spared, he would watch and pray one whole night in this chapel; a vow which he doubtless fulfilled immediately after his arrival.

My kind and attentive friend, Don Juan, conducted me to the convent. It is the wealthiest in Moguer, and belongs to a sisterhood of Franciscan nuns. The chapel is large, and ornamented with some degree of richness, particularly the part about the high altar, which is embellished by magnificent monuments of the brave family of the Puerto Carreros, the ancient lords of Moguer, and renowned in Moorish warfare. The alabaster effigies of distinguished warriors of that house, and of their wives and sisters, lie side by side, with folded hands, on tombs immediately before the altar, while others recline in deep niches on either side. The night had closed in by the time I entered the church, which made the scene more impressive. A few votive lamps shed a dim light about the interior; their beams were feebly reflected by the gilded work of the high altar, and the frames of the surrounding paintings, and rested upon the marble figures of the warriors and dames lying in the monumental repose of ages. The solemn pile must have presented much the same appearance when the pious discoverer performed his vigil, kneeling before this very altar, and praying and watching throughout the night, and pouring forth heart-felt praises for having been spared to accomplish his sublime discovery.

I had now completed the main purpose of my journey, having visited the various places connected with the story of Columbus. It was highly gratifying to find some of them so little changed, though so great a space of time had intervened; but in this quiet nook of Spain, so far removed from the main thoroughfares, the lapse of time produces but few violent revolutions. Nothing, however, had surprised and gratified me more than the continued stability of the Pinzon family. On the morning after my excursion to Palos, chance gave me an opportunity of seeing something of the interior

of most of their households. Having a curiosity to visit the remains of a Moorish castle, once the citadel of Moguer, Don Fernandez undertook to show me a tower which served as a magazine of wine to one of the Pinzon family. In seeking for the key we were sent from house to house of nearly the whole connection. All appeared to be living in that golden mean equally removed from the wants and superfluities of life, and all to be happily interwoven by kind and cordial habits of intimacy. We found the females of the family generally seated in the patios, or central courts of their dwellings, beneath the shade of awnings and among shrubs and flowers. Here the Andalusian ladies are accustomed to pass their mornings at work, surrounded by their handmaids, in the primitive, or, rather, Oriental style. In the porches of some of the houses I observed the coat of arms, granted to the family by Charles V., hung up like a picture in a frame. Over the door of Don Luis, the naval officer, it was carved on an escutcheon of stone, and colored. I had gathered many particulars of the family also from conversation with Don Juan, and from the family legend lent me by Don Luis. From all that I could learn, it would appear that the lapse of nearly three centuries and a half has made but little change in the condition of the Pinzons. From generation to generation they have retained the same fair standing and reputable name throughout the neighborhood, filling offices of public trust and dignity, and possessing great influence over their fellow-citizens by their good sense and good conduct. How rare is it to see such an instance of stability of fortune in this fluctuating world, and how truly honorable is this hereditary respectability, which has been secured by no titles or entails, but perpetuated merely by the innate worth of the race! I declare to you that the most illustrious descents of mere titled rank could never command the sincere respect and cordial regard with which I contemplated this stanch and enduring family, which for three centuries and a half has stood merely upon its virtues.

As I was to set off on my return to Seville before two o'clock, I partook of a farewell repast at the house of Don Juan, between twelve and one, and then took leave of his household with sincere regret. The good old gentleman, with the courtesy, or, rather, the cordiality of a true Spaniard, accompanied me to the posada to see me off. I had dispensed but little money in the posada—thanks to the hospitality of the Pinzons—yet the Spanish pride of my host

and hostess seemed pleased that I had preferred their humble chamber, and the scanty bed they had provided me, to the spacious mansion of Don Juan; and when I expressed my thanks for their kindness and attention, and regaled mine host with a few choice cigars, the heart of the poor man was overcome. He seized me by both hands and gave me a parting benediction, and then ran after the calasero to enjoin him to take particular care of me during my journey.

Taking a hearty leave of my excellent friend Don Juan, who had been unremitting in his attentions to me to the last moment, I now set off on my wayfaring, gratified to the utmost with my visit, and full of kind and grateful feelings toward Moguer and its hospitable inhabitants.

MANIFESTO OF ALONZO DE OJEDA

[The following curious formula, composed by learned divines in Spain, was first read aloud by the friars in the train of Alonzo de Ojeda as a prelude to his attack on the savages of Carthagena; and was subsequently adopted by the Spanish discoverers in general, in their invasions of the Indian countries.]

I, ALONZO DE OJEDA, servant of the high and mighty kings of Castile and Leon, civilizers of barbarous nations, their messenger and captain, notify and make known to you, in the best way I can, that God our Lord, one and eternal, created the heavens and the earth, and one man and one woman, from whom you, and we, and all the people of the earth, were and are descendants, procreated, and all those who shall come after us; but the vast number of generations which have proceeded from them, in the course of more than five thousand years that have elapsed since the creation of the world, made it necessary that some of the human race should disperse in one direction and some in another, and that they should divide themselves into many kingdoms and provinces, as they could not sustain and preserve themselves in one alone. All these people were given in charge, by God our Lord, to one person, named St. Peter, who was thus made lord and superior of all the people of the earth, and head of the whole human lineage, whom all should obey,

wherever they might live, and whatever might be their law, sect or belief; he gave him also the whole world for his service and jurisdiction, and though he desired that he should establish his chair in Rome, as a place most convenient for governing the world, yet he permitted that he might establish his chair in any other part of the world, and judge and govern all the nations, Christians, Moors, Jews, Gentiles, and whatever other sect or belief might be. This person was denominated Pope, that is to say, admirable, supreme, father and guardian, because he is father and governor of all mankind. This holy father was obeyed and honored as lord, king, and superior of the universe by those who lived in his time, and, in like manner, have been obeyed and honored by all those who have been elected to the Pontificate, and thus it has continued unto the present day, and will continue until the end of the world.

One of these Pontiffs of whom I have spoken, as lord of the world, made a donation of these islands and continents, of the ocean, sea, and all that they contain, to the Catholic kings of Castile, who at that time were Ferdinand and Isabella of glorious memory, and to their successors, our sovereigns, according to the tenor of certain papers drawn up for the purpose (which you may see if you desire). Thus his majesty is king and sovereign of these islands and continents by virtue of the said donation; and as king and sovereign, certain islands, and almost all to whom this has been notified, have received his majesty, and have obeyed and served and do actually serve him. And, moreover, like good subjects, and with good-will, and without any resistance or delay, the moment they were informed of the foregoing, they obeyed all the religious men sent among them to preach and teach our Holy Faith; and these of their free and cheerful will, without any condition or reward, became Christians, and continue so to be. And his majesty received them kindly and benignantly, and ordered that they should be treated like his other subjects and vassals: you also are required and obliged to do the same. Therefore, in the best manner I can, I pray and entreat you that you consider well what I have said, and that you take whatever time is reasonable to understand and deliberate upon it, and that you recognize the church for sovereign and superior of the universal world, and the supreme Pontiff, called Pope, in her name, and his majesty in his place, as superior and sovereign king of the islands and Terra Firma, by virtue of the said donation; and

that you consent that these religious fathers declare and preach to you the foregoing; and if you shall so do, you will do well; and will do that to which you are bounden and obliged; and his majesty, and I in his name, will receive you with all due love and charity, and will leave you, your wives and children, free from servitude, that you may freely do with these and with yourselves whatever you please, and think proper, as have done the inhabitants of the other islands. And besides this, his majesty will give you many privileges and exemptions, and grant you many favors. If you do not do this, or wickedly and intentionally delay to do so, I certify to you that, by the aid of God, I will powerfully invade and make war upon you in all parts and modes that I can, and will subdue you to the yoke and obedience of the church and of his majesty; and I will take your wives and children and make slaves of them, and sell them as such, and dispose of them as his majesty may command; and I will take your effects and will do you all the harm and injury in my power, as vassals who will not obey or receive their sovereign and who resist and oppose him. And I protest that the deaths and disasters which may in this manner be occasioned will be the fault of yourselves and not of his majesty, nor of me, nor of these cavaliers who accompany me. And of what I here tell you and require of you, I call upon the notary here present to give me his signed testimonial.

END OF VOLUME FIVE

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